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Early English Dramatists

SIX
ANONYMOUS PLAYS

FIRST SERIES (c. 1510-1537)

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FIRST SERIES (c. 1510-1537)

COMPRISING

*Four Elements—The Beauty and Good Properties of
Women (usually known as Calisto and Melibæa)—
Every Man—Hickscorner—The World and the Child—
Thersites—Note-book and Word-list*

EDITED BY

JOHN S. FARMER

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FEB 17 1950

A NEW INTERLUDE AND A MERRY OF
THE NATURE OF THE FOUR ELEMENTS,

declaring many proper points of philosophy natural, and of divers strange lands, and of divers strange effects and causes; which interlude, if the whole matter be played, will contain the space of an hour and a half; but, if ye list, ye may leave out much of the sad matter, as the Messenger's part, and some of Nature's part, and some of Experience's part, and yet the matter will depend conveniently, and then it will not be past three-quarters of an hour of length. London: John Rastell.

The Names of the Players

Here follow the names of the players.

The Messenger, Nature Natura[t]e, Humanity, Studious Desire, Sensual Appetite, the Taverner, Experience, Ignorance; also, if ye list, ye may bring in a Disguising.

Here follow divers matters which be in this interlude contained.

Of the situation of the four elements, that is to say, the earth, the water, the air, and fire, and of their qualities and properties, and of the generation and corruption of things made of the commixtion of them.

Of certain conclusions proving that the earth must needs be round, and that it hangeth in the midst of the firmament, and that it is in circumference above 21,000 miles.

Of certain conclusions proving that the sea lieth round upon the earth.

Of certain points of cosmography, as how and where the sea covereth the earth, and of divers strange regions and lands, and which way they lie; and of the new-found lands, and the manner of the people.

Of the generation and cause of stone and metal, and of plants and herbs.

Of the generation and cause of well-springs and rivers; and of the cause of hot fumes that come out of the earth; and of the cause of the baths of water in the earth, which be perpetually hot.

Of the cause of the ebb and flood of the sea.

Of the cause of rain, snow, and hail.

Of the cause of the winds and thunder.

Of the cause of the lightning, of blazing stars, and flames flying in the air.



INTERLUDE OF THE FOUR ELEMENTS

Mes. Th' abundant grace of the power
divine,
Which doth illumine the world environ, [cline
Preserve this audience, and cause them to in-
To charity, this is my petition;
For by your patience and supportation
A little interlude, late made and prepared,
Before your presence here shall be declared,
Which of a few conclusions is contrived,
And points of philosophy natural.
But though the matter be not so well declared,
As a great clerk could do, nor so substantial,
Yet the author hereof requireth you all,
Though he be ignorant, and can little skill,
To regard his only intent and good-will;
Which in his mind hath oftentimes pondered,
What number of books in our tongue maternal
Of toys and trifles be made and imprinted,
And few of them of matter substantial; [shall
For though many make books, yet unneth ye
In our English tongue find any works
Of cunning, that is regarded by clerks.
The Greeks, the Romans, with many other mo,
In their mother tongue wrote works excellent.
Then if clerks in this realm would take pain so,

Considering that our tongue is now sufficient
 To expound any hard sentence evident, [tongue
 They might, if they would, in our English
 Write works of gravity sometime among;
 For divers pregnant wits be in this land,
 As well of noble men as of mean estate,
 Which nothing but English can understand.
 Then if cunning Latin books were translate
 Into English, well correct and approbate,
 All subtle science in English might be learned,
 As well as other people in their own tongues
 did.

But now so it is, that in our English tongue
 Many one there is, that can but read and write,
 For his pleasure will oft presume among
 New books to compile and ballads to indite,
 Some of love or other matter not worth a mite;
 Some to obtain favour will flatter and glose,
 Some write curious terms nothing to purpose.
 Thus every man after his fantasy
 Will write his conceit, be it never so rude,
 Be it virtuous, vicious, wisdom or folly;
 Wherefore to my purpose thus I conclude,
 Why should not then the author of this inter-
 Utter his own fantasy and conceit also, [lude
 As well as divers other nowadays do?
 For wisdom and folly is as it is taken,
 For that the one calleth wisdom, another
 calleth folly,
 Yet among most folk that man is holden
 Most wise, which to be rich studieth only;
 But he that for a commonwealth busily [law,
 Studieth and laboureth, and liveth by God's
 Except he wax rich, men count him but a daw!
 So he that is rich is ever honoured,
 Although he have got it never so falsely.

The poor, being never so wise, is reproved.
This is the opinion most commonly [why;
Thoroughout the world, and yet no reason
Therefore in my mind, when that all such daws
Have babbled what they can, no force of two
straws !

For every man in reason thus ought to do,
To labour for his own necessary living,
And then for the wealth of his neighbour also;
But what devilish mind have they which,
musing

And labouring all their lives, do no other thing
But bring riches to their own possession, [tion;
Nothing regarding their neighbour's destruc-
Yet all the riches in the world that is

Riseth of the ground by God's sending,
And by the labour of poor men's hands;
And though thou, rich man, have thereof the
keeping,

Yet is not this riches of thy getting, [more,
Nor oughtest not in reason to be praised the
For by other men's labour it is got before.

A great-witted man may soon be enriched,
That laboureth and studieth for riches only;
But how shall his conscience then be dis-
charged?

For all clerks affirm that that man precisely,
Which studieth for his own wealth principally,
Of God shall deserve but little reward, [gard;
Except he the commonwealth somewhat re-
So they say that that man occupied is
For a commonwealth, which is ever labouring
To relieve poor people with temporal goods,
And that it is a common good act to bring
People from vice, and to use good living
Likewise for a commonwealth occupied is he,

That bringeth them to knowledge that ignorant
 But man to know God is a difficulty, [be;
 Except by a mean he himself inure,
 Which is to know God's creatures that be:
 At first them that be of the grossest nature,
 And then to know them that be more pure;
 And so, by little and little ascending, [ing.
 To know God's creatures and marvellous work-
 And this wise man at the last shall come to
 The knowledge of God and His high majesty,
 And so to learn to do his duty, and also
 To deserve of His goodness partner to be.
 Wherefore in this work declared shall ye see,
 First of the elements the situation,
 And of their effects the cause and generation;
 And though some men think the matter too
 And not meet for an audience unlearned, [high,
 Methink for man nothing more necessary
 Than this to know, though it be not used,
 Nor a matter more low cannot be argued;
 For though the elements God's creatures be,
 Yet they be most gross and lowest in degree.
 How dare men presume to be called clerks,
 Disputing of high creatures celestial,
 As things invisible and God's high works,
 And know not these visible things inferial?
 So they would know high things, and know
 nothing at all:

Of the earth here whereon they daily be,
 Neither the nature, form, nor quantity.
 Wherefore it seemeth nothing convenient
 A man to study, and his time to bestow, [lent,
 First for the knowledge of high things excel-
 And of light matters nothing to know,
 As of these four elements here below,
 Whose effects appear daily here at eye,

Such things to know first were most meet study;
Which matter before your presence shortly
In this interlude here shall be declared
Without great eloquence in rhyme rudely,
Because the compiler is but small learned.
This work with rhetoric is not adorned,
For perhaps in this matter much eloquence
Should make it tedious or hurt the sentence.
But because some folk be little disposed
To sadness, but more to mirth and sport,
This philosophical work is mixed
With merry conceits, to give men comfort,
And occasion to cause them to resort
To hear this matter, whereto if they take heed,
Some learning to them thereof may proceed.
But they that shall now this matter declare
Openly here unto this audience,
Behold, I pray you, see where they are.
The players begin to appear in presence;
I see well it is time for me to go hence,
And so I will do; therefore now shortly
To God I commit all this whole company.

[*Hic intrat Natura naturata, Humanity, and
Studious Desire, portans figuram.*]

Nat. The high, mighty, most excellent of
all,

The Fountain of goodness, virtue, and cunning,
Which is eterne of power most potential,
The Perfection and First Cause of everything,
I mean that only high Nature naturing.
Lo, He by His goodness hath ordained and
created

Me here His minister, called Nature Naturate.
Wherefore I am the very naturate nature,
The immediate minister for the preservation
Of everything in His kind to endure,

And cause of generation and corruption
Of that thing that is brought to destruction.
Another thing still I bring forth again,
Thus wondersly I work, and never in vain.
The great world behold, lo, divided wondersly
Into two regions, whereof one I call
The ethereal region with the heavens high,
Containing the planets, stars, and spheres all;
The lower region, called the elemental,
Containing these four elements below,
The fire, the air, the water, and earth also.
But yet the elements and other bodies all
Beneath take their effects and operations
Of the bodies in the region ethereal.
By their influence and constellations,
They cause here corruptions and generations;
For if the movings above should once cease,
Beneath should be neither increase nor decrease.

These elements of themselves so single be
Unto divers forms cannot be divided,
Yet they commix together daily, you see,
Whereof divers kinds of things be engendered,
Which things eftsones, when they be corrupted,
Each element I reduce to his first estate,
So that nothing can be utterly annihilate;
For though the form and fashion of anything
That is a corporal body be destroyed,
Yet every matter remaineth in his being,
Whereof it was first made and formed;
For corruption of a body commixed
Is but the resolution by time and space
Of every element to his own place.
For who that will take any body corporal,
And do what he can it to destroy,
To break it or grind it into powder small,

To wash, to drown, to bren it, or to dry,
Yet the air and fire thereof naturally
To their own proper places will ascend, [tend;
The water to the water, the earth to the earth
For if heat or moisture of anything certain
By fire or by water be consumed,
Yet earth or ashes on earth will remain,
So the elements can never be destroyed.
For essentially there is now at this tide
As much fire, air, water, earth, as was
Ever before this time, neither more nor less;
Wherefore thou, man—now I speak to thee—
Remember that thou art compound and create
Of these elements, as other creatures be,
Yet they have not all like noble estate,
For plants and herbs grow and be insensate.
Brute beasts have memory and their wits five,
But thou hast all those and soul intellective;
So by reason of thine understanding,
Thou hast dominion of other beasts all,
And naturally thou shouldst desire cunning
To know strange effects and causes natural;
For he that studieth for the life bestial,
As voluptuous pleasure and bodily rest,
I account him never better than a beast.

Hu. O excellent prince, and great lord
Nature,

I am thine own child and formed instrument!
I beseech thy grace, take me to thy cure,
And teach me such science thou thinkest expedient. [benevolent,

Nat. Then sith thou art so humble and
That thing that is meet for thy capacity [thee.
And good for thy knowledge I shall instruct
First of all, thou must consider and see
These elements, which do each other penetrate,

The water, because it is ponderous in weight,
Moveth not naturally, but by violence
Of the stars and planets, by whose influence
The sea is compelled to ebb and flow daily,
And fresh waters to spring continually.
And though that the water be gross and heavy,
Yet nothing so gross as the earth, I-wis;
Therefore by heat it is vapoured up lightly,
And in the air maketh clouds and mists;
But as soon as ever that it grossly is
Gathered together, it descendeth again, [rain.
And causeth upon the earth hail, snow, and
The earth, because of his ponderosity,
Avoideth equally the movings great
Of all extremities and spheres that be,
And tendeth to the place that is most quiet;
So in the midst of all the spheres is set.
Foremost object from all manner moving,
Where naturally he resteth and moveth
nothing. [told

Mark well now, how I have thee showed and
Of every element the very situation
And quality, wherefore this figure behold
For a more manifest demonstration.

And because thou shouldst not put to oblivion
My doctrine, this man, called Studious Desire,
With thee shall have continual habitation,
Thee still to exhort more science to acquire.
For the more that thou desirest to know any-
thing,

Therein thou seemest the more a man to be;
For that man that desireth no manner cunning,
All that while no better than a beast is he.
Why been the eyes made, but only to see,
The legs, to bear the body of a creature?
So everything is made to do his nature;

So likewise reason, wit, and understanding,
Is given to thee, man, for that thou shouldst
indeed

Know thy Maker and cause of thine own being,
And what the world is, and whereof thou dost
proceed;

Wherefore it behoveth thee of very need
The cause of things first for to learn, [eterne.
And then to know and laud the high God

Hu. O glorious Lord and Prince most
pleasant!

Greatly am I now holden unto thee,
So to illumine my mind, that was ignorant,
With such noble doctrine as thou hast here
shown me;

Wherefore I promise, upon my fidelity,
My diligence to do to keep in memory,
And thee for to honour still perpetually.

Stu. And sith it hath pleased thy grace to
Me upon this man to give attendance, [admit
With thy doctrine here shown I shall quicken
And daily put him in remembrance; [his wit,
His courage and desire I shall also enhance,
So that his felicity shall be most of all
To study and to search for causes natural.

Nat. Well, then, for a season I will depart,
Leaving you together here both twain; [heart,
What I have shown, man, print well in thine
And mark well this figure that here shall re-
main, [more plain

Whereby thou mayest perceive many things
Concerning the matter I spoke of before;
And when that I shall resort here again, [more.
Of high points of cunning I shall show thee

Stu. Now, Humanity, call to your memory
The cunning points that Nature hath declared;

And though he has shown divers points and
Of the elements so wondersly formed, [many
Yet many other causes there are would be
learned,

As to know the generation of things all
Here in the earth, how they be engendered,
As herbs, plants, well-springs, stone, and
metal. [expedient,

Hu. Those things to know for me be full
But yet in those points which Nature late
showed me,

My mind in them as yet is not content,
For I can no manner wise perceive nor see,
Nor prove by reason why the earth should be
In the middes of the firmament hanging so
small, [withal.

And the earth with the water to be round

Stu. Me thinketh myself, as to some of
I could give a sufficient solution; [those points
For, first of all, thou must needs grant this,
That the earth is so deep, and bottom hath
none, [upon,

Or else there is some gross thing it standeth
Or else that it hangeth, thou must needs con-
Even in the middes of the firmament. [sent,

Hu. What then? go forth with thine argu-
ment. [winter's night,

Stu. Then mark well, in the day or in a
The sun and moon, and stars celestial,
In the east first they do appear to thy sight,
And after in the west they do down fall,
And again in the morrow next of all,
Within twenty-four hours they be come just
To the east point again, where thou sawest
them first.

Then if the earth should be of endless deepness,

Or should stand upon any other gross thing,
 It should be an impediment, doubtless,
 To the sun, moon, and stars in their moving;
 Therefore, in reason, it seemeth most convenient [ment.

The earth to hang in the middes of the firmament.
Hu. Thine argument in that point doth me confound, [right

That thou hast made, but yet it proveth not
 That the earth by reason should be round;
 For though the firmament, with his stars bright,

Compass about the earth each day and night,
 Yet the earth may be plane, peradventure,
 Quadrant, triangle, or some other figure.

Stu. That it cannot be plane I shall well prove thee:

Because the stars, that arise in the orient,
 Appear more sooner to them that there be,
 Than to the other dwelling in the occident.
 The eclipse is thereof a plain experiment
 Of the sun or moon which, when it doth fall,
 Is never one time of the day in places all;
 Yet the eclipse generally is alway
 In the whole world as one time being; [day,
 But when we, that dwell here, see it in the mid-
 They in the west parts see it in the morning,
 And they in the east behold it in the evening;
 And why that should so be, no cause can be found,

But only by reason that the earth is round.

Hu. That reason proveth the earth at the least,

One ways to be round, I cannot gainsay,
 As for to account from the east to the west;
 But yet, notwithstanding all that, it may

Lese his roundness by some other way.

Stu. Nay, no doubt it is round everywhere,
Which I could prove, thou shouldst not say
If I had thereto any time and leisure; [nay,
But I know a man called Experience,
Of divers instruments is never without,
Could prove all these points, and yet by his
science

Can tell how many mile the earth is about,
And many other strange conclusions, no doubt.
His instruments could show thee so certain,
That every rude carter should them perceive
plain. [here

Hu. Now would to God I had that man now
For the contemplation of my mind!

Stu. If ye will, I shall for him inquire,
And bring him hither, if I can him find. [kind.

Hu. Then might I say ye were to me right

Stu. I shall assay, by God that me dear
bought,
For cunning is the thing that would be sought.

[*Enter Sensual Appetite.*

Sen. Well hit, quoth Hykman, when that
he smote

His wife on the buttocks with a beer-pot.

Aha! now good even, fool, good even!

It is even thee, knave, that I mean.

Hast thou done thy babbling?

Stu. Yea, peradventure, what then?

Sen. Then hold down thy head like a pretty
man, and take my blessing.

Benedicite! I grant to thee this pardon,

And give thee absolution

For thy sooth saws; stand up, Jackdaw!

I beshrew thy father's son,

Make room, sirs, and let us be merry,

With huffa gallant, sing tirl on the berry,
 And let the wide world wind !
 Sing, frisky jolly, with hey troly lolly,
 For I see well it is but a folly
 For to have a sad mind :
 For rather than I would use such folly,
 To pray, to study, or be pope holy,
 I had as lief be dead.
 By Gog's body ! I tell you true,
 I speak as I think now, else I beshrew
 Even my next fellow's head !
 Master Humanity, sir, by your leave,
 I were right loth you to grieve,
 Though I do him despise ;
 For if ye knew him as well as I,
 Ye would not use his company,
 Nor love him in no wise.

Hu. Sir, he looketh like an honest man,
 Therefore I marvel that ye can
 This wise him deprave.

Sen. Though he look never so well,
 I promise you he hath a shrewd smell.

Hu. Why so? I pray you tell.

Sen. For he savoureth like a knave.

Stu. Hold your peace, sir ! ye mistake me—
 What, I trow, that ye would make me
 Like to one of your kin.

Sen. Hark, sirs ! hear ye not how boldly
 He calleth me knave again by policy?
 The devil pull off his skin !
 I would he were hanged by the throat,
 For by the mass I love him not :
 We two can never agree ;
 I am content, sir, with you to tarry,
 And I am for you so necessary,
 Ye cannot live without me.

Hu. Why, sir, I say, what man be ye?

Sen. I am called Sensual Appetite,

All creatures in me delight;

I comfort the wits five,

The tasting, smelling, and hearing;

I refresh the sight and feeling

To all creatures alive.

For when the body waxeth hungry

For lack of food, or else thirsty,

Then with drinks pleasant

I restore him out of pain,

And oft refresh nature again

With delicate viand.

With pleasant sound of harmony

The hearing alway I satisfy,

I dare this well report;

The smelling with sweet odour,

And the sight with pleasant figure

And colours, I comfort;

The feeling, that is so pleasant,

Of every member, foot, or hand,

What pleasure therein can be

By the touching of soft and hard,

Of hot or cold, nought in regard,

Except it come by me.

Hu. Then I cannot see the contrary,

But ye are for me full necessary,

And right convenient.

Stu. Yea, sir, beware yet what ye do,

For if you forsake my company so,

Lord Nature will not be content.

Of him ye shall never learn good thing,

Neither virtue nor no other cunning,

This dare I well say.

Sen. Marry, avaunt, knave! I thee defy!

Did Nature forbid him my company?

What sayest thou thereto? Speak openly.

Hu. As for that I know well nay.

Sen. No, by God! I am right sure;
For he knoweth well no creature
Without me can live one day.

Hu. Sir, I pray you be content,
It is not utterly mine intent
Your company to exile;
But only to have communication,
And a pastime of recreation
With this man for a while.

Stu. Well, for your pleasure I will depart.

[Exit Studious Desire.]

Hu. Now go, knave, go! I beshrew thy
The devil send thee forward! [heart!]

Sen. Now, by my troth, I marvel greatly,
That ever ye would use the company
So mich of such a knave;
For if ye do no nother thing,
But ever study and to be musing,
As he would have you, it will you bring
At the last unto your grave!
Ye should ever study principal
For to comfort your life natural,
With meats and drinks delicate
And other pastimes and pleasures among,
Dancing, laughing, or pleasant song;
This is meet for your estate.

Hu. Because ye say so, I you promise,
That I have mused and studied such wise,
Me thinketh my wits weary;
My nature desireth some refreshing,
And also I have been so long fasting,
That I am somewhat hungry.

Sen. Well, then, will ye go with me
To a tavern, where ye shall see

Good pastance, and at your liberty
Have whatsoever you will?

Hu. I am content so for to do,
If that ye will not fro me go,
But keep me company still. [point-device,

Sen. Company, quotha? then that I shall
And also do you good and true service,
And thereto I plight my troth!
And if that I ever forsake you,
I pray God the devil take you!

Hu. Marry! I thank you for that oath.

Sen. A mischief on it! my tongue, lo!
Will trip sometime, whatsoever I do;
But ye wot that I mean well.

Hu. Yea, no force! let this matter pass;
But saidst even now thou knewest where was
A good tavern to make solace?
Where is that? I pray thee tell.

Sen. Marry! at the door even hereby;
If we call anything on high,
The taverner will answer.

Hu. I pray thee, then, call for him now.

Sen. Marry, I will! How, taverner, how!
Why dost thou not appear?

[Enter Taverner.

Ta. Who is that calleth so hastily?
I shrew thine heart, speak softly;

I tell thee I am not here. [age!

Sen. Then I beshrew thee, page, of thine
Come hither, knave, for thine advantage;
Why makest thou it so tow? [come.

Ta. For mine advantage, marry! then I
Beware, sirs, ho! let me have room!
Lo, here I am! what sayest thou? [say,

Sen. Marry! thus: here is a gentleman, I
That neither ate nor drank this day;

Therefore tell me, I thee pray,
If thou have any good wine.

Ta. Ye shall have Spanish wine and Gascon,
Rose colour, white, claret, rampion,
Tyre, Capric, and Malvoisin,
Sack, raspice, Alicant, rumney,
Greek, ipocras, new-made clary,
Such as ye never had;
For if ye drink a draught or two,
It will make you, ere ye thence go,
By Gog's body! stark mad.

Sen. I wot thou art not without good wine;
But here is a gentleman hath list to dine,
Canst thou get him any good meat?

Ta. What meat, master, would ye have?

Hu. I care not, so God me save!
So that it be wholesome to eat:
I would we had a good stewed capon.

Sen. As for capons ye can get none,
The king's taker took up each one;
I wot well there is none to get.

Ta. Though all capons be gone, what then?
Yet I can get you a stewed hen,
That is ready dight.

Hu. If she be fat, it will do well.

Ta. Fat or lean, I cannot tell,
But as for this I wot well
She lay at the stews all night.

Hu. Thou art a mad guest, by this light!

Sen. Yea, sir, it is a fellow that never fails:
But canst get my master a dish of quails,
Small birds, swallows, or wagtails?
They be light of digestion.

Ta. Light of digestion! for what reason?

Sen. For physic putteth this reason thereto,
Because those birds fly to and fro,

And be continual moving.

Ta. Then know I a lighter meat than that.

Hu. I pray thee, tell me what? [long,

Ta. If ye will needs know, at short and
It is even a woman's tongue,
For that is ever stirring!

Hu. Sir, I pray thee, let such fantasies be,
And come hither near, and hark to me,
And do after my bidding.

Go, purvey us a dinner even of the most
Of all manner of dishes both sod and roast,
That thou canst get: spare for no cost,
If thou make three course.

Ta. Then ye get neither goose nor swan,
But a dish of dregs, a dish of bran,
A dish of draff, and I trow then
Ye cannot get three worse!

Hu. What, whoreson! wouldst thou purvey
Bran, draff, and stinking dregs, I say;
I hold thee mad, I trow.

Ta. Gog's passion! said ye not thus,
That I should purvey you three coarse dishes,
And these be coarse enou'!

Hu. Three coarse dishes, quotha?
What, mad fool! thou mistakest me clean!
I see well thou wott'st not what I mean,
And understandest amiss;
I mean this wise, I would have thee
To purvey meat so great plenty,
That thou shouldst of necessity
Serve them at three courses.

That is to understand, at one word,
Thou shouldst bring them unto the board
At three several times.

Ta. What then, I see well ye will make a
feast.

Hu. Yea, by the rood! even with the greatest.

Sen. By my troth, then do your best
Even after my mind;

But ye must have more company.

Hu. That is true, and so would I gladly,
If I knew any to find.

Sen. Why, will ye follow my counsel?

Hu. Yea.

Sen. Then we will have little Nell,
A proper wench, she danceth well,
And Jane with the black lace;
We will have bouncing Bess also,
And two or three proper wenches mo.
Right fair and smoother of face.

Hu. Now be it so! thou art *sans* peer.

Ta. Then I perceive ye will make good

Hu. Why, what should I else do? [cheer.

Ta. If ye think so best, then will I
Go before, and make all things ready
Again ye come thereto.

Hu. Marry! I pray thee, do so.

Ta. Then, farewell, sirs; for I am gone.

[*Exit Taverner.*

Hu. And we shall follow thee anon
Without any tarrying.

Sen. Then it is best, sir, ye make haste,
For ye shall spend here but time in waste,
And do no nother thing.

Hu. If ye will, let us go by and by.

Sen. I pray you be it, for I am ready,
No man better willing.

[*Exit Sensual Appetite and Humanity.*

Enter Experience and Studious Desire.

Stu. Now, cousin Experience, as I may say,
Ye are right welcome to this country,

Without any feigning.

Ex. Sir, I thank you thereof heartily,
And I am as glad of your company
As any man living.

Stu. Sir, I understand that ye have been
In many a strange country,
And have had great facility
Strange causes to seek and find.

Ex. Right far, sir, I have ridden and gone,
And seen strange things many one,
In Africa, Europe, and India;
Both east and west I have been far,
North also, and seen the south star
Both by sea and land,
And been in sundry nations,
With people of divers conditions,
Marvellous to understand.

Stu. Sir, if a man have such courage,
Or devotion in pilgrimage,
Jerusalem unto
For to account the next way,
How many miles is it, I you pray,
From hence thither to go?

Ex. Sir, as for all such questions,
Of towns to know the situation,
How far they be asunder,
And other points of cosmography,
Ye shall never learn them more surely
Than by that figure yonder;
For who that figure did first devise,
It seemeth well he was wise,
And perfect in this science;
For both the sea and land also
Lie true and just as they should do,
I know by experience. [figure?

Stu. Who, think you, brought here this

Ex. I wot not.

Stu. Certes, Lord Nature,
Himself not long ago,
Which was here personally
Declaring high philosophy,
And left this figure purposely
For Humanity's instruction.

Ex. Doubtless, right nobly done. [England,

Stu. Sir, this realm you know is called
Sometimes Britain, I understand;
Therefore, I pray you, point with your hand
In what place it should lie.

Ex. Sir, this is England lying here,
And that is Scotland that joineth him near,
Compassed about everywhere
With the ocean sea around;
And next from them westwardly,
Here by himself alone, doth lie
Ireland, that wholesome ground.
Here then is the narrow sea,
To Calais and Boulogne the next way,
And Flanders in this part;
Here lieth France next him joining,
And Spain southward from them standing,
And Portugal in this quarter.
This country is called Italy,
Behold where Rome in the midst doth lie,
And Naples here beyond;
And this little sea that here is
Is called the Gulf of Venice,
And here Venice doth stand.
As for Almaine lieth this way;
Here lieth Denmark and Norway;
And northward on this side
There lieth Iceland where men doth fish,
But beyond that so cold it is,

No man may there abide.
This sea is called the Great Ocean,
So great it is that never man
Could tell it, since the world began,
Till now, within this twenty years,
Westward be found new lands,
That we never heard tell of before this
By writing nor other means,
Yet many now have been there;
And that country is so large of room,
Much longer than all Christendom,
Without fable or guile;
For divers mariners had it tried,
And sailed straight by the coast side
Above five thousand mile!
But what commodities be within,
No man can tell nor well imagine;
But yet not long ago
Some men of this country went,
By the king's noble consent,
It for to search to that intent,
And could not be brought thereto;
But they that were th' adventurers
Have cause to curse their mariners,
False of promise and dissemblers,
That falsely them betrayed,
Which would take no pains to sail farther
Than their own list and pleasure;
Wherefore that voyage and divers other
Such caitiffs have destroyed.
Oh, what a thing had be then,
If that they that be Englishmen
Might have been the first of all
That there should have take possession,
And made first building and habitation,
A memory perpetual!

And also what an honourable thing,
Both to the realm and to the king,
To have had his dominion extending
There into so far a ground,
Which the noble king of late memory,
The most wise prince the seventh Herry,
Caused first for to be found.
And what a great meritorious deed
It were to have the people instructed
To live more virtuously,
And to learn to know of men the manner,
And also to know God their Maker,
Which as yet live all beastly ;
For they nother know God nor the devil,
Nor never heard tell of heaven nor hell,
Writing nor other scripture ;
But yet, in the stead of God Almighty,
They honour the sun for his great light,
For that doth them great pleasure ;
Building nor house they have none at all,
But woods, cots, and caves small,
No marvel though it be so,
For they use no manner of iron,
Neither in tool nor other weapon,
That should help them thereto :
Copper they have, which is found
In divers places above the ground,
Yet they dig not therefor ;
For, as I said, they have none iron,
Whereby they should in the earth mine,
To search for any wore :
Great abundance of woods there be,
Most part fir and pine-apple tree,
Great riches might come thereby,
Both pitch and tar, and soap ashes,
As they make in the east lands,

By brenning thereof only.

Fish they have so great plenty,
That in havens take and slain they be
With staves, withouten fail. [trade,
Now Frenchmen and other have found the
That yearly of fish there they lade
Above a hundred sail;

But in the south part of that country
The people there go naked alway,
The land is of so great heat :

And in the north part all the clothes
That they wear is but beasts' skins,
They have no nother fete ;

But how the people first began
In that country, or whence they came,
For clerks it is a question.

Other things mo I have in store,
That I could tell thereof, but now no more
Till another season. [other thing ;

Stu. Then at your pleasure show some
It liketh me so well your communing,
Ye cannot talk amiss.

Ex. Then will I turn again to my matter
Of cosmography, where I was ere :
Behold, take heed to this ;

Lo, eastward, beyond the great ocean,
Here entereth the sea called Mediterranean,
Of two thousand miles of length :
The Soldan's country lieth hereby,
The great Turk on the north side doth lie,
A man of marvellous strength.

This said north part is called Europa,
And this south part called Africa,
This east part is called India ;
But this new lands found lately
Been called America, because only

Americus did first them find.
Lo, Jerusalem lieth in this country,
And this beyond is the Red Sea,
That Moses maketh of mention;
This quarter is India Minor,
And this quarter India Major,
The land of Prester John :
But northward this way, as ye see,
Many other strange regions there be,
And people that we not know.
But eastward on the sea side
A prince there is that ruleth wide,
Called the Can of Catowe.
And this is called the great east sea,
Which goeth all along this way
Towards the new lands again ;
But whether that sea go thither directly,
Or if any wilderness between them do lie,
No man knoweth for certain :
But these new lands, by all cosmography,
From the Can of Catowe's land cannot lie
Little past a thousand miles :
But from those new lands men may sail plain
Eastward, and come to England again,
Where we began erewhile.
Lo, all this part of the earth, which I
Have here descrived openly,
The north part we do it call ;
But the south part on the other side
Is as large as this full, and as wide,
Which we know nothing at all,
Nor whether the most part be land or sea,
Nor whether the people that there be
Be bestial or cunning ;
Nor whether they know God or no,
Nor how they believe, nor what they do,

Of this we know nothing.

Lo, is not this a thing wonderful?

How that— [*Suddenly Studious Desire interrupts with*

Stu. Peace, sir, no more of this matter !
Behold where Humanity cometh here.

[*Enter Humanity and Sensual Appetite.*

Sen. How say you, Master Humanity?
I pray you have ye not be merry,
And had good recreation?

Hu. Yes, I thank thee thereof every deal,
For we have fared marvellously well,
And had good communication.

[*Enter Taverner.*

Ta. What, how, master ! where be ye now?

Sen. What ! I shrew thee ! what haste hast
That thou speakest so high? [thou,

Ta. So high, quotha? I trow ye be mad,
For did ye not erewhile [by St Gile !

Make pointment openly,
To come again all to supper,
There as ye were to-day at dinner?
And yet ye pointed not plain,
What meat that ye will have dressed,
Nor what delicacies ye love best.
Methink you far oversayne.

Hu. As for mine own part I care not ;
Dress what meat thou lovest, spare not
Whatsoever thou dost best think.

Ta. Now, if ye put it to my liberty,
Of all meats in the world that be,
By this light, I love best drink.

Sen. It seemeth by thy face so to do,
But my master will have meat also,
Whatsoever it cost.

Ta. By God ! sir, then ye must tell what.

Hu. At thy discretion : I force not,
Whether it be sodden or roast.

Ta. Well, sir, then care not ! let me alone ;
Ye shall see that all things shall be done,
And ordained well and fine.

Hu. So I require thee heartily,
And in any wise specially,
Let us have a cup of new wine.

Ta. Ye shall have wine as new as can be,
For I may tell you in privy,
It was brewed but yesternight.

Hu. But that is nothing for my delight.

Ta. But then I have for your appetite
A cup of wine of old claret ;
There is no better, by this light !

Hu. Well, I trust thee well enou'.

Ta. But one thing, if it please you now—
Ye see well I take much pain for you,
I trust ye will see to me.

Hu. Yea, I promise thee, get thee hence,
And in this matter do thy diligence,
And I shall well reward thee.

Sen. Because thou lookest for a reward,
One thing for thee I have prepared,
That here I shall thee give.
Thou shalt have a knave's skin,
For to put thy body therein,
For term of thy life !

Ta. Now, gramercy ! my gentle brother ;
And therefore thou shalt have another,
For avoiding of strife.

Sen. Now, farewell, gentle John !

Ta. Then farewell, fool, for I am gone !

Sen. Abide, turn once again ! hark what I
Yet there is another thing [say !
Would do well at our master's washing.

Hu. What thing is that, I thee pray?

Sen. Marry! thus, canst thou tell us yet,
Where is any rose water to get?

Ta. Yea, that I can well purvey,
As good as ever you put to your nose,
For there is a false wench called Rose
Distilleth a quart every day.

Sen. By God! I would a pint of that
Were poured even upon thy pate
Before all this presence.

Ta. Yet I had liever she and I
Were both together secretly
In some corner in the spence;
For, by God, it is a pretty girl!
It is a world to see her whirl,
Dancing in a round;
O Lord God! how she will trip!
She will bounce it, she will whip,
Yea, clean above the ground!

Hu. Well, let all such matters pass, I say,
And get thee hence, and go thy way
About this other matter.

Ta. Then I go straight; lo! fare ye well.

Sen. But look yet thou remember every
That I spake of full ere. [deal.

Ta. Yes, I warrant you, do not fear.

[Exit Taverner.

Hu. God's Lord! seest not who is here
now?

What, Studious Desire! what news with you?

Stu. Ye shall know, sir, ere I go.

Sen. What, art thou here? I see well, I,
The mo knaves the worse company. [occupy,

Stu. Thy lewd conditions thou dost still
As thou art wont to do. [sence?

Hu. But, I say, who is this here in pre-

Stu. Sir, this is the man called Experience,
That I spake of before.

Hu. Experience ! why, is this he?
Sir, ye are right welcome unto me
And shall be evermore !

Ex. Sir, I thank you thereof heartily,
But I assure you faithfully
I have small courage here to tarry,
As long as this man is here.

Sen. Why, whoreson ! what ailest at me ?

Ex. For thou hast ever so lewd a property,
Science to despise, and yet thou art he
That nought canst nor nought wilt learn.

Sen. Marry, avaunt, knave ! I make God
I think myself as cunning as thou, [avow,
And that shall I prove shortly !

I shall put thee a question now ; come near,
Let me see how well thou canst answer :
How spellest this word Tom Couper
In true orthography ? [hardly !

Ex. Tom Couper, quotha ? a wise question

Sen. Yea, I tell thee again yet—Tom
Couper, how spellest it ?

Lo ! he hath forgotten, ye may see,
The first word of his *a b c*.

Hark, fool, hark, I will teach thee, [per.
P.a—pa.—t.e.r—ter—do together Tom Cou-
Is not this a sore matter ?

Lo ! here you see him proved fool !
He had more need to go to school,
Than to come hither to clatter.

Stu. Certain, this is a solution
Meet for such a boy's question.

Hu. Sensual Appetite, I pray thee
Let pass all trifles and vanity
For a while, it shall not long be,

And depart, I thee require;
For I would talk a word or two
With this man here, ere he hence go,
For to satisfy my desire.

Sen. Why, Gog's soul! will ye so shortly
Break pointment with yonder company,
Where you should come to supper?
I trust you will not break promise so.

Hu. I care not greatly, if I do;
It is but a tavern matter. [say.

Sen. Then will I go show them what you

Hu. Spare not, if thou wilt go thy way,
For I will here tarry.

Sen. Then adieu for a while, I tell you plain,
But I promise you, when I come again,
I shall make yonder knaves twain
To repent and be sorry!

[*Exit Sensual Appetite.*

Ex. Now I am full glad that he is gone!

Stu. So am I, for good will he do none
To no man living.

But this is the man with whom ye shall,
I trust, be well content withal,
And glad of his coming;
For he hath expound cunningly
Divers points of cosmography,
In few words and short clause.

Hu. So I understand he hath good science,
And that he hath by plain experience
Learned many a strange cause.

Stu. Yea, sir, and I say for my part,
He is the cunningest man in that art
That ever I could find;
For ask what question ye will do,
How the earth is round, or other mo,
He will satisfy your mind.

Ex. Why, what doubt have ye therein found?

Think ye the earth should not be round?
Or else how suppose ye?

Hu. One way it is round, I must consent,
For this man proved it evident;
Toward the east and occident
It must needs round be.

Ex. And likewise from the south to north.

Hu. That point to prove were some thank

Ex. Yes, that I can well prove, [worth.
For this ye know as well as I,
Ye see the North Star in the sky,
Mark well, ye shall unneth it spy,
That ever it doth remove.
But this I assure you, if you go
Northward an hundredth mile or two,
Ye shall think it riseth,
And how that it is near approached
The point over the top of your head,
Which is called your zenith.
Yet if ye go the other way,
Southward ten or twelve days' journey,
Ye shall then think anon
It descended, and come more nigh
The circle parting the earth and sky,
As ye look straight with your eye,
Which is called your horizon;
But ye may go southward so far,
That at the last that same star
Will seem so far down right,
Clear underneath your horizon,
That sight thereof can you have none,
The earth will stop your sight.
This proveth of necessity
That the earth must needs round be :

This conclusion doth it try.

Hu. Now that is the properest conclusion
That ever I heard, for by reason
No man may it deny.

But, sir, if that a man sail far
Upon the sea, will then that star
Do there as on the ground? [will,

Ex. Yea, doubtless, sail northward, rise it
And sail southward, it falleth still,
And that proveth the sea round.

Stu. So doth it in mine opinion;
But know you any other conclusion
To prove it round, save that alone?

Ex. Yea, that I know right well,
As thus: mark well when the sea is clear,
That no storm nor wave thereon doth 'ppear,
This mariners can tell;

Then if a fire be made on night
Upon the shore, that giveth great light,
And a ship in the sea far,

They in the top the fire see shall,
And they on hatch nothing at all,
Yet they on hatches be near;

Also on the sea, where men be sailing
Far from land, they see nothing
But the water and the sky;

Yet when they draw the land more near,
Then the hill-tops begin to appear,
Still they near more high and high,

As though they were still growing fast
Out of the sea till, at last,
When they come the shore to,

They see the hill, top, foot, and all;
Which thing so could not befall,
But the sea lay round also. [hard.

Hu. Methinketh your argument somewhat

Ex. Then ye shall have it more plainly de-
 If ye have great desire; [clared,
 For here, lo, by mine instruments,
 I can show the plain experiments.

Hu. Thereto I you require.

Ex. With all my heart it shall be done;
 But for the first conclusion,
 That I speak of the fire,
 Be this the sea that is so round,
 And this the fire upon the ground,
 And this the ship that is here;
 You know well that a man's sight
 Can never be but in a line right.

Hu. Just you say; that is clear. [eye.

Ex. Mark well, then; may not that man's
 [Eight leaves are here wanting.

Ign. With arguing here their foolish [saws]
 That is not worth three straws.
 I love not this whoreson 'losophers,
 Nor this great cunning extromers,
 That tell how far it is to the stars;
 I hate all manner cunning!
 I would ye knew it, I am Ignorance!
 A lord I am of greater puissance
 Than the king of England or France,
 Yea, the greatest lord living!
 I have servants at my retinue,
 That long to me, I assure you,
 Herewith in England,
 That with me, Ignorance, dwell still,
 And term of life continue will,
 Above five hundred thousand. [them, I trow.

Sen. Gog's nails! I have paid some of

Ign. Why, man, what aileth thee so to

Sen. For I was at a shrewd fray. [blow?

Ign. Hast thou any of them slain, then?

Sen. Yea, I have slain them every man,
Save them that ran away.

Ign. Why, is any of them scaped and gone?

Sen. Yea, by Gog's body! every one,
All that ever were there.

Ign. Why, then, they be not all slain.

Sen. No, but I have put some to pain,
For one whoreson there was, that turned
And straight I cut off his ear. [again,

Ign. Then thou hast made him a cutpurse.

Sen. Yea, but yet I served another worse!
I smote off his leg by the hard arse,
As soon as I met him there.

Ign. By my troth, that was a mad deed!
Thou shouldst have smit off his head,
Then he should never have troubled thee more.

Sen. Tush! then I had been but mad,
For there was another man that had
Smit off his head before! [knight!

Ign. Then thou hast quit thee like a tall

Sen. Yea, that I have, by this light!
But, I say, can you tell me right
Where became my master?

Ign. What, he that you call Humanity?

Sen. Yea.

Ign. I wot never, except he be
Hid there in some corner.

Sen. Gog's body! and true ye say,
For yonder, lo! behold, ye may
See where the mad fool doth lie.

Ign. Now, on my faith and truth,
It were even great alms
To smite his head from his body!

Sen. Nay, God forbid ye should do so,
For he is but an innocent, lo!
In manner of a fool.

For as soon as I speak to him again,
I shall turn his mind clean,
And make him follow my school. [speak.

Ign. Then bid him rise, let us hear him

Sen. Now, rise up, Master Huddypeke,
Your tail toteth out behind!

Fear not, man, stand up by and by;
I warrant you rise up boldly!

Here is none but is your friend.

Hu. I cry you mercy, master dear! [here?

Ign. Why, what is cause thou hidest thee

Hu. For I was almost for fear,
Even clean out of my mind.

Sen. Nay, it is the study that ye have had
In this foolish losophy hath made you mad,
And no other thing, i-wis.

Ign. That is as true as the gospel!
Therefore I have great marvel,
That ever thou wilt follow the counsel
Of yonder two knaves.

Hu. O, sir, ye know right well this,
That when any man is
In other men's company,
He must needs follow the appetite
Of such things as they delight
Some time among, perdy! [thee

Ign. But such knaves would alway have
To put all thy mind and felicity
In this foolish cunning to study;
Which, if thou do, will make thee mad,
And alway to be pensive and sad;
Thou shalt never be merry.

Sen. Merry, quotha? no, I make God avow!
But I pray thee, master, hark! one word now,
And answer this thing:
Whether thought you it better cheer

At the tavern, where we were ere,
Or else to clatter with these knaves here
Of their foolish cunning?

Hu. Nay, I cannot say the contrary
But that I had mich merrier company
At the tavern than in this place.

Sen. Then if ye have any wit or brain,
Let us go to the tavern again,
And make some merry solace.

Ign. If he will do so, then doth he wisely.

Hu. By my troth, I care not greatly,
For I am indifferent to all company,
Whether it be here or there.

Sen. Then I shall tell you what we will do;
Master Ignorance, you and he also
Shall tarry both still here,
And I will go fet hither a company,
That ye shall hear them sing as sweetly
As they were angels clear;
And yet I shall bring hither another sort
Of lusty bloods to make disport;
That shall both dance and spring,
And turn clean above the ground
With friskas and with gambawds round,
That all the hall shall ring.
And that done, within an hour or twain,
I shall at the town again
Prepare for you a banket
Of meats that be most delicate,
And most pleasant drinks and wines thereat,
That is possible to get,
Which shall be in a chamber fair,
Prepared point-device
With damask water made so well,
That all the house thereof shall smell,
As it were paradise.

And after that, if ye will touch
 A fair wench naked in a couch
 Of a soft bed of down,
 For to satisfy your wanton lust,
 I shall appoint you a trull of trust,
 Not a fairer in this town !
 And when ye have taken your delight,
 And thus satisfied the appetite
 Of your wits five,
 Ye may say then I am a servant
 For you so necessary and pleasant,
 I trow none such alive !

Hu. Now, by the way that God did walk,
 It comforteth mine heart to hear thee talk,
 Thy match was never seen !

Ign. Then go thy way by and by,
 And bring in this company,
 And he and I will here tarry,
 Till thou come again.

Hu. And I pray thee heartily also.

Sen. At your request so shall I do.
 Lo ! I am gone, now farewell !
 I shall bring them into this hall,
 And come myself foremost of all,
 And of these revels be chief marshal,
 And order all things well.

[*Exit Sensual Appetite.*]

Ign. Now, set thy heart on a merry pin,
 Against these lusty bloods come in,
 And drive fantasies away.

Hu. And so I will, by heaven's King !
 If they either dance or sing,
 Have among them, by this day !

Ign. Then thou takest good and wise ways,
 And so shalt thou best please
 All this whole company ;
 For the foolish arguing that thou hast had

With that knave Experience, that hath made
All these folk thereof weary;
For all that they be now in this hall,
They be the most part my servants all,
And love principally
Disports, as dancing, singing,
Toys, trifles, laughing, jesting;
For cunning they set not by.

Hu. I see well such company evermore,
As Sensual Appetite is gone for,
Will please well this audience.

Ign. Yea, that I suppose they will;
But peace, hark! I pray thee be still,
I ween they be not far hence.

*[Then the dancers without the hall sing this
wise, and they within answer, or else they
may say it for need. (Here follows some
blank music in the original.)]*

Dancers and Sen. Peace, sirs, peace now!
peace, sirs, all!

Hu. and Ign. Why, who is that so high
doth call?

Dancers. Silence, I say, be you among,
For we be disposed to sing a song.

Hu. and Ign. Come in, then, boldly among
this presence,
For here ye shall have good audience.
Time to pass with goodly sport,
Our sprites to revive and comfort,
To pipe, to sing,
To dance, to spring,
With pleasure and delight,
Following Sensual Appetite,
To pipe, &c.

Ign. I can you thank; that is done well;
It is pity ye had not a minstrel
For to augment your solace.

Sen. As for minstrel, it maketh no force,
Ye shall see me dance a course
Without a minstrel, be it better or worse;
Follow all: I will lead a trace.

Hu. Now have among you, by this light!

Ign. That is well said, by God Almighty!
Make room, sirs, and give them place.

*[Then he singeth this song and danceth
withal, and evermore maketh countenance
according to the matter; and all the others
answer likewise.]*

Dance we, dance we, prance we, prance we,
So merrily let us dance ey, so merrily, &c.
And I can dance it gingerly, and I, &c.
And I can foot it by and by, and I, &c.
And I can prank it properly,
And I can countenance comely,
And I can croak it courtesly,
And I can leap it lustily,
And I can turn it trimly,
And I can frisk it freshly,
And I can look it lordly.

Ign. I can thee thank, Sensual Appetite!
That is the best dance without a pipe
That I saw this seven year.

Hu. This dance would do mich better yet
If we had a kit or taberet,
But alas! there is none here.

Sen. Then let us go to the tavern again,
There shall we be sure of one or twain
Of minstrels, that can well play.

Ign. Then go, I pray ye, by and by,
And purvey some minstrel ready,
And he and I will follow shortly,
As fast as ever we may.

Hu. Therewith I am right well content.

Sen. Then will I go incontinent,

And prepare every thing
That is metely to be done;
And for lack of minstrels, the mean season,
Now will we begin to sing.
Now we will here begin to sing,
For dance can we no more,
For minstrels here be all lacking;
To the tavern we will therefore.

[Exit singing, &c.]

Hu. Now if that Sensual Appetite can find
Any good minstrels after his mind,
Doubt not we shall have good sport.

Ign. And so shall we have for a surety;
But what shall we do now, tell me,
The meanwhile for our comfort?

Hu. Then let us some lusty ballad sing.

Ign. Nay, sir, by the Heaven King!
For methinketh it serveth for nothing,
All such peevish prick-eared song! [spised,

Hu. Peace, man, prick-song may not be de-
For therewith God is well pleased,
Honoured, praised, and served,
In the church ofttimes among. [thereby?

Ign. Is God well pleased, trow'st thou,
Nay, nay, for there is no reason why,
For is it not as good to say plainly,
Give me a spade,
As give me a spa, ve, va, ve, va, ve, vade?
But if thou wilt have a song that is good,
I have one of Robin Hood,
The best that ever was made.

Hu. Then, a' fellowship, let us hear it. [it,

Ign. But there is a burden, thou must bear
Or else it will not be.

Hu. Then begin and care not to . . .
Down, down, down, &c.

Ign. Robin Hood in Barnsdale stood,

And leant him till a maple thistle;
 Then came our lady and sweet Saint Andrew.
 Sleepest thou, wakest thou, Geffrey Coke?
 A hundred winter the water was deep,
 I can not tell you how broad.
 He took a goose neck in his hand,
 And over the water he went.
 He start up to a thistle top,
 And cut him down a hollen club.
 He stroke the wren between the horns,
 That fire sprang out of the pig's tail.
 Jack boy, is thy bow i-broke?
 Or hath any man done the wriguldy wrag?
 He plucked muscles out of a willow,
 And put them into his satchel!
 Wilkin was an archer good,
 And well could handle a spade;
 He took his bent bow in his hand,
 And set him down by the fire.
 He took with him sixty bows and ten,
 A piece of beef, another of bacon.
 Of all the birds in merry England
 So merrily pipes the merry bottle!

[*Enter Nature.*

Nat. Well, Humanity, now I see plainly
 That thou hast used much folly,
 The while I have been absent.

Hu. Sir, I trust I have done nothing
 That should be contrary to your pleasing,
 Nor never was mine intent;
 For I have followed the counsel clear,
 As ye me bade, of Studious Desire,
 And for necessity among
 Sometime Sensual Appetite's counsel,
 For without him, ye know right well,
 My life cannot endure long.

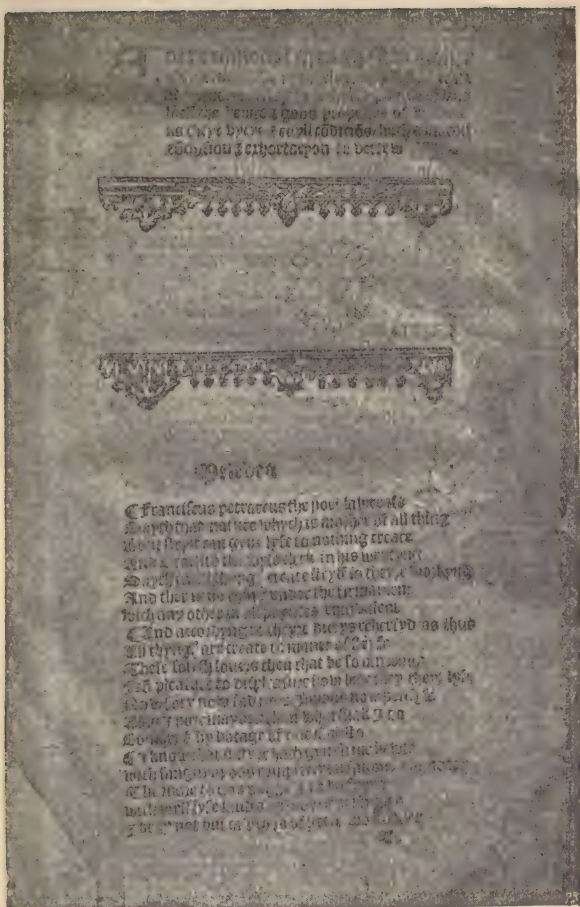
Nat. Though it be for thee full necessary

For thy comfort sometime to satisfy
Thy sensual appetite,
Yet it is not convenient for thee
To put therein thy felicity
And all thy whole delight ;
For if thou wilt learn no science,
Nother by study nor experience,
I shall thee never advance ;
But in the world thou shalt dure then,
Despised of every wise man,
Like this rude beast Ignorance.

[The original here ends imperfectly.]



[Reduced Facsimile of the device of John Rastell, the printer and suggested author of The Four Elements.]



[Reduced Facsimile of Title-page of "Calisto and Melibæa," from Unique Copy now in the Bodleian Library.]

The Players' Names:

CALISTO, ENAMOURED OF MELIBÆA

SEMPRONIO, A PARASITE

PARMENO

DANIO, FATHER TO MELIBÆA

MELIBÆA, BELOVED OF CALISTO

CELESTINA, A BAWD



AN INTERLUDE
SHOWING THE BEAUTY AND GOOD
PROPERTIES OF WOMEN
(COMMONLY KNOWN AS CALISTO AND MELIBÆA)

Mel. Franciscus Petrarcus, the poet laureate,
[things,
Saith that Nature, which is mother of all
Without strife can give life to nothing create;
And Heraclitus, the wise clerk, in his writing,
Saith in all things create strife is their work-
And there is nothing under the firmament [ing;
With any other in all points equivalent.
And, according to their dictes rehearsed as thus,
All things are create in manner of strife.
These foolish lovers, then, that be so amorous,
From pleasure to displeasure how lead they
their life: [sive:
Now sorry, now sad: now joyous, now pen-
Alas! I, poor maiden, then what shall I do,
Cumbered by dotage of one Calisto?
I know that Nature hath given me beauty,
With sanguineous complexion, favour, and
fairness:
The more to God ought I to do fea'ty
With will, life, laud, and love of perfectness.
I deny not but Calisto is of great worthiness,
But what of that? for all his high estate,

His desire I defy, and utterly shall hate.
 Oh, his sayings and suits so importune,
 That of my life he maketh me almost weary !
 Oh, his lamentations and exclamations on fortune,
 [die !
 With similitude [of] manner as one that should
 But who shall pity this? In faith, not I.
 Shall I accomplish his carnal desire?
 Nay, yet at a stake rather bren in a fire.
 Of truth, I am sorry for his trouble;
 To strive with himself thus for love of me;
 But though his sorrows, I assure you, should
 Out of his danger will I be at liberty. [double,
 [Enter Calisto unseen.

Cal. What amiss, woman, now Christ benedicite?
 [Aside.

Mel. Nay, nay, he shall never that day see;
 His voluptuous appetite consented by me.
 Wist he now that I were present here,
 I assure you shortly he would seek me;
 And without doubt he doth now inquire,
 Whither I am gone, or where I should be.
 See, is he not now come? I repent me
 Alas, of this man I can never be rid:
 Would to Christ I wist, where I might be hid.

Cal. By you, fair Melibæa, may be seen
 The grace, the gifts, the greatness of God.

Mel. Wherein? [strene;

Cal. In taking effect of Dame Nature's
 Nor yearthly, but angelic of likelihood;
 In beauty so passing the kind of womanhood.
 O God, I might in your presence be able
 To manifest my dolours incomparable;
 Greater were that reward than the grace
 Heaven to obtain by works of pity! [face,
 Not so glorious be the saints that see God's

Ne joy not so much, as I do you to see.
Yet difference there is between them and me,
For they glorify by His assured presence,
And I in torment because of your absence.

Mel. Why, thinkest thou that so great a
reward? [set me

Cal. Yea, more greater than if God would
In heaven above all saints, and more in regard;
And think it a more higher felicity.

Mel. Yet more greater thy reward shall be,
If thou flee from the determination
Of thy consent of mind by such temptation.
I perceive the extent of thy words all,
As of the wit of him, that would have the
virtue

Of me such a woman to become thrall.
Go thy way with sorrow! I would thou knew
I have foul scorn of thee, I tell thee true,
Or [of] any human creature with me should
Any communication pertaining to sin. [begin
And I promise thee, where thou art present,
While I live, by my will I will be absent. *[Exit.*

Cal. Lo! out of all joy I am fallen in woe,
Upon whom adverse fortune hath cast her
chance

Of cruel hate, which causeth now away to go
The keeper of my joy and all my pleasance.
Alas, alas, now to me what noyance!

[Enter *Sempronio*, a parasite.

Sem. Dieu garde, my lord, and God be in

Cal. Sempronio? [this place!

Sem. Yea, sir.

Cal. Ah, sir, I shrew thy face!
Why hast thou been from me so long absent?

Sem. For I have been about your business,
To order such things as were convenient,

Your house and horse, and all things, was to dress. [tress;

Cal. O Sempronio, have pity on my dis-
For of all creatures I am the woofullest.

Sem. How so? what is the cause of your
unrest? [thing

Cal. For I serve in love to the goodliest
That is or ever was.

Sem. What is she?

Cal. It is one which is all other exceeding :
The picture of angels, if thou her see :
Phœbus or Phœbe no comparison may be
To her.

Sem. What hight she?

Cal. Melibæa is her name. [horse tame !

Sem. Marry, sir, this would make a wild

Cal. I pray thee, Sempronio, go fet me my
And bring some chair or stool with thee ; [lute,
The arguments of love that I may dispute,
Which science, I find, thou art without pity.
Hie thee, Sempronio, hie thee, I pray thee.

Sem. Sir, shortly, I assure you, it shall
be done. [Exit Sempronio.

Cal. Then farewell ! Christ send thee again
Oh, what fortune is equal unto mine ! [soon !
Oh, what woeful wight with me may compare !
The thirst of sorrow is my mixed wine, [care.
Which daily I drink with deep draughts of
[Re-enter Sempronio.

Sem. Tush, sir, be merry, let pass away
the mare :

How say you, have I not hied me lightly ?
Here is your chair and lute to make you merry.

Cal. Merry, quotha? nay, that will not be ;
But I must needs sit for very feebleness.
Give me my lute, and thou shalt see

How I shall sing mine unhappiness.
This lute is out of tune now, as I guess;
Alas! in tune how should I set it,
When all harmony to me discordeth each whit,
As he, to whose will reason is unruly?
For I feel sharp needles within my breast;
Peace, war, truth, hatred, and injury:
Hope and suspect, and all in one chest.

Sem. Behold, Nero, in the love of Poppæa
oppressed,
Rome how he brent; old and young wept:
But she took no thought, nor never the less
slept. [me.

Cal. Greater is my fire, and less pity showed

Sem. I will not mock; this fool is a lover.
[Aside.

Cal. What say'st thou?

Sem. I say, how can that fire be,
That tormenteth but one living man, greater
Than that fire that brenneth a whole city here,
And all the people therein?

Cal. Marry, for that fire is greatest
That brenneth very sore, and lasteth longest;
And greater is the fire that brenneth one soul,
Than that which brenneth an hundred bodies.

Sem. His saying in this none can control.
[Aside.

Cal. None but such as list to make lies!
And if the fire of purgatory bren in such wise,
I had liever my spirit in brute beasts should be,
Than to go thither, and then to the deity.

Sem. Marry, sir, that is a spice of heresy.

Cal. Why so?

Sem. For ye speak like no Christian man.

Cal. I would thou knewest Melibæa wor-
In her I believe, and her I love. [ship I:

Sem. Ah, ah, then,
With thee Melibæa is a great woman;
I know on which foot thou dost halt on:
I shall shortly heal thee, my life thereupon!

Cal. An incredible thing thou dost promise
me.

Sem. Nay, nay, it is easy enough to do;
But first, for to heal a man, knowledge must be
Of the sickness; then to give counsel thereto.

Cal. What counsel can rule him, *Sem-
pronio*,
That keepeth in him no order of counsel?

Sem. Ah, is this Calisto? his fire now I
know well;
How that love over him hath cast her net;
In whose perseverance is all inconstancy. [met?

Cal. Why, is not Elisæus' love and thine

Sem. What then?

Cal. Why reprovest me then of ignorance?

Sem. For thou settest man's dignity in
obeisance

To the imperfection of the weak woman.

Cal. A woman? Nay, a god of goddesses.

Sem. Believest that then?

Cal. Yea, and as a goddess I here confess;
And I believe there is no such sovereign
In heaven, though she be in earth.

Sem. Peace, peace.

A woman a god! nay, to God, a villain.
Of your saying ye may be sorry.

Cal. It is plain.

Sem. Why so?

Cal. Because I love her, and think surely
To obtain my desire I am unworthy.

Sem. O fearful heart! why comparest thou
with Nimrod

Or Alexander? of this world not lords only,
But worthy to subdue heaven, as saying go'th;
And thou reputest thyself more high
Than them both, and despairest so cowardly
To win a woman, of whom hath been so many
Gotten and ungotten, never heard of any?

It is recited in the Feast of Saint John :

This is the woman of ancient malice ;

Of whom but of a woman was it sung on,

That Adam was expelled from Paradise?

She put man to pain whom Eli did despise.

Cal. Then sith Adam gave him to their
governance,

Am I greater than Adam myself to advance?

Sem. Nay, but of those men it were
wisdom,

That overcame them to seek remedy,

And not of those that they did overcome.

Flee from their beginnings, eschew their folly :

Thou knowest they do evil things many.

They keep no mean, but rigour of intention ;

Be it fair [or] foul, wilful without reason.

Keep them never so close, they will be showed,

Give tokens of love by many subtle ways :

Seeming to be sheep, and serpently shrewd :

Craft in them renewing, that never decays.

Their sayings and sightings provoking their
plays.

Oh, what pain is to fulfil their appetites,

And to accomplish their wanton delights !

It is a wonder to see their dissembling,

Their flattering countenance, their ingratitude,

Inconstancy, false witness, feigned weeping :

Their vain-glory, and how they can delude :

Their foolishness, their jangling not mew'd :

Their lecherous lust and vileness therefore :

Witchcrafts and charms to make men to their
lore :

Their embalming and their unshamefacedness :
Their bawdry, their subtlety, and fresh attir-
ing ! [ness !

What trimming, what painting, to make fair-
Their false intents and flickering smiling :

Therefore lo ! it is an old saying [sin ;
That women be the devil's nets, and head of
And man's misery in Paradise did begin—

Cal. But what thinkest thou by me yet for
all this ? [wit,

Sem. Marry, sir ! ye were a man of clear
Whom Nature hath endued with the best gifts,
As beauty and greatness of members perfit :
Strength, lightness ; and beyond this each whit
Fortune hath parted with you of her influence,
For to be able of liberal expense.

For without goods, where Fortune is lady,
No man can have wealth. Therefore by con-
You should be beloved of everybody. [jecture

Cal. But not of Melibæa now I am sure ;
And though thou hadst praised me without
measure,

And compared me without comparison,
Yet she is above in every condition.
Behold her nobleness, her ancient lineage,
Her great patrimony, her excellent wit,
Her resplendent virtue, her portly courage,
Her godly grace, her sovereign beauty perfit !
No tongue is able well to express it ;
But yet, I pray thee, let me speak awhile,
Myself to refresh in rehearsing if my style.
I begin at her hair, which is so goodly,
Crisped to her heels, tied with fine lace,
Far shining beyond fine gold of Araby :

I trow the sun colour to it may give place;
That who to behold it might have the grace,
Would say in comparison nothing counter-
vails—

Sem. Then is it not like hair of ass-tails?

Cal. Oh, what foul comparison! this fellow
rails.

Her grey glassing eyes so fair and bright;
Her brows, her nose in a mean no fashion fails;
Her mouth proper and feat, her teeth small and
white;

Her lips ruddy, her body straight upright;

Her little teats to the eye is a pleasure.

Oh, what a joy it is to see such a figure!

Her skin of whiteness endarketh the snow,

With rose-colour ennewed. I thee ensure

Her little hands in mean manner—this no
trow— [most pure

Her fingers small and long, with nails ruddy:

Of proportion, none such in portraiture:

Without peer: worthy to have for fairness

The apple that Paris gave Venus the goddess.

Sem. Sir, have ye all done?

Cal. Yea, marry! what then? [true;

Sem. I put case all this ye have said be
Yet are ye more noble, sith ye be a man.

Cal. Wherein?

Sem. She is imperfect, I would ye knew,
As all women be, and of less value.

Philosophers say the matter is less worthy

Than the form; so is woman to man surely.

Cal. I love not to hear this altercation
Between Melibæa and me her lover.

Sem. Possible it is in every condition
To abhor her as much as you do love her;
In the woman beguiling is the danger,

That ye shall see hereafter with eyes free.

Cal. With what eyes?

Sem. With clear eyes, trust me.

Cal. Why, with what eyes do I see now?

Sem. With dim eyes, which show a little thing much.

But for ye shall not despair, I assure you
No labour nor diligence in me shall grutch :

So trusty and friendly ye shall find me such,

In all things possible that ye can acquire

The thing to accomplish to your desire. [me

Cal. God bring that to pass, so glad it is to
To hear thee thus, though I hope not in thy
doings.

Sem. Yet I shall do it, trust me for a surety.

Cal. God reward thee for thy gentle intending ;

I give thee this chain of gold in rewarding.

Sem. Sir, God reward you, and send us
good speed ;

I doubt not but I shall perform it indeed.

But without rewards it is hard to work well.

Cal. I am content, so thou be not negligent.

Sem. Nay, be not you ; for it passeth a
marvel,

The master slow, the servant to be diligent.

Cal. How thinkest it can be? show me
thine intent. [bawdry,

Sem. Sir, I have a neighbour, a mother of
That can provoke the hard rocks to lechery.

In all evil deeds she is perfect wise.

I trow more than a thousand virgins

Have been destroyed by her subtle devices,

For she never faileth, where she begins :

Alone by this craft her living she wins.

Maids, wives, widows, and every one,

If she once meddle, there escapeth none.

Cal. How might I speak with her, Sempronio? [place;

Sem. I shall bring her hither unto this
But ye must in any wise let rewards go,
And show her your griefs in every case.

Cal. Else were I not worthy to attain
grace.

But, alas, Sempronio, thou tarriest too long.

Sem. Sir, God be with you.

[*Exit Sempronio.*

Cal. Christ make thee strong!

The mighty and perdurable God be his guide,
As he guided the three kings into Bedlam
From the east by the star, and again did provide

As their conduct to return to their own realm;
So speed my Sempronio to quench the leme
Of this fire, which my heart doth waste and
spend;

And that I may come to my desired end!
To pass the time now will I walk
Up and down within mine orchard,
And to myself go commune and talk;
And pray that fortune to me be not hard;
Longing to hear, whether made or marred,
My message shall return by my servant Sempronio.

Thus farewell, my lords; for a while I will go.

[*Enter Celestina, the bawd.*

Cel. Now the blessing that our lady gave
her son,

That same blessing I give now to you all!
That I come thus homely, I pray you of pardon;
[versal.

I am sought and sent for as a woman uni-

Celestina, of truth, my name is to call;
 Sempronio for me about doth inquire, [here.
 And it was told me I should have found him
 I am sure he will come hither anon;
 But the whilst I shall tell you a pretty game:
 I have a wench of Sempronio's, a pretty one,
 That sojourneth with me: Elicæa is her name.
 But the last day we were both nigh a stark
 shame, [several;
 For Sempronio would have her to himself
 And she loveth one Crito better or as well.
 This Crito and Elicæa sat drinking
 In my house, and I also making merry;
 And as the devil would, far from our thinking,
 Sempronio almost came on us suddenly.
 But then wrought I my craft of bawdry;
 I bade Crito go up, and make himself room
 To hide him in my chamber among the broom.
 Then made I Elicæa sit down a-sewing,
 And I with my rock began for to spin;
 As who saith of Sempronio we had no knowing.
 He knocked at the door, and I let him in;
 And for a countenance I did begin
 To catch him in mine arms, and said, See, see!
 Who kisseth me, Elicæa, and will not kiss
 thee?
 Elicæa for a countenance made her grieved,
 And would not speak, but still did sew.
 Why speak ye not? quoth Sempronio, be ye
 moved? [I trow.
 Have I not a cause, quoth she? no, quoth he,
 Ah! traitor, quoth she, full well dost thou
 know! [me,
 Where hast thou been these three days from
 That the imposthumes and evil death take
 thee!



[Reduced Facsimile of the device of John Rastell, the printer of *Calisto and Melibæa*, which appears under the Colophon in the original copy.]

Peace! mine Elicæa, quoth he, why say ye thus?

Alas! why put you yourself in this woe?

The hot fire of love so brenneth between us,
That my heart is with yours, wherever I go;
And for three days' absence to say to me so,
In faith, methinketh, ye be to blame. [game!
But now hark well, for here beginneth the
Crito, in my chamber above that was hidden,
I think lay not easily, and began to rumble;
Sempronio heard that, and asked who was
within,

Above in the chamber that so did tumble.

Who? quoth she; a lover of mine! May-hap
ye stumble,

Quoth he, on the truth, as many one doth.

So up! quoth she, and look! whether it be
sooth.

Well! quoth he, I go. Nay, thought I, not so,
I said, come! Sempronio, let this fool alone;
For of thy long absence she is in such woe,
And half beside herself, and her wit nigh gone.
Well, quoth he, above yet there is one.

Wilt thou know, quoth I? Yea, quoth he, I
thee require;

It is a wench, quoth I, sent me by a friar.

What friar? quoth he. Wilt thou needs know?
quoth I; then

It is the friar [*Rest of line cut out.*

Oh, quoth he, what a load hath that woman
To bear him! Yea, quoth I; though women
per case

Bear heavy full oft, yet they gall in no place.
Then he laughed; Yea, quoth I, no more words
of this

For this time; too long we spend here amiss.

[Enter Sempronio.

Sem. O mother Celestine, I pray God prosper thee. [meeting.

Cel. My son Sempronio, I am glad of our And, as I hear say, ye go about to seek me?

Sem. Of truth, to seek you was mine hither coming.

Mother, lay apart now all other thing,

And alonely tend to me, and imagine

In that that I purpose now to begin.

Calisto in the love of fair Melibæa

Burneth; wherefore of thee he hath great need.

Cel. Thou say'st well, knowest not me Celestina? [speed

I have the end of the matter, and for more

Thou shalt wade no farther; for of this deed

I am as glad, as ever was the surgeon

For salves for broke heads to make provision.

And so intend I to do to Calisto:

To give him hope and assure him remedy; [do.

For long hope to the heart much trouble will

Wherefore to the effect thereof I will hie.

Sem. Peace, for methinketh Calisto is nigh.

[Enter Calisto and Parmeno.

Cal. Parmeno.

Par. What say you?

Cal. Wottest who is here?

Sempronio! that reviveth my cheer. [whore.

Par. It is Sempronio, with that old bearded Be ye they my master so sore for doth long?

Cal. Peace, I say, Parmeno, or go out of the door! [wrong;

Comest thou to hinder me? then dost thou me

I pray thee help for to make me more strong,

To win this woman: else, gods forbode,

She hath equal power of my life under God.

Par. Wherefore to her do ye make such sorrow?

Think ye in her arse there is any shame?

The contrary who telleth you, be never his borrow;

For as much she glorified her in her name,
To be called an old whore, as ye would of fame.
Dogs in the street and children at every door
Bark and cry out, There goeth an old whore!

Cal. How knowest all this? dost thou know

Par. Yea, that [I do time long] ago[n]e [her?
For a false whore, the devil overthrow her!
My mother, when she died, gave me to her
alone,

And a starker bawd was there never none.

For that I know I dare well say:

Let see the contrary who can lay.

I have been at her house and seen her trinkets

For painting; things innumerable;

Squalms and balms; I wonder where she gets

The things that she hath with folks for to fable,

And to all bawdry ever agreeable.

Yet worse than that, which will never be laft,

Not only a bawd, but a witch by her craft.

Cel. Say what thou wilt, son, spare not me.

Sem. I pray thee, Parmeno, leave thy
malicious envy. [*Calisto goes aside.*

Par. Hark hither, Sempronio, here is but
we three;

In that I have said canst thou deny? [I;

Cal. Come hence, Parmeno, I love not this,
And, good mother, grieve you not, I you pray.

My mind I shall show now, hark what I say.

O notable woman, O ancient virtue!

O glorious hope of my desired intent!

The end of my delectable hope to renew:

My regeneration to this life present,
Resurrection from death so excellent;
Thou art above [all] other. I desire humbly
To kiss thy hands, wherein lieth my remedy.
But mine unworthiness maketh resistance;
Yet worship I the ground that thou goest on,
Beseeching thee, good woman, with most reverence

On my pain with thy pity to look upon.
Without thy comfort my life is gone; [me,
To revive my dead spirits thou may'st prefer
With the words of thy mouth to make or mar
me.

Cal. Sempronio, can I live with these bones,
That thy master giveth me here for to eat?
Words are but wind; therefore at once
Bid him close his mouth, and to his purse get.
For money maketh [the] merchant, that must
jet. [deeds?
I have heard his words, but where be his
For without money with me nothing speeds.

[*Aside.*

Cal. What saith she, Sempronio? alas, my
heart bleeds, [be.

That I with you, good woman, mistrust should

Sem. Sir, she thinketh that money all thing
feeds. [thee, with me;

Cal. Then come on, Sempronio, I pray
And tarry here, mother, awhile, I pray thee;
For where of mistrust ye have me appealed,
Have here my cloak, till your doubt be assoiled.

Sem. Now do ye well; for weeds among
corn,

Nor suspicions with friends, did never well.
For faithfulness of words turned to a scorn
Maketh minds doubtful, good reason doth tell.

Cal. Come on, Sempronio, thou givest me
good counsel. [upon.

Sem. Go ye before, and I shall wait you
Farewell, mother, we will come again anon.

[Exit.

Par. How say ye, my lords? see ye not this
In my master's eyes that they do cast? [smoke,
The one hath his chain, the other his cloak;
And I am sure they will have all at last.

Ensampler may be by this that is passed, [folly,
How servants be deceitful in their master's
Nothing but for lucre is all their bawdry.

[Aside.

Cel. It pleaseth me, Parmeno, that we
together [thee,
May speak, whereby thou may'st see I love
Yet undeserved now thou comest hither;
Whereof I care not; but virtue warneth me
To flee temptation, and follow charity:
To do good against ill, and so I read thee,
Sempronio and I will help thy necessities.
And in token now that it shall so be,
I pray thee among us let us have a song.
For where harmony is, there is amity.

Par. What, an old woman sing?

Cel. Why not among?

I pray thee no longer the time prolong.

Par. Go to; when thou wilt, I am ready.

Cel. Shall I begin?

Par. Yea, but take not too high. [Singing.

Cel. How say ye now by this, little young
fool?

For the third part Sempronio we must get.
After that thy master shall come to school
To sing the fourth part, that his purse shall
For I see craftly the song can set. [sweat;

Though thy master be hoarse, his purse shall
sing clear,

And taught to solf, that woman's flesh is dear.

How say'st to this, thou praty Parmeno?

Thou knowest not the world nor no delights
therein :

Dost understand me? in faith, I trow no.

Thou art young enough the game to begin;

Thy master hath waded himself so far in,

And to bring him out lieth not in me, old poor—

Par. Thou shouldst say it lieth not in me,
old whore. [knave!

Cel. Ah, whoreson, a shame take such a
How darest thou with me, thou boy, be so
bold? [have.

Par. Because such knowledge of thee I

Cel. Why, who art?

Par. Parmeno, son to Albert the old; [sold,
I dwelt with thee by the river, where wine was
And thy mother, I trow, hight Claudena.

That a wild-fire bren thee, Celestina! [I.

Cel. But thy mother was as old a whore as
Come hither, thou little fool, let me see thee :

Ah, it is even he, by our blessed lady!

What, little urchin, hast forgotten me?

When thou layest at my bed's-feet, how merry
were we!

Par. Ah, thou old matron, it were alms thou
were dead!

How wouldest thou pluck me up to thy bed's

And embrace me hard unto thy belly! [head,

And for thou smelled'st oldly, I ran from thee.

Cel. A shameful whoreson! fie upon thee,
fie, fie!

Come hither, and now shortly I charge thee,

That all this foolish speaking thou let be.

Leave wantonness of youth; then shalt thou
do well;

Follow the doctrine of thy elders and counsel.
To whom thy parents (on whose souls God have
mercy !)

In pain of cursing bade thee be obedient.

In pain whereof, I command thee straitly,

Too much in mastership put not thine intent :

No trust is in them, if thine own be spent.

Masters nowadays covet to bring about

All for themselves, and let their servants go
without.

Thy master, men say, and as I think he be,

But light care ich not—who come to his
service; [trust me.

Fair words shall not lack, but small rewards,

Make Sempronio thy friend in any wise;

For he can handle him in the best guise.

Keep this, and for thy profit : tell it to none;

But look that Sempronio and thou be one.

Par. Mother Celestine, I wot not what ye
mean;

Calisto is my master, and so I will take him,

And as for riches I defy it clean;

For whosoever with wrong rich doth make him,

Sooner than he gat it, it will forsake him.

I love to live in joyful poverty,

And to serve my master with truth and honesty.

Cel. Truth and honesty be riches of the
name;

But surety of wealth is to have riches,

And after that for to get him good fame.

By report of friends, this is truth, doubtless;

Then no such manner friend can I express

As Sempronio, for both your profits to speed;

Which lieth in my hands now, if ye be agreed.

O Parmeno, what a life may we endure!
Sempronio loveth the daughter of Eliso—

Par. And who? Arusa?

Cel. Likest her?

Par. Peradventure?

Cel. I shall get her to thee, that shall I do.

Par. Nay, mother Celestine, I purpose not
A man should be conversant, I hear tell, [so.
With them that be ill, and think to do well.
Sempronio, his ensample shall not make me
Better nor worse; nor his faults will I hide;
But, mother Celestine, a question to thee—
Is not sin anon in one espied? [vide
That is drowned in delight, how should he pro-
Against virtue to save his honesty?

Cel. Like a child without wisdom thou
answerest me.

Without company mirth can have none estate:
Use no sloth; nature abhorreth idleness,
Which leseth delight to nature appropriate.
In sensual causes delight is chief mistress;
Specially recounting love's business.
To say thus doth she: the time thus they pass,
And such manner they use, and thus they kiss
and bass;

And thus they meet and embrace together.

What speech, what grace, what plays is
between them! [whither:

Where is she? there she goeth; let us see
Now pleased, now froward; now mum, now
hem! [problem.

Strike up, minstrel, with saws of love, the old
Sing sweet songs; now jousts and tourney.

Of new inventions what conceits find they?

Now she goeth to mass; to-morrow she cometh
out.

Behold her better ; yonder goeth a cuckold.
I left her alone : she cometh : turn about !—
Lo thus, Parmeno, thou mayest behold
Friends will talk together, as I have told.
Wherefore perceive thou, that I say truly,
Never can be delight without company.

[*Here again enters Calisto.*

Cal. Mother, as I promised to assoil thy
doubt,

Here I give thee an hundred pieces of gold.

Cel. Sir, I promise you I shall bring it
about,

All thing to purpose, even as ye would ;

For your reward I will do as I should.

Be merry, fear nothing, content ye shall be.

Cal. Then, mother, farewell ; be diligent, I
pray thee. [*Exit Celestine.*

How sayest, Sempronio, have I done well ?

Sem. Yea, sir, in my mind, and most ac-
cording.

Cal. Then wilt thou do after my counsel ?

After this old woman will thou be hieing,

To remember and haste her in everything.

Sem. Sir, I am content, as ye command
me.

Cal. Then go, and bid Parmeno come, I
pray thee. [*Exit Sempronio.*

Now God be their guides ! the posts of my life,
My relief from death, the ambassadors of my
wealth !

My hope, my hap ; my quietness, my strife ;
My joy, my sorrow ; my sickness, my health.
The hope of this old woman ; my heart telleth
That comfort shall come shortly, as I intend.
Or else come, death, and make of me an end.

[*Enter Parmeno.*

Par. In faith, it maketh no force nor matter
mich, [me?

Cal. What sayest, Parmeno, what sayest to

Par. Marry, I say plainly, that yonder old
witch

And Sempronio together will undo thee.

Cal. Ah, ill-tongued wretch, will ye not see?

Thinkest thou, lurden, thou handlest me fair?

Why, knave ! wouldest thou put me in despair?

[*Exit Calisto.*]

Par. Lo, sirs ! my master, ye see, is angry ;

But this it is, tell fools for their profit,

Or warn them for their wealth, it is but folly ;

For strike them on the heel, and as much wit

Shall come forth at their forehead to perceive it.

Go thy way, Calisto, for on my charge [large.

Thy thrift is sealed up, though thou be at

Oh, how unhappy I am to be true ;

For other men win by falsehood and flattery :

I lose for my truth : the world doth so ensue,

Truth is put back, and taken for folly.

Therefore now I will change my copy.

If I had done as Celestine bad me,

Calisto to his mission still would have had me.

This giveth me warning from henceforward

How to deal with him for all thing as he will :

I will [be] the same forward or backward.

I will go straight to him, and follow him still :

Say as he saith, be it good or ill ; [lechery,

And sith these bawds get good provoking

I trust flattery shall speed as well as bawdry.

[*Exit Parmeno and enter Melibæa.*]

Mel. I pray you, came this woman here
never sin'?

In faith, to enter here I am half adrad ;

And yet why so ? I may boldly come in :

I am sure from you all I shall not be had.
 But, Jesus, Jesus, be these men so mad
 On women, as they say? how should it be?
 It is but fables and lies, ye may trust me.

[Enter *Celestina*.]

Cel. God be here!

Mel. Who is there?

Cel. Will ye buy any thread? [come in.

Mel. Yea, marry! good mother, I pray you

Cel. Christ save you, fair mistress, and God
 be your speed;

And health be to you and your kin;
 And Mary, God's mother, that blessed virgin,
 Preserve and prosper your womanly personage,
 And well to enjoy your youth and pucelage!
 For that time pleasures are most escheved;
 And age is the hospital of all manner sickness,
 The resting-place of all thought unrelieved;
 The sport of time, past the end of all quick-
 ness :

Neighbour to death; a dry stock without sweet-
 Discomfort, disease all age alloweth;
 A tree without sap, that small charge boweth.

Mel. I marvel, mother, ye speak so much ill
 Of age, that all folk desire effectuously.

Cel. They desire hurt for themselves as all
 of will;

And the cause why they desire to come thereby,
 Is for to live; for death is so loathly.

He that is sorrowful would live to be sorrier,
 And he that is old would live to be older. [age?
 Fair damsel, who can show all the hurts of
 His weariness, feebleness, his discontenting;
 His childishness, frowardness of his rage;
 Wrinkling in the face, lack of sight and hear-
 ing;

Hollowness of mouth, fall of teeth, faint of going;

And, worst of all, possessed with poverty,
And the limbs arrested with debility. [age,

Mel. Mother, ye have taken great pain for
Would ye not return to the beginning?

Cel. Fools are they that are past their
passage,

To begin again, which be at the ending;
For better is possession than the desiring. [no?

Mel. I desire to live longer; do I well, or

Cel. That ye desire well, I think not so;
For as soon goeth to market the lamb's fell
As the sheep's; none so old but may live a
year;

And there is none so young but, ye wot well,
May die in a day. Then no advantage is here
Between youth and age; the matter is clear.

Mel. With thy fabling and thy reasoning,
i-wis,

I am beguiled; but I have known thee ere this:
Art not Celestine, that dwelleth by the river

Cel. Yea, forsooth. [side?

Mel. Indeed, age hath arrayed thee!
That thou art she, now can scant be espied.
Me thinketh by thy favour thou shouldest be
she:

Thou art sore changed, thou mayest believe me.

Cel. Fair maiden, keep thou well this time
of youth;

But beauty shall pass at the last, this is truth:
Yet I am not so old as ye judge me.

Mel. Good mother, I joy much of thine ac-
cointenance,

And thy motherly reasons right well please me.
And now I thank thee here for thy pastance.

Farewell, till another time, that hap may chance,

Again that we two may meet together.

Mayhap ye have business, I know not whither.

Cel. O angelic image ! O heart so precious !
Oh, how thou speakest, it rejoiceth me to hear.
Knowest thou not by the divine mouth
gracious,

That against the infernal fiend Lucifer

We should not only live by bread here,

But by our good works, wherein I take some
pain :

If ye know not my mind now, all is in vain.

Mel. Show me, mother, hardily all thy
necessity,

And, if I can, I shall provide the remedy.

Cel. My necessity ! nay, God wot, it is not
for me :

As for mine, I left it at home surely.

To eat when I will, and drink when I am dry ;

And I thank God ever one penny hath been
mine, [wine.

To buy bread when I list, and to have four for
Before I was widow, I cared never for it,

For I had wine enough of mine own to sell ;

And with a toast in wine by the fire I could sit,

With two dozen sops the colic to quell ;

But now with me it is not so well,

For I have nothing but that is brought me

In a pitcher-pot of quarts scant three.

Thus I pray God help them that be needy ;

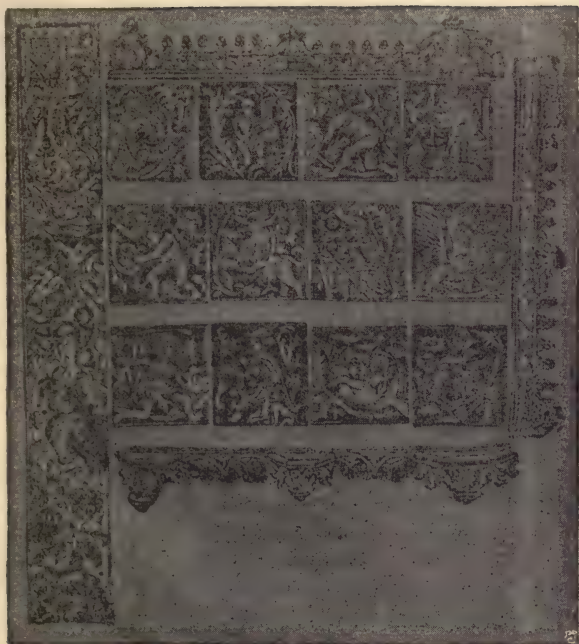
For I speak not for myself alone,

But as well for other, however speed I.

The infirmity is not mine, though that I groan,

It is for another that I make moan,

And not for myself : it is another way,



[Reduced Facsimile of a design which appears on the last page of the original copy of *Calisto and Melibæa*.]

But what I must moan, where I dare not say.

Mel. Say what thou wilt, and for whom
thou lest. [then,

Cel. Now, gracious damsel, I thank you
That to give audience ye be so prest,
With liberal readiness to me old woman,
Which giveth me boldness to show what I can
Of one that lieth in danger by sickness
Remitting his languor to your gentleness.

Mel. What meanest thou, I pray thee,
gentle mother?

Go forth with thy demand, as thou hast done.
On the one part thou provokest me to anger,
And on the other side to compassion :

I know not how thy answer to fashion.
The words which thou speakest in my presence
Be so misty, I perceive not thy sentence.

Cel. I said I left one in danger of sickness,
Drawing to death for ought that I can see :
Now choose you or no to be murderess,
Or revive him with a word to come from thee?

Mel. I am happy, if my word be of such
necessity,

To help any Christian man, or else gods forbid :
To do a good deed is liking to God,
For good deeds to good men be allowable,
And specially to needy above all other ; [able,
And ever to good deeds ye shall find me agree-
Trusting ye will exhort me to none other.

Therefore, fear not, speak your petition, good
mother, [them,
For they that may heal sick folk, and do refuse
Surely of their death they cannot excuse them.

Cel. Full well and graciously the case ye
consider,

For I never believed that God in vain

Would give you such countenance and beauty
together,

But charity therewith to relieve folk in pain;
And as God hath given you, so give him again.

For folks be not made for themselves only,
For then they should live like beasts all rudely,
Among which beasts yet some be pitiful,
The unicorn humbleth himself to a maid;

And a dog in all his power ireful,
Let a man fall to ground, his anger is delayed :
Thus by nature pity is conveyed. [to find,

The cock, when he scrapeth, and happeth meat
Calleth for his hens : lo ! see the gentle kind !
Should human creatures then be of cruelty ?

Should not they to their neighbours show
charity,

And specially to them wrapped in sickness,
When they that may heal them cause the in-
firmity? [show me,

Mel. Mother, without delay, for God's sake
I pray thee heartily, without more praying,
Where is the patient that so is paining.

Cel. Fair damsel, thou mayest well have
knowledge hereto :

That in this city is a young knight,
And of clear lineage, called Calisto,
Whose life and body is all in thee, I plight.

The pelican, to show nature's right,
Feedeth his birds,—methinketh I should not
preach thee ! [teach thee.

Thou wotest what I mean, as nature should

Mel. Ha, ha ! is this the intent of thy con-
clusion ?

Tell me no more of this matter, I charge thee.
Is this the dolent for whom thou makest
petition ?

Art thou come hither thus to deceive me?
Thou bearded dame, shameless thou seemest
to be!

Is this he that hath the passion of foolishness?
Thinkest, thou ribald! I am such an one of
It is not said, I see well, in vain: [lewdness?
The tongue of man and woman worst members
be; [honesty! certain

Thou brute bawd! thou great enemy to
Cause of secret errors: Jesu, Jesu, benedicite!
Some good body take this old thief from me,
That thus would me deceive with her false
sleight! {straight!

Go out of my sight now! get thee hence

Cel. In an evil hour came I hither, I may
I would I had broken my legs twain. [say;

Mel. Go hence, thou brothel, go hence, in
the devil way!

Bidest thou yet to increase my pain?

Wilt thou make me of this fool to be fain?

To give him life, to make him merry,

And to myself death, to make me sorry?

Wilt thou bear away profit for my perdition,

And make me lese the house of my father,

To win the house of such an old matron

As thou art, shamefullest of all other?

Thinkest thou that I understand not, thou false
mother!

Thy hurtful message, thy false subtle ways?

Make amends to God, thou livest too long
days!

Answer, thou traitress! how darest be so bold?

Cel. The fear of thee maketh me so dis-
mayed,

That the blood of my body is almost cold.

Alas! fair maiden, what hast thou said

To me poor widow? why am I denied?
Hear my conclusion, which is of honesty; [me.
Without cause ye blame this gentleman and

Mel. I say I will hear no more of that fool:
Was he not here with me even now?

Thou old witch, thou bringest me in great dole:
Ask him what answer he had of me, and how
I took his demand, as now know mayest thou,
More showing is but lost, where no mercy can
be.

Thus I answered him, and thus I answer thee.

Cel. The more strange she maketh, the
gladder am I:

There is no tempest, that ever doth endure.
[*Aside.*

Mel. What say'st thou, what say'st, thou
Speak out. [shameful enemy?

Cel. So 'feard I am of your displeasure;
Your anger is so great, I perceive it sure,
And your patience is in so great an heat,
That for woe and fear I both weep and sweat.

Mel. Little is the heat in comparison to say
To the great boldness of thy demeaning.

Cel. Fair maiden, yet one word, now I you
pray:

Appease with patience, and bear my saying.
It is for a prayer, mistress, my demanding,
That is said ye have of Saint Appoline,
For the toothache, whereof this man is in pain.
And the girdle there thou wearest about thee,
And so many holy relics it hath touched, [be.
That this knight thinketh his boot thou may'st
Therefore let thy pity now be avouched;
For my heart for fear like a dog is couched.
The delight of vengeance whoso doth use,
Pity at their need shall them refuse.

Mel. If this be true, that thou say'st to me
now,
Mine heart is lightened, perceiving the case :
I would be content well, if I wist how,
To bring this sick knight unto some solace.

Cel. Fair damsel, to thee be health and
grace : [two,
For if this knight and ye were acquainted both
Ye would not judge him the man that ye do.
By God and by my soul, in him is no melan-
choly :

With grace endued in freedom as Alexander,
In strength as Hector, in countenance merry :
Gracious, envy in him reigned never. [ever
Of noble blood, as thou knowest, and if ye
Saw him armed, he seemeth a Saint George.
Rather than to be made in nature's forge,
An angel thou would'st judge him, I make a
The gentle Narcissus was never so fair, [vow.
That was enamoured on his own shadow ;
Wherefore, fair maid ! let thy pity repair :
Let mercy be thy mother, and thou her heir.
This knight, whom I come for, never ceaseth,
But crieth out of pain, that still increaseth.

Mel. How long time, I pray thee, hath it
holden him ?

Cel. I think he be twenty-four years of age ;
I saw him born, and help for to fold him.

Mel. I demand thee not thereof : thine
answer assuage ;
I ask thee how long in this painful rage
He hath lain ?

Cel. Of truth, fair maiden, as he says,
He hath be in this agony this eight days,
But he seemeth [as] he had lain this seven
year.

Mel. Oh, how it grieveth me the ill of my patient,
Knowing his agony and thy innocency here.
Unto mine anger thou hast made resistance,
Wherefore thy demand I grant in recompense.
Have here my girdle : the prayer is not ready ;
To-morrow it shall be : come again secretly.
And, mother, of these words passed between us
Show nothing thereof unto this knight,
Lest he would report me cruel and furious.
I trust thee now be true, for thoughts be light.

Cel. I marvel greatly thou dost me so atwite
Of the doubt, that thou hast of my secretness :
As secret as thyself I shall be doubtless.
And to Calisto with this girdle Celestina [light.
Shall go, and his leady heart make whole and
For Gabriel to our lady with Ave Maria
Came never gladder than I shall to this knight.
Calisto, how wilt thou now sit upright ?
I have showed thy water to thy physician :
Comfort thyself : the field is half-won. [*Aside.*

Mel. Mother, he is much beholden unto thee.

Cel. Fair maiden, for the mercy thou hast
done to us

This knight and I both thy beadfolks shall be.

Mel. Mother, if need be, I will do more than
thus. [righteous ;

Cel. It shall be needful to do so and
For this thus begun must needs have an end,
Which never can be without ye condescend.

Mel. Well, mother, to-morrow is a new
day :

I shall perform that I have you promised.
Show to this sick knight in all that I may.
Bid him be bold in all things honest,
And though he to me as yet be but a guest,

If my word or deed his health may support,
I shall not fail; and thus bid him take comfort.

[*Exit Melibæa.*

Cel. Now, Christ comfort thee, and keep
thee in thy need! [clear?
Now say you, now is not this matter carried
Cannot old Celestina her matter speed?
A thing not well handled is not worth a bean.
Now know ye by the half tale what the whole
doth mean :

These women at the first be angry and furious :
Fair weather cometh after storms tempestuous.
And now to Calisto I will me dress,
Which lieth now languishing in great pain,
And show him that he is not remediless;
And bear him this to make him glad and fain;
And handle him, so that ye shall see plain,
That I am well worthy to bear the name,
For to be called a noble arch dame. [*Exit.*

[*Enter Danio, father to Melibæa.*

O marvellous God, what a dream had I to-
night !

Most terrible vision to report and hear ! [wight.
I had never none such, nor none yearthly
Alas ! when I think thereon, I quake for fear;
It was of Melibæa, my daughter dear.

God send me good tidings of her shortly,
For, till I hear from her, I cannot be merry.

[*Enter Melibæa.*

Mel. O dear father ! nothing may me more
displease,
Nothing may do me more annoyance,
Nothing may do me greater disease,
Than to see you, father, in any perturbation,
For me chiefly, or for any other chance.
But for me I pray you not to be sad,

For I have no cause but to be merry and glad.

Dan. O sweet Melibæa, my daughter dear,
I am replete with joy and felicity,
For that ye be now in my presence here,
As I perceive, in joy and prosperity :
From death to life me thinketh it reviveth me ;
For the fearful dream that I had lately.

Mel. What dream, sir, was that, I pray
you heartily? [walking

Dan. Doubtless, me thought that I was
In a fair orchard, where were places two : [ing
The one was a hot bath, wholesome and pleas-
To all people that did repair thereto, [also ;
To wash them and clean them from sickness
The other a pit of foul stinking water ;
Shortly they died, all that therein did enter.
And unto this wholesome bath methought that
In the right path were coming apace, [ye
But before that methought that I did see
A foul, rough bitch—a prick-eared cur it was—
Which straking her body along on the grass,
And with her tail licked her so, that she
Made herself a fair spaniel to be. [way,
This bitch then (methought) met you in the
Leaping and fawning upon you apace,
And round about you did run and play,
Which made you then disport and solace ;
Which liked you so well, that in short space
The way to the hot bath anon ye left it,
And took the straight way to the foul pit.
And ever ye looked continually
Upon that same bitch, and so much her eyed,
That ye came to the foul pit-brink suddenly,
Like to have fallen in, and to have been de-
stroyed,

Which when I saw, anon then I cried,

Starting in my sleep, and therewith did awake;
That yet for fear, methink, my body doth
quake.

Was not this a fearful dream and marvellous?
I pray you, daughter, what think ye now to
this?

[*Melibæa remains silent in evident
distress of mind.* [studious?

Why speak ye not? why be ye now so
Is there anything that hath chanced you amiss?
I am your father: tell me what it is.

Mel. Alas! now your dream, which ye have
expressed,

Hath made me all pensive and sore abashed.

Dan. I pray you, dear daughter, now tell
me why?

Mel. Sir, I know the cause of your vision,
And what your dreadful dream doth signify.

Dan. Thereof would I fain now have know-
lition. [done?

Mel. Alas, dear father, alas, what have I
Offended God as a wretch unworthy! [mercy.

Dan. Wherein? despair not; God is full of
[*She kneels.*

Mel. Then on my knees now I fall down,
And of God chiefly asking forgiveness;
And next of you; for into oblivion
I have put your doctrine and lessons doubtless.

Dan. Fear not, daughter, I am not merci-
I trust ye have not so greatly offended, [less;
But that right well it may be amended.

Mel. Ye have fostered me up full lovingly
In virtuous discipline, which is the right path
To all grace and virtue; which doth signify
By your dream the fair, pleasant, wholesome
bath:

The foul pit, whereof ye dreamed, which hath
Destroyed so many, betokeneth vice and sin,
In which, alas ! I had almost fallen in.
The prick-eared cur and the foul bitch,
Which made herself so smooth and fair to see,
Betokeneth an old quean, a bawdy witch,
Called Celestina, that woe might she be ! [me,
Which with her fair words aye so persuaded
That she had almost brought me hereunto,
To fulfil the foul lust of Calisto. [lesson,

Dan. Alas ! dear daughter, I taught you a
Which way ye should attain unto virtue :
That was every morning to say an orison,
Praying God for grace all vice to eschew.

Mel. O dear father, that lesson I have kept
true ;
Which preserved me, for though I did consent
In mind, yet had he never his intent.

Dan. The virtue of that prayer, I see well
one thing, [sin ;
Hath preserved you from the shame of that
But because ye were somewhat consenting,
Ye have offended God greatly therein ;
Wherefore, daughter, ye must now begin
Humbly to beseech God of His mercy
For to forgive you your sin and misery.

Mel. O blessed Lord, and Father celestial !
Whose infinite mercy no tongue can express,
Though I be a sinner, wretch of wretches all,
Yet of thy great mercy grant me forgiveness.
Full sore I repent, my sin I confess :
Intending henceforth never to offend more :
Now humbly I beseech thy mercy therefore.

Dan. Now that is well said, mine own fair
daughter ;
Stand up therefore, for I know verily,

That God is good and merciful ever
To all sinners which will ask mercy,
And be repentant and in will clearly
To sin no more. He of His great goodness
Will grant them therefore His grace and forgiveness.

Lo, here ye may see, what a thing it is
To bring up young people virtuously,
In good custom; for grace doth never miss
To them that use good prayers daily,
Which hath preserved this maid undoubtedly,
And kept her from actual deed of shame:
Brought her to grace: preserved her good
name.

Wherefore, ye virgins and fair maidens all,
Unto this example now take good heed;
Serve God daily; the sooner ye shall
To honesty and goodness no doubt proceed;
And God shall send you ever his grace at need
To withstand all evil temptations,
That shall come to you by any occasions.
And ye, fathers, mothers, and other, which be
Rulers of young folks, your charge is doubtless
To bring them up virtuously, and to see
Them occupied still in some good business;
Not an idle pastime or unthriftiness,
But to teach them some art, craft, or learning,
Whereby to be able to get their living.
The bringers-up of youth in this region
Have done great harm because of their negligence,
Not putting them to learning nor occupations:
So, when they have no craft nor science,
And come to man's state, ye see the experience,
That many of them compelled be
To beg or steal by very necessity.

But if there be therefore any remedy,
The heads and rulers must first be diligent
To make good laws, and execute them straitly,
Upon such masters that be negligent.
Alas! we make no laws, but punishment,
When men have offended. But laws evermore
Would be made to prevent the cause before.
If the cause of the mischiefs were seen before,
Which by conjecture to fall be most likely,
And good laws and ordinance made therefore
To put away the cause, that were best remedy.
What is the cause, that there be so many
Thefts and robberies? It is because men be
Driven thereto by need and poverty.
And what is the very cause of that need?
Because they labour not for their living;
And truth is, they cannot well labour indeed,
Because in youth of their idle upbringing.
But this thing shall never come to reforming,
But the world continually shall be nought,
As long as young people be evil up-brought.
Wherefore the eternal God, that reigneth on
Send His merciful grace and influence [high,
To all governors, that they circumspectly
May rule their inferiors by such prudence,
To bring them to virtue and due obedience,
And that they and we all by His great mercy
May be partners of His blessed glory.

AMEN.

Johes rastell me imprimi fecit. Cum privilegio regali.

[For printer's device and design on verso see pp. 61
and 75.]



¶ Here begynneth a treatyse how the
 hye fader of heuen sendeth vnto
 to comon every creature to
 come and gyue a counte
 of theyr lyues in this
 worlde and is in ma-
 ner of a morall
 playe.



[Reduced Facsimile of Title-page of Copy of *Everyman*
 originally in Library of Lincoln Cathedral.]



[Reduced Facsimile of Woodcuts in Copy of Everyman originally in Library of Lincoln Cathedral.]

The Players' Names:

MESSENGER	KNOWLEDGE
GOD	CONFESSION
DEATH	BEAUTY
EVERYMAN	STRENGTH
FELLOWSHIP	DISCRETION
KINDRED	FIVE WITS
GOODS	ANGEL
GOOD DEEDS	DOCTOR

[For Facsimile Title-page and page of Woodcuts in original Copy see pages 89 and 91.]



THE SUMMONING OF EVERYMAN

HERE BEGINNETH A TREATISE HOW THE HIGH
FATHER OF HEAVEN SENDETH DEATH TO
SUMMON EVERY CREATURE TO COME AND
GIVE ACCOUNT OF THEIR LIVES IN THIS
WORLD, AND IS IN MANNER OF A MORAL
PLAY.

Messenger. I pray you all give your audi-
And hear this matter with reverence, [ence,
By figure a moral play ;
The Summoning of Everyman called it is,
That of our lives and ending shows,
How transitory we be all day :
This matter is wonders precious,
But the intent of it is more gracious,
And sweet to bear away.
The story saith : man, in the beginning
Look well, and take good heed to the ending,
Be you never so gay :
Ye think sin in the beginning full sweet,
Which in the end causeth thy soul to weep,
When the body lieth in clay.
Here shall you see how Fellowship and Jollity,
Both Strength, Pleasure, and Beauty,
Will fade from thee as flower in May ;

For ye shall hear, how our Heaven King
Calleth Everyman to a general reckoning :
Give audience, and hear what he doth say.

[*God speaketh.*]

I perceive here in my Majesty,
How that all creatures be to me unkind,
Living without dread in worldly prosperity :
Of ghostly sight the people be so blind, [God ;
Drowned in sin, they knew me not for their
In worldly riches is all their mind,
They fear not my rightwiseness, the sharp rod ;
My law that I showed, when I for them died,
They forget clean, and shedding of my blood
red ;

I hanged between two, it cannot be denied ;
To get them life I suffered to be dead ; [head :
I healed their feet, with thorns hurt was my
I could do no more than I did truly,
And now I see the people do clean forsake me :
They use the seven deadly sins damnable,
As pride, covetise, wrath, and lechery,
Now in the world be made commendable :
And thus they leave of angels the heavenly
company,

Every man liveth so after his own pleasure,
And yet of their life they be nothing sure :
I see the more that I them forbear
The worse they be from year to year ;
All that liveth appaireth fast,
Therefore I will in all the haste
Have a reckoning of every man's person ;
For, I leave the people thus alone
In their life and wicked tempests, [beasts ;
Verily they will become much worse than
For now one would by envy another up eat ;
Charity they do all clean forget.

I hoped well that every man
In my glory should make his mansion,
And thereto I had them all elect;
But now I see, like traitors deject,
They thank me not for the pleasure that I to
 them meant,
Nor yet for their being that I them have lent;
I proffered the people great multitude of mercy,
And few there be that asketh it heartly;
They be so cumbered with worldly riches,
That needs on them I must do justice,
On every man living without fear, [senger?
Where art thou, Death, thou mighty mes-
 [Enter Death.

Death. Almighty God, I am here at your
Your commandment to fulfil. [will,
 [God.]

Go thou to Everyman,
And show him in my name
A pilgrimage he must on him take,
Which he in no wise may escape;
And that he bring with him a sure reckoning
Without delay or any tarrying. [all,

Death. Lord, I will in the world go run over
And cruelly out-search both great and small;
Every man will I beset that liveth beastly,
Out of God's Laws, and dreadeth not folly:
He that loveth riches I will strike with my dart,
His sight to blind, and fro heaven to depart,
Except that alms be his good friend,
In hell for to dwell, world without end.
Lo, yonder I see Everyman walking:
Full little he thinketh on my coming:
His mind is on fleshly lusts and his treasure;
And great pain it shall cause him to endure
Before the Lord, heaven's King.

[*The Deity is veiled from sight, and
Everyman enters.*

Everyman, stand still ! whither art thou going
Thus gaily ? hast thou thy Maker forgot ?

Everyman. Why askest thou ? Wouldest
thou wit ? [haste I am sent to thee

Death. Yea, sir, I will show you ; in great
Fro God out of his Majesty.

Everyman. What ! sent to me ?

Death. Yea, certainly :

Though you have forgot him here,
He thinketh on thee in the heavenly sphere ;
As, ere we depart, thou shalt know.

Everyman. What desireth God of me ?

Death. That shall I show thee ;

A reckoning he will needs have
Without any lenger respite. [leisure I crave ;

Everyman. To give a reckoning longer
This blind matter troubleth my wit. [journey,

Death. On thee thou must take a long
Therefore thy book of count with thee thou
For turn again thou cannot by no way : [bring,
And look thou be sure of thy reckoning ;
For before God thou shalt answer and show
Thy many bad deeds, and good but a few,
How thou hast spent thy life, and in what wise,
Before the chief lord of paradise.

Have ado that we were in that way, [torney.
For, wit thou well, thou shalt make none at-

Everyman. Full unready I am such reckon-
ing to give :

I know thee not ; what messenger art thou ?

Death. I am Death, that no man dreadeth ;
For every man I 'rrest, and no man spareth,
For it is God's commandment
That all to me should be obedient.

Everyman. O Death! thou comest, when I
had thee least in mind;

In thy power it lieth me to save; [kind,
Yet of my good will I give thee, if thou will be
Yea, a thousand pounds shalt thou have,
And [thou] defer this matter till another day.

Death. Everyman, it may not be by no
I set not by gold, silver, nor riches, [way;
Ne by pope, emperor, king, duke, ne princes;
For, and I would receive gifts great,
All the world I might get;

But my custom is clean contrary; [tarry.
I give thee no respite, come hence, and not

Everyman. Alas! shall I have no lenger
I may say Death giveth no warning: [respite?
To think on thee it maketh my heart sick;

For all unready is my book of reckoning: [ing,
But, [for] twelve year and I might have abid-
My counting-book I would make so clear,
That my reckoning I should not need to fear.

Wherefore, Death, I pray thee for God's
Spare me, till I be provided of remedy. [mercy,

Death. Thee availeth not to cry, weep, and
pray: [journey;

But haste thee lightly, that thou wert gone this
And prove thy friends, if thou can;

For, wit thou well, the tide abideth no man,
And in the world each living creature
For Adam's sin must die of nature. [age take,

Everyman. Death, if I should this pilgrim-
And my reckoning surely make,

Show me, for Saint Charity,
Should I not come again shortly? [there,

Death. No, Everyman, and thou be once
Thou mayest never more come here,
Trust me verily.

Everyman. O gracious God! in the high
 seat celestial,
 Have mercy on me in this most need. [trial
 Shall I have no company from this vale terres-
 Of mine acquaintance, that way me to lead?

Death. Yea, if any be so hardly, [pany,
 That would go with thee, and bear thee com-
 Hie thee that thou were gone to God's mag-
 nificence,

Thy reckoning to give before his presence.
 What, weenest thou thy life is given thee,
 And thy worldly goods also?

Everyman. I had ween'd so verily.

Death. Nay, nay; it was but lend thee;
 For, as soon as thou art gone, [therefro,
 Another awhile shall have it, and then go
 Even as thou hast done. [five,
 Everyman, thou art mad, thou hast thy wits
 And here on earth will not amend thy life;
 For suddenly I do come. [shall I flee,

Everyman. O wretched caitiff! whither
 That I might escape this endless sorrow?
 Now, gentle Death, spare me till to-morrow,
 That I may amend me
 With good advisement.

Death. Nay, thereto I will not consent,
 Nor no man will I respite;
 But to the heart suddenly I shall smite
 Without any advisement.
 And now out of thy sight I will me hie;
 See thou make thee ready shortly,
 For thou mayest say, this is the day
 That no man living may 'scape away.

[Exit Death.

Everyman. Alas! I may well weep with
 Now have I no manner company [sighs deep:

To help me in my journey, and me to keep;
And also my writing is full unready.
How shall I do now for to excuse me!
I would to God I had never be got;
To my soul a full great profit it had be;
For now I fear pains huge and great.
The time passeth: Lord, help, that all
wrought!

For though I mourn, it availeth nought:
The day passeth, and is almost ago;
I wot not well what for to do.
To whom were I best my complaint to make?
What, and I to Fellowship thereof spake,
And showed him of this sudden chance!
For in him is all mine affiance;
We have in the world so many a day
Be good friends in sport and play,
I see him yonder certainly;
I trust that he will bear me company, [sorrow,
Therefore to him will I speak to ease my
[*Enter Fellowship.*

Well met, good Fellowship, and good morrow.

Fellowship. Everyman, good morrow, by
Sir, why lookest thou so piteously? [this day:
If anything be amiss, I pray thee, me say,
That I may help to remedy.

Everyman. Yea, good Fellowship, yea;
I am in great jeopardy. [your mind;

Fellowship. My true friend, show to me
I will not forsake thee, to my life's end,
In the way of good company. [lovingly.

Everyman. That was well spoken and

Fellowship. Sir, I must needs know your
heaviness;

I have pity to see you in any distress:
If any have you wronged, ye shall revenged be,

Though I on the ground be slain for thee;
 Though that I know before that I should die.

Everyman. Verily, Fellowship, gramercy!

Fellowship. Tush! by thy thanks I set not
 a straw;

Show me your grief, and say no more. [break,

Everyman. If I my heart should to you
 And then you to turn your mind fro me,
 And would not me comfort, when ye hear me
 Then should I ten times sorrier be. [speak,

Fellowship. Sir, I say as I will do in deed.

Everyman. Then be you a good friend at
 I have found you true here-before. [need;

Fellowship. And so ye shall evermore;

For in faith, and thou go to hell,
 I will not forsake thee by the way.

Everyman. Ye speak like a good friend, I
 I shall deserve it, and I may. [believe you well;

Fellowship. I speak of no deserving, by
 For he that will say and nothing do, [this day;
 Is not worthy with good company to go:
 Therefore show me the grief of your mind,
 As to your friend most loving and kind.

Everyman. I shall show you how it is:

Commanded I am to go a journey,
 A long way, hard and dangerous;
 And give a strait account without delay
 Before the High Judge Adonai;
 Wherefore, I pray you, bear me company,
 As ye have promised in this journey. [is duty;

Fellowship. That is matter indeed; promise
 But, and I should take such a voyage on me,
 I know it well, it should be to my pain:
 Also it make[s] me afeard certain.

But let us take counsel here as well as we can,
 For your words would fear a strong man.

Everyman. Why, ye said, if I had need,
Ye would me never forsake, quick ne dead,
Though it were to hell truly.

Fellowship. So I said certainly; [say,
But such pleasures be set aside, the sooth to
And also if ye took such a journey,
When should we come again? [doom.

Everyman. Nay, never again till the day of

Fellowship. In faith, then will not I come
there :

Who hath you these tidings brought?

Everyman. Indeed, Death was with me here.

Fellowship. Now, by God that all hath
If Death were the messenger, [bought,
For no man that is living to-day
I will not go that loath journey,
Not for the father that begat me.

Everyman. Ye promised otherwise, pardy.

Fellowship. I wot well I said so truly,
And yet if thou wilt eat and drink, and make
good cheer,

Or haunt to women the lusty company,
I would not forsake you, while the day is clear,
Trust me verily.

Everyman. Yea, thereto ye would be ready ;
To go to mirth, solace and play,
Your mind will sooner apply
Than to bear me company in my long journey.

Fellowship. Now, in good faith, I will not
that way ;

But, and thou wilt murder, or any man kill,
In that I will help thee with a good will. [deed :

Everyman. Oh, that is a simple advice in-
Gentle Fellows[hip,] help me in my necessity ;
We have loved long, and now I need,
And now, gentle Fellowship, remember me.

Fellowship. Whether ye have loved me or
By Saint John ! I will not with thee go. [no,

Everyman. Yet, I pray thee, take the
labour, and do so much for me,

To bring me forward, for Saint Charity,
And comfort me, till I come without the town.

Fellowship. Nay, and thou would give me
I will not a foot with thee go; [a new gown,
But, and thou had tarried, I would not have
left thee so :

And as now God speed thee in thy journey !
For from thee I will depart, as fast as I may.

Everyman. Whither away, Fellowship?
will you forsake me? [take thee.

Fellowship. Yea, by my fay ! to God I be-

Everyman. Farewell, good Fellowship;
for this my heart is sore :

Adieu for ever, I shall see thee no more !

Fellowship. In faith, Everyman, farewell
now at the end; [ing.

For you I will remember that parting is mourn-
[Exit Fellowship.

Everyman. Alack ! shall we thus depart in
deed,

O Lady, help, without any more comfort,
Lo, Fellowship forsaketh me in my most need :
For help in this world whither shall I resort ?
Fellowship here before with me would merry
make ;

And now little sorrow for me doth he take.
It is said, in prosperity men friends may find,
Which in adversity be full unkind.

Now whither for succour shall I flee,
Sith that Fellowship hath forsaken me ?
To my kinsmen I will truly,
Praying them to help me in my necessity ;

I believe that they will do so;
For kind will creep, where it may not go.
I will go say; for yonder I see them go: [lo?
Where be ye now, my friends and kinsmen
[*Enter Kindred, amongst whom is Cousin.*

Kindred. Here be we now at your commandment:

Cousin, I pray thee, show us your intent
In any wise, and do not spare.

Cousin. Yea, Everyman, and to us declare
If ye be disposed to go any whither;
For, wot ye well, we will live and die together.

Kindred. In wealth and woe we will with
you hold;
For over his kin a man may be bold.

Everyman. Gramercy! my friends and kinsmen kind,

Now shall I show you the grief of my mind.
I was commanded by a messenger,
That is an high king's chief officer;
He bad me go on pilgrimage to my pain,
But I know well I shall never come again:
Also I must give a reckoning strait;
For I have a great enemy that hath me in wait,
Which intendeth me for to hinder.

Kindred. What account is that which ye
That would I know. [must render?

Everyman. Of all my works I must show,
How I have lived, and my days spent;
Also of ill deeds that I have used
In my time, sith life was me lent,
And of all virtues that I have refused:
Therefore, I pray you, go thither with me
To help to make mine account, for Saint
Charity. [matter?

Cousin. What, to go thither? Is that the

Nay, Everyman, I had liever fast bread and
All this five year and more. [water,

Everyman. Alas, that ever I was bore!
For now shall I never be merry,
If that you forsake me. [man!

Kindred. Ah, sir! what, ye be a merry
Take good heart to you, and make no moan.
But one thing I warn you, by Saint Anne,
As for me ye shall go alone. [go?

Everyman. My cousin, will you not with me

Cousin. No, by our lady! I have the cramp
in my toe:

Trust not to me; for, so God me speed,
I will deceive you in your most need.

Kindred. It availeth not us to tice:
Ye shall have my maid with all my heart;
She loveth to go to feasts, there to be nice,
And to dance, and abroad to start:
I will give her leave to help you in that journey,
If that you and she may agree. [your mind;

Everyman. No, show me the very effect of
Will you go with me, or abide behind?

Kindred. Abide behind! yea, that will I,
and I may;

Therefore farewell till another day.

[Exit *Kindred*.

Everyman. How should I be merry or glad?
For fair promises men to me make; [sake;
But, when I have most need, they me for-
I am deceived, that maketh me sad.

Cousin. Cousin Everyman, farewell now;
For verily I will not go with you:

Also of mine own life an unready reckoning
I have to account, therefore I make tarrying;
Now God keep thee, for now I go.

[Exit *Cousin*.

Everyman. Ah, Jesu, is all come hereto?
Lo, fair words maketh fools fain;
They promise, and nothing will do certain.
My kinsmen promised me faithfully,
For to abide with me steadfastly;
And now fast away do they flee:
Even so Fellowship promised me.
What friend were best me of to provide?
I lose my time here longer to abide;
Yet in my mind a thing there is:
All my life I have loved riches;
If that my Good now help me might,
It would make my heart full light:
I will speak to him in this distress:
Where art thou, my Goods and Riches?

[*Enter Goods and Riches.*

Goods. Who calleth me? Everyman? what,
hast thou haste?
I lie here in corners trussed and piled so high,
And in chests I am locked so fast, [eye,
Also sacked in bags, thou mayest see with thine
I cannot stir; in packs, lo, where I lie!
What would ye have, lightly me say.

Everyman. Come hither, Good, in all the
haste thou may;
For of counsel I must desire thee.

Goods. Sir, and ye in the world have
sorrow or adversity,
That can I help you to remedy shortly.

Everyman. It is another disease that
grieveth me;
In this world it is not, I tell thee so,
I am sent for another way to go,
To give a strait account general
Before the highest Jupiter of all:
And all my life I have had my pleasure in thee,

Therefore I pray thee now go with me;
For, peradventure, thou mayest before God Al-
mighty

My reckoning help to clean and purify,
For it is said ever among,
That money maketh all right that is wrong.

Goods. Nay, nay, Everyman, I sing
another song;

I follow no man in such voyages,
For, and I went with thee,
Thou shouldest fare much the worse for me:
For because on me thou diddest set thy mind,
Thy reckoning I have made blotted and blind,
That thine account thou cannot make truly;
And that hast thou for the love of me.

Everyman. That would grieve me full sore,
When I should come to that fearful answer:
Up, and let us go thither together.

Goods. Nay, not so; I am too brittle, I
may not endure:

I will follow no man one foot, be ye sure.

Everyman. Alas! I have thee loved, and
had great pleasure

All my life-days on my good and treasure.

Goods. That is to thy damnation without
lesing,

For my love is contrary to the love everlasting;
But if thou had me loved moderately during,
As to the poor give part for the love of me,
Then shouldest thou not in this dolour have be,
Nor in this great sorrow and care. [was ware,

Everyman. Lo! now was I deceived, ere I
And all, I may wete, mis-spending of time.

Goods. What, wenest thou that I am thine?

Everyman. I had went so.

Goods. Nay, Everyman, I say no:

As for a while I was lent thee;
A season thou hast had me in prosperity;
My condition is man's soul to kill,
If I save one, a thousand I do spill:
Weenest thou that I will follow thee?
Nay, not fro this world, verily.

Everyman. I had weened otherwise.

Goods. There to thy soul Good is a thief,
For when thou art dead, this is my guise,
Another to deceive in the same wise,
As I have do thee, and all to his soul's reпреfe.

Everyman. O false Good, cursed may thou
be,

Thou traitor to God, thou hast deceived me,
And caught me in thy snare. [care,

Goods. Marry! thou brought thyself in
Whereof I am right glad:

I must needs laugh, I cannot be sad.

Everyman. Ah, Good! thou hast had long
my hearty love; [above:

I gave thee that which should be the Lord's
But wilt thou not go with me indeed?

I pray thee truth to say.

Goods. No, so God me speed;

Therefore farewell, and have good day!

[*Exit Goods and Riches.*

Everyman. Oh, to whom shall I make my
moan,

For to go with me in that heavy journey?
First Fellowship he said he would with me
His words were very pleasant and gay, [gone;
But afterward he left me alone.

Then spake I to my kinsmen all in despair,
And also they gave me words fair,
They lacked no fair speaking;
But all forsake me in the ending.

Then went I to my Goods that I loved best,
 In hope to have found comfort; but there had
 For my Goods sharply did me tell, [I least:
 That he bringeth many in hell.
 Then to myself I was ashamed,
 And so I am worthy to be blamed:
 Thus may I well myself hate.
 Of whom shall I now counsel take?
 I think that I shall never speed,
 Till that I go to my Good Deed;
 But, alas! she is so weak,
 That she can nother go nor speak:
 Yet will I venter on her now.
 My Good Deeds, where be you?

[Enter Good Deeds.

Good Deeds. Here I lie cold in the ground;
 Thy sins have me so sore bound,
 That I cannot stir. [fear;

Everyman. O Good Deeds! I stand in great
 I must pray you of counsel,
 For help now should come right well.

Good Deeds. Everyman, I have under-
 standing,
 That thou art summoned account to make
 Before Messias of Jerusalem King; [I take.
 And you do by me, that journey with you will
Everyman. Therefore I come to you my
 moan to make:

I pray you, that ye will go with me.

Good Deeds. I would full fain, but I can-
 not stand verily. [fall?

Everyman. Why, is there anything on you

Good Deeds. Yea, sir, I may thank you of
 If ye had perfectly cheered me, [all;
 Your book of account full ready now had be.
 Look, the books of your works and deeds eke!

Behold how they lie under the feet,
To your soul's heaviness.

Everyman. Our Lord Jesus help me,
For one letter herein can I not see.

Good Deeds. Here is a blind reckoning in
time of distress ! [me in this need,

Everyman. Good Deeds, I pray you, help
Or else I am for ever damned indeed ;
Therefore help me to make my reckoning
Before the Redeemer of all thing,
That king is, and was, and ever shall. [fall,

Good Deeds. Everyman, I am sorry of your
And fain would I help you, and I were able.

Everyman. Good Deeds, your counsel, I
pray you, give me.

Good Deeds. That shall I do verily :
Though that on my feet I may not go,
I have a sister that shall with you also,
Called Knowledge, which shall with you abide,
To help you to make that dreadful reckoning.
[Enter Knowledge.

Knowledge. Everyman, I will go with thee,
and be thy guide,
In thy most need to go by thy side.

Everyman. In good condition I am now
in every thing,

And am wholly content with this good thing,
Thanked be God my Creature. [thee there,

Good Deeds. And when he hath brought
Where thou shalt heal thee of thy smart,
Then go thou with thy reckoning and thy good
deeds together,

For to make thee joyful at the heart
Before the blessed Trinity. [heartfully :

Everyman. My Good Deeds, I thank thee
I am well content certainly.

With your words sweet.

Knowledge. Now go we together lovingly
To Confession, that cleansing river.

Everyman. For joy I weep: I would we
there were;

But I pray you to instruct me by intellection,
Where dwelleth that holy virtue Confession?

Knowledge. In the house of salvation;
We shall find him in that place,
That shall us comfort by God's grace.

[*Enter Confession.*]

Lo, this is Confession: kneel down, and ask
mercy;

For he is in good conceit with God Almighty.

Everyman. O glorious fountain! that all
uncleanness doth clarify,

Wash from me the spots of vices unclean,
That on me no sin may be seen;

I come with Knowledge for my redemption,
Redempt with heart and full contrition,

For I am commanded a pilgrimage to take,
And great accounts before God to make.

Now I pray you, Shrift, mother of salvation,
Help hither my good deeds for my piteous ex-
clamation.

[*Everyman:*

Confession. I know your sorrow well,
Because with Knowledge ye come to me,

I will you comfort as well as I can;

And a precious jewel I will give thee,

Called penance, voider of adversity:

Therewith shall your body chastised be

With abstinence and perseverance in God's
service;

Here shall you receive that scourge of me,

Which is penance strong that ye must endure,

Remember thy Saviour was scourged for thee

With sharp scourges, and suffered it patiently :
So must thou, ere thou pass thy pilgrimage.
Knowledge, keep him in this voyage, [thee ;
And by that time Good Deeds will be with
But in anywise be sure of mercy, [be,
For your time draweth fast ; and ye will saved
Ask God mercy, and he will grant truly :
When with the scourge of penance man doth
him bind,

The oil of forgiveness then shall he find.

Everyman. Thanked be God for his
gracious work ;

For now I will my penance begin :
This hath rejoiced and lighted my heart,
Though the knots be painful and hard within.

Knowledge. Everyman, look your penance
that ye fulfil,

What pain that ever it to you be ;
And I shall give you counsel at will,
How your account ye shall make clearly.

Everyman. O eternal God ! O heavenly
figure !

O way of rightwiseness ! O goodly vision !
Which descended down in a virgin pure,
Because he would Everyman redeem,
Which Adam forfeited by his disobedience,
O blessed Godhead ! elect and high Divine,
Forgive me my grievous offence ;
Here I cry thee mercy in this presence :
O ghostly treasure ! O ransomer and redeemer !
Of all the world hope and conduyter,
Mirror of joy, foundation of mercy,
Which enlumineth heaven and earth thereby,
Hear my clamorous complaint, though it late
Receive my prayers of thy benignity, [be,
Though I be a sinner most abominable,

Yet let my name be written in Moses' table.
 O Mary ! pray to the Maker of all thing
 Me for to help at my ending,
 And save me from the power of my enemy ;
 For Death assaileth me strongly :
 And, Lady ! that I may be mean of thy prayer
 Of your son's glory to be partiner.
 By the mean of his passion I it crave ;
 I beseeke you help me my soul to save.
 Knowledge, give me the scourge of penance,
 My flesh therewith shall give acquittance ;
 I will now begin, if God give me grace.

Knowledge. Everyman, God give you time
 and space ! [Saviour ;

Thus I bequeath you in the hands of our
 Now may you make your reckoning sure.

Everyman. In the name of all the Holy
 Trinity,

My body punished sore shall be,
 Take this body for the sin of the flesh ;
 Also thou delightest to go gay and fresh ;
 And in the way of damnation thou did me
 bring,

Therefore suffer now strokes and punishing :
 Now of penance I will wade the water clear,
 To save me from purgatory, that sharp fire.

Good Deeds. I thank God, now I can walk
 and go,

And am delivered of my sickness and woe ;
 Therefore with Everyman I will go, and not
 spare,

His good works I will help him to declare.

Knowledge. Now, Everyman, be merry and
 glad ; [sad :

Your Good Deeds cometh now, ye may not be
 Now is your Good Deeds whole and sound,

Going upright upon the ground. [evermore;
Everyman. My heart is light, and shall be
Now will I smite faster than I did before.

Good Deeds. Everyman pilgrim, my special
Blessed be thou without end; [friend,
For thee is prepared the eternal glory :
Ye have me made whole and sound,
Therefore I will bide by thee in every stound.

Everyman. Welcome, my Good Deeds, now
I hear thy voice,

I weep for very sweetness of love. [rejoice,

Knowledge. Be no more sad, but evermore
God seeth thy living in His throne above;
Put on this garment to thy behove,
Which with your tears is now all wet, .
Lest before God it be unsweet,
When ye to your journey's end come shall.

Everyman. Gentle Knowledge, what do ye
it call?

Knowledge. It is the garment of sorrow,
From pain it will you borrow;
Contrition it is,
That getteth forgiveness,
It pleaseth God passing well. [for your hele?

Good Deeds. Everyman, will you wear it

Everyman. Now blessed be Jesu, Mary's
For now have I on true contrition: [son;
And let us go now without tarrying.

Good Deeds. have we clear our reckoning?

Good Deeds. Yea, indeed, I have here.

[*Kindred re-enters.*

Everyman. Then I trust we need not to
Now, friends, let us not depart in twain. [fear;

Kindred. Nay, Everyman, that will we not
certain.

Good Deeds. Yet must thou lead with thee

Three persons of great might.

Everyman. Who should they be? [hyght,
Good Deeds. Discretion and Strength they
And thy Beauty may not abide behind.

Knowledge. Also ye must call to mind
Your Five Wits as for your councillors.

Good Deeds. You must have them ready at
all hours.

Everyman. How shall I get them hither?

Kindred. You must call them all together,
And they will hear you incontinent. [present,

Everyman. My friends, come hither, and be
Discretion, Strength, my Five Wits and
Beauty. [The]y enter.

Beauty. Here at your will we be all ready;
What will ye that we should do? [go,

Good Deeds. That ye would with Everyman
And help him in his pilgrimage: [voyage?
Advise you, will ye go with him or not in that

Strength. We will bring him all thither
To help and comfort him, ye may believe me.

Discretion. So will we go with him
altogether. [Thou be;

Everyman. Almighty God! loved may
I give Thee laud that I have hither brought
Strength, Discretion, Beauty, Five Wits: lack
I nought:

And my Good Deeds, with Knowledge clear,
All be in my company at my will here;

I desire no more to my business. [in distress,

Strength. And I Strength will by you stand
Though thou wouldest in battle fight on the
ground. [world round,

Five Wits. And though it were thorow the
We will not depart for sweet ne for sour.

Beauty. No more will I unto death's hour,

Whatsoever thereof befall. [all,

Discretion. Everyman, advise you first of
Go with a good advisement and deliberation;
We all give you virtuous monition
That all shall be well. [you tell;

Everyman. My friends, hark what I will
I pray God reward you in His heavenly sphere :
Now hearken all that be here ;
For I will make my testament
Here before you all present : [twain
In alms half my good I will give with my hands
In the way of charity with good intent,
And the other half still shall remain : [be.
I it bequeath to be returned there it ought to
This I do in despite of the fiend of hell,
To go quit out of his peril
Ever after this day. [say ;

Knowledge. Everyman, hearken what I will
Go to priesthood, I you advise,
And receive of him in any wise
The holy sacrament and ointment together,
Then shortly see ye turn again hither,
We will all abide you here.

Five Wits. Yea, Everyman, hie you that
ye ready were :

There is no emperor, king, duke, ne baron,
That of God hath commission,
As hath the least priest in the world being ;
For of the blessed sacraments pure and benign
He beareth the keys, and thereof hath cure
For man's redemption, it is ever sure,
Which God for our soul's medicine
Gave us out of his heart with great pain,
Here in this transitory life for thee and me :
The blessed sacraments seven there be,
Baptism, confirmation, with priesthood good,

And the sacrament of God's precious flesh and
 blood, [ance;
 Marriage, the holy extreme unction, and pen-
 These seven be good to have in remembrance,
 Gracious sacraments of high divinity. [body,
Everyman. Fain would I receive that holy
 And meekly to my ghostly father I will go.

Five Wits. Everyman, that is the best that
 God will you to salvation bring, [ye can do;
 For good priesthood exceedeth all other thing;
 To us holy scripture they do teach,
 And converteth man fro sin heaven to reach;
 God hath to them more power given
 Than to any angel that is in heaven:
 With five words he may consecrate
 God's body in flesh and blood to take,
 And handleth his Maker between his hands,
 The priest bindeth and unbindeth all bands
 Both in earth and in heaven;
 He ministers all the sacraments seven:
 Though we kiss thy feet, thou wert worthy:
 Thou art the surgeon that cureth sin deadly,
 No remedy may we find under God,
 But all only priesthood.

Everyman, God gave priest[s] that dignity,
 And setteth them in His stead among us to be;
 Thus be they above angels in degree. [surely,

Knowledge. If priests be good, it is so
 But when Jesu heng on the cross with great
 smart,

There he gave us out of his blessed heart
 The same sacrament in great torment.
 He sold them not to us, that Lord omnipotent;
 Therefore Saint Peter the Apostle doth say,
 That Jesus' curse hath all they,
 Which God their Saviour do buy or sell,

Or they for any money do take or tell,
Sinful priests giveth the sinners example bad,
Their children sitteth by other men's fires, I
have heard,

And some haunteth women's company,
With unclean life, as lusts of lechery;
These be with sin made blind. [find :

Five Wits. I trust to God, no such may we
Therefore let us priesthood honour, [cour;
And follow their doctrine for our soul's suc-
We be their sheep, and they [our] shepherds be,
By whom we all be kept in surety.

Peace! for yonder I see Everyman come,
Which hath made true satisfaction.

Good Deeds. Methink it is he indeed.

Everyman. Now Jesu Christ be your alder
speed! [tion,

I have received the sacrament for my redemp-
And then mine extreme unction; [it :
Blessed be all they that counselled me to take
And now, friends, let us go without longer
respite;

I thank God that ye have tarried so long.
Now set each of you on this rod your hand,
And shortly follow me;

I go before, there I would be :

God be our guide. [go,

Strength. Everyman, we will not fro you
Till ye have gone this voyage long. [also.

Discretion. I Discretion will bide by you

Knowledge. And though this pilgrimage be
I will never part you fro : [never so strong,
Everyman, I will be as sure by thee,

As ever I was by Judas Maccabee. [stand,

Everyman. Alas! I am so faint I may not
My limbs under me do fold :

Friends, let us not turn again to this land,
Not for all the world's gold;

For into this cave must I creep, [to sleep.

Beauty. And turn to the earth, and there

Everyman. What, into this grave? Alas!

Beauty. Yea, there shall ye consume more
and less. [here?

Everyman. And what, should I smother
Yea, by my faith, and never more appear;

In this world live no more we shall,

But in heaven before the highest Lord of all.

Beauty. I cross out all this : adieu, by Saint
I take my cap in my lap, and am gone. [John!

Everyman. What, Beauty? whither will ye?

Beauty. Peace! I am deaf, I look not
behind me, [thy chest.

Not, and thou wouldst give me all the gold in
[Exit Beauty.

Everyman. Alas! whereto may I now trust?
Beauty doth fast away hie:

She promised with me to live and die.

Strength. Everyman, I will thee also for-
The game liketh me not at all. [sake and deny,

Everyman. Why then ye will forsake me
Strength, tarry, I pray you, a little space. [all:

Strength. Nay, sir, by the rood of grace,
I will hie me from thee fast,

Though thou weep till thy heart brast. [said.

Everyman. Ye would ever bide by me, ye

Strength. Yea, I have you far enough con-
Ye be old enough, I understand, [veyed:

Your pilgrimage to take on hand;

I repent me, that I hither came. [to blame;

Everyman. Strength, you to displease I am
Yet promise is debt; this ye well wot.

Strength. In faith, as for that I care not:

Thou art but a fool to complain; [brain :
Thou spendest thy speech and wasteth thy
Go, thirst thee into the ground.

[Exit Strength.

Everyman. I had ween'd surer I should you
have found :

But I see well, he that trusteth in his Strength,
Is greatly deceived at the length;
Both Strength and Beauty hath forsaken me,
Yet they promised me steadfast to be.

Discretion. Everyman, I will after Strength
As for me, I will leave you alone. [be gone;

Everyman. Why, Discretion, will ye for-
sake me?

Discretion. Yea, in faith, I will go fro thee;
For when Strength is gone before,
Then I follow after evermore. [Trinity,

Everyman. Yet, I pray thee, for love of the
Look in my grave once piteously.

Discretion. Nay, so nigh will I not come.
Now farewell, fellows everichone.

[Exit Discretion.

Everyman. Oh, all thing faileth, save God
Beauty, Strength, and Discretion; [alone,
For, when Death bloweth his blast,
They all run fro me full fast. [I take;

Five Wits. Everyman, of thee now my leave
I will follow the other, for here I thee forsake.

Everyman. Alas! then may I both wail and
For I took you for my best friend. [weep;

Five Wits. I will no longer thee keep :
Now farewell, and here an end.

[Exit Five Wits.

Everyman. Now, Jesu, help! all hath for-
saken me. [with thee,

Good Deeds. Nay, Everyman, I will abide

I will not forsake thee indeed;
Thou shalt find me a good friend at need.

Everyman. Gramercy! Good Deeds, now
may I true friends see
They have forsaken me everychone;
I loved them better than my good deeds alone:
Knowledge, will ye forsake me also?

Knowledge. Yea, Everyman, when ye to
death shall go;
But not yet for no manner of danger.

Everyman. Gramercy! Knowledge, with all
my heart. [depart,
Knowledge. Nay, yet I will not from hence
Till I see where ye shall be come. [be gone

Everyman. Methinketh, alas! that I must
To make my reckoning, and my debts pay;
For I see my time is nigh spent away.
Take ensample, all ye that this do hear or see,
How they that I loved best now forsake me;
Except my Good Deeds, that bideth truly.

Good Deeds. All earthly things is but
vanity, [sake,
Beauty, Strength, and Discretion do man for-
Foolish friends and kinsmen, that fair spake;
All fleeth save Good Deeds, and that am I.

Everyman. Have mercy on me, God most
mighty,
And stand by me, thou mother and maid Mary.

Good Deeds. Fear not, I will speak for
thee.

Everyman. Here I cry, God mercy! [pain :
Good Deeds. Short our end and minish our
Let us go, and never come again. [I commend,
Everyman. Into thy hands, Lord, my soul
Receive it, Lord, that it be not lost;
As thou me boughtest, so me defend,

And save me fro the fiend's boast,
That I may appear with that blessed host
That shall be saved at the day of doom :
In manus tuas, of might most,
For ever *commendo spiritum meum.*

[*Everyman dies.*

Knowledge. Now hath he suffered that we
all shall endure :

The Good Deeds shall make all sure ;
Now hath he made ending,
Methinketh that I hear angels sing,
And make great joy and melody,
Where Everyman's soul shall received be.

[*The Angel is heard speaking.*

Angel. Come, excellent elect spouse to Jesu,
Here above thou shalt go,
Because of thy singular virtue :
Now thy soul is taken thy body fro,
Thy reckoning is crystal clear ;
Now shalt thou into the heavenly sphere,
Unto the which all ye shall come
That liveth well, after the day of doom. [mind ;

Doctor. This memory all men may have in
Ye hearers, take it of worth, old and young,
And forsake pride, for he deceiveth you in the
end,

And remember Beauty, Five Wits, Strength,
and Discretion,

They all at last to Everyman forsake, [take :
Save his Good Deeds ; [them he] there doth
But beware, for, and they be small,
Before God he hath no help at all ;
None excuse may be there for Everyman :
Alas, how shall he do then ?

For after death amends may no man make,
For then mercy and pity doth him forsake ;

If his reckoning be not clear, when he doth
 come,
God will say, *Ite, maledicti, in ignem æternum*;
And he that hath his account whole and sound,
High in heaven he shall be crowned;
Unto which place God bring us all thither,
That we may live body and soul together;
Thereto help the Trinity:
Amen, say ye, for Saint Charity.

FINIS.

Hickscorner!



[Reduced Facsimile of Title-page of Copy of Hickscorner
in British Museum.]



[Reduced Facsimile of Woodcuts in Copy of Hickscorner
in British Museum.]

The Players' Names:

PITY	CONTEMPLATION
PERSEVERANCE	FREEWILL
IMAGINATION	HICKSCORNER



HICKSCORNER

[*Pity and Contemplation.*]

Pity. Now Jesu the gentle, that brought
Adam fro hell,
Save you all, sovereigns, and solace you send :
And, of this matter that I begin to tell,
I pray you of audience, till I have made an end ;
For I say to you, my name is Pity,
That ever yet hath been man's friend.
In the bosom of the second person in Trinity
I sprang as a plant, man's miss to amend ;
You for to help I put to my hand :
Record I take of Mary that wept tears of blood ;
I Pity within her heart did stand ;
When she saw her son on the rood,
The sword of sorrow gave that lady wound ;
When a spear clave her son's heart asunder,
She cried out, and fell to the ground ;
Though she was woe, it was little wonder,
This delicate colour [had] that goodly lady,
Full pale and wan, she saw her son all dead,
Splayed on a cross with the five wells of pity,
Of purple velvet powdered with roses red.
Lo, I Pity thus made your errand to be sped,
Or else man for ever should have been forlore.
A maiden so laid his life to wed,

Crowned as a king the thorns pricked him sore,
 Charity and I of true love leads the double rein;
 Whoso me loveth damned never shall be.
 Of some virtuous company I would be fain;
 For all that will to heaven needs must come by
 Chief porter I am in that heavenly city, [me,
 And now here will I rest me a little space,
 Till it please Jesu of his grace
 Some virtuous fellowship for to send.

Contemplation. Christ that was christened,
 crucified, and crowned,
 In his bosom true love was gaged with a spear,
 His veins brast and bruised, and to a pillar
 bound, [skin tare,
 With scourges he was lashed, the knots the
 On his neck to Calvary the great cross he bare,
 His blood ran to the ground, as Scripture doth
 tell : [fell,
 His burden was so heavy, that down under it he
 Lo, I am kin to the Lord, which is God's son;
 My name is written foremost in the book of
 For I am perfect Contemplation, [life,
 And brother to holy church that is our Lord's
 wife. [mo,
 John Baptist, Anthony, and Jerome, with many
 Followed me here in holt, heath, and in wilder-
 ness;

I ever with them went where they did go,
 Night and day toward the way of rightwise-
 I am the chief lantern of all holiness, [ness :
 Of prelates and priests I am their patron;
 No armour so strong in no distress,
 Habergeon, helm, ne yet no Jeltron,
 To fight with Satan am I the champion,
 That dare abide, and manfully stand :
 Fiends flee away, where they see me come;

But I will show you why I came to this land
For to preach and teach of God's sooth saws,
Ayenst vice that doth rebel ayenst him and his
laws. [came you now?

Pity. God speed ! good brother ; fro whence

Contemplation. Sir, I came from Perseverance to seek you.

Pity. Why, sir, know you me?

Contemplation. Yea, sir, and have done long ; your name is *Pity*.

Pity. Your name fain would I know.

Contemplation. Indeed I am called *Contem-*
That useth to live solitarily ; [plation,

In woods and in wildness I walk alone,
Because I would say my prayers devoutly ;
I love not with me to have much company :
But Perseverance oft with me doth meet,
When I think on thoughts that is full heavenly ;
Thus he and I together full sweetly doth sleep.

Pity. I thank God that we be met together.

Contemplation. Sir, I trust that Perseverance shortly will come hither. [ing.

Pity. Then I think to hear some good tid-

Contemplation. I warrant you, brother, that he is coming. [*Enter Perseverance.*

Perseverance. The eternal God, that named was *Messias*,

He give you grace to come to his glory,
Wherever is joy in the celestial place,
When you of Satan winneth the victory, [pany,
Everyman ought to be glad to have in com-
For I am named good Perseverance,
That ever is guided by virtuous governance ;
I am never variable, but doth continue,
Still going upward the ladder of grace,
And lode in me planted is so true,

And from the poor man I will never turn my face :

When I go by myself oft I do remember
The great kindness that God showed unto man,
For to be born in the month of December,
When the day waxeth short, and the night
Of his goodness that champion strong [long,
Descended down fro the Father of rightwise-
ness,

And rested in Mary the flower of meekness.

Now to this place hither come I am

To seek Contemplation my kinsman.

Contemplation. What, brother Perseverance! ye be welcome. [plation.

Perseverance. And so be you also, Contem-

Contemplation. Lo, here is our master Pity. [into this country.

Perseverance. Now truly ye be welcome

Pity. I thank ye heartily, sir Perseverance.

Perseverance. Master Pity, one thing is come to my remembrance;

What tithings hear you now?

Pity. Sir, such as I can I shall show you :
I have heard many men complain piteously;
They say they be smitten with the swerd of
In every place where I do go : [poverty,
Few friends poverty doth find,
And these rich men been unkind;
For their neighbours they will nought do,
Widows doth curse lords and gentle men,
For they constrain them to marry with their
Yea, whether they will or no : [men,
Men marry for good, and that is damnable,
Yea, with old women that is fifty and beyond :
The peril now no man dread will;
All is not God's law that is used in land;

Beware will they not, till death in his hand
Taket^h his sword, and smiteth asunder the life
vein, [atwain :
And with his mortal stroke cleaveth the heart
They trust so in mercy, the lantern of bright-
ness, [ness.
That no thing do they dread God's rightwise-
Perseverance. O Jesu, sir ! here is a heavy
tiding.

Pity. Sir, this is true, that I do bring.

Contemplation. How am I beloved, master

Pity, where ye come ? [devotion ;

Pity. In good faith, people have now small
And as for with you, brother Contemplation,
There meddleth few or none. [love me well ?

Contemplation. Yet, I trust, that priests

Pity. But a few, i-wis, and some never
a deal. [may not live clean.

Contemplation. Why, sir, without me they

Pity. Nay, that is the least thought that
they have of fifteen ;

And that maketh me full heavy. [no remedy ?

Contemplation. How, trow ye that there be

Pity. Full hard, for sin is now so grievous
and ill,

That I think that it be grown to an impossible,
And yet one thing maketh me ever mourning :
That priests lack utterance to show their
cunning ; [sin,

And all the while that clerks do use so great
Among the lay people look never for no mending.

Perseverance. Alas ! that is a heavy case,
That so great sin is used in every place :

I pray God it amend. [been man's friend,

Contemplation. Now God, that ever hath

Some better tidings soon us send !
 For now I must be gone.
 Farewell ! good brethren here ;
 A great errand I have elsewhere,
 That must needs be done :
 I trust I will not long tarry ;
 Thither will I hie me shortly,
 And come again when I have done.

Perseverance. Hither again, I trust, you
 Therefore, God be with you ! [will come ;

Contemplation. Sir, needs I must depart
 Jesu, me speed this day ! [now ;

Perseverance. Now, brother Contemplation,
 let us go our way.

[*Exit Contemplation and Perseverance : enter Freewill.* [a-room !

Freewill. Aware, fellows ! and stand
 How say you ? Am not I a goodly person ?
 I trow you know not such a guest.
 What, sirs ! I tell you my name is Freewill ;
 I may choose whether I do good or ill ;
 But, for all that, I will do as me list.
 My conditions ye know not, perde !—
 I can fight, chide, and be merry ;
 Full soon of my company ye would be weary
 And ye knew all.

What ! fill the cup, and make good cheer !

I trow I have a noble here :

Who lent it me ? By Christ ! a frere ;

And I gave him a fall.

Where be ye, sir ? be ye at home ?

Cock's passion ! my noble is turned to a stone.

Where lay I last ? Beshrew your heart, John ;

Now, by these bones, she hath beguiled me :

Let see ; a penny my supper, a piece of flesh
 tenpence ;

My bed right nought : let all this expense—
Now, by these bones, I have lost a halfpenny.
Who lay there? my fellow Imagination;
He and I had good communication
Of Sir John and Sybil,
How they were spied in bed together;
And he prayed her oft to come hither,
For to sing *lo, le, lo, lowe*.
They twain together had good sport;
But at the stew's side I lost a groat :
I trow I shall never i-the.
My fellow promised me here to meet,
But I trow the whoreson be asleep
With a wench somewhere.
How, Imagination, come hither,
And you thrive, I lose a feather;
Beshrew your heart, appear.

[*Enter Imagination.*

Imagination. What, how, how, who called
after me?

Freewill. Come near, ye shall never i-the,
Where have ye be so long? [wrong,

Imagination. By God! with me it is all
I have a pair of sore buttocks,
All in irons was my song,
Even now I sat gyved in a pair of stocks.

Freewill. Cock's passion! and how so?

Imagination. Sir, I will tell you what I
have do :

I met with a wench, and she was fair,
And of love heartily I did pray her,
And so promised her money :
Sir, she winked on me, and said nought,
But by her look I knew her thought;
Then into love's dance we were brought,
That we played the pyrdewy :

I wot not what we did together,
 But a knave catchpole nighed us near,
 And so did us aspy;
 A stripe he gave me, I fled my touch,
 And from my girdle he plucked my pouch:
 By your leave he left me never a penny:
 Lo, nought have I but a buckle,
 And yet I can imagine things subtle
 For to get money plenty;
 In Westminster Hall every term I am,
 To me is kin many a great gentleman,
 I am knowen in every country;
 And I were dead, the lawyers' thrift were lost:
 For this will I do, if men would do cost,
 Prove right wrong, and all by reason,
 And make men lese both house and land,
 For all that they can do in a little season,
 Peach men of treason privily I can,
 And when me list, to hang a true man.
 If they will be money tell,
 Thieves I can help out of prison,
 And into lords' favours I can get me soon,
 And be of their privy council.
 But, Freewill, my dear brother,
 Saw you nought of Hickscorner?
 He promised me to come hither.

Freewill. Why, sir, knowest thou him?

Imagination. Yea, yea, man; he is full nigh
 of my kin,

And in Newgate we dwelled together;
 For he and I were both shackled in a fetter.

Freewill. Sir, lay you beneath or on high
 on the seller? [of yeomen of the collar.

Imagination. Nay, i-wis, among the thickest

Freewill. By God! then you were in great
 fear.

Imagination. Sir, had I not been, two hundred had been thrust in an halter.

Freewill. And what life have they there, all that great sort?

Imagination. By God, sir ! once a year some taw halts of Burport :

Yea, at Tyburn there standeth the great frame,
And some take a fall that maketh their neck lame. [more?

Freewill. Yea, but can they then go no

Imagination. Oh, no, man; the wrest is twist so sore, [once,

For as soon as they have said *In manus tuas*
By God, their breath is stopped at once. [there?

Freewill. Why, do they pray in that place

Imagination. Yea, sir, they stand in great
And so fast tangled in that snare, [fear,
It falleth to their lot to have the same share.

Freewill. That is a knavish sight to see
them totter on a beam. [convey clean;

Imagination. Sir, the whoresons could not
For, and they could have carried by craft as I
can, [gentleman.

In process of years each of them should be a
Yet as for me I was never thief; [my teeth;
If my hands were smitten off, I can steal with
For ye know well, there is craft in daubing :
I can look in a man's face and pick his purse,
And tell new tidings that was never true, i-wis,
For my hood is all lined with lesing.

Freewill. Yea, but went ye never to Tyburn
a pilgrimage? [lineage,

Imagination. No, i-wis; nor none of my
For we be clerks all; and can our neck verse,
And with an ointment the judge's hand I can
That will heal sores that be incurable. [grease,

Freewill. Why, were ye never found reprov-
able? [field,

Imagination. Yes, once I stall a horse in the
And leapt on him for to have ridden my way :
At the last a baily me met and beheld,
And bad me stand ; then was I in a fray :
He asked, whither with that horse I would
And then I told him it was mine own : [gone ;
He said I had stolen him ; and I said nay :
This is, said he, my brother's hackney.
For, and I had not excused me, without fail,
By our lady, he would have lad me straight to
jail ;

And then I told him the horse was like mine,
A brown bay, a long mane, and did halt behine,
Thus I told him, that such another horse I did
lack ; [back :

And yet I never saw him, nor came on his
So I delivered him the horse again.

And when he was gone, then was I fain :

For and I had not excused me the better,

I know well I should have danced in a fetter.

Freewill. And said he no more to thee but
so? [harm to do ;

Imagination. Yea, he pretended me much
But I told him that morning was a great mist,
That what horse it was I ne wist :

Also I said, that in my head I had the megrin,
That made me dazzle so in mine eyen,
That I might not well see.

And thus he departed shortly from me. [now?

Freewill. Yea, but where is Hickscorner

Imagination. Some of these young men hath
Their bosoms, I warrant ye : [hid him in
Let us make a cry, that he may us hear.

Freewill. How now, Hickscorner, appear ;

I trow thou be hid in some corner.

[Enter Hickscorner.

Hickscorner. Ale the helm, ale, veer, shoot
off, veer sail, veer-a. [on the sea.

Freewill. Cock's body! hark! he is a ship

Hickscorner. God speed, God speed! who
called after me? [this precious body;

Imagination. What, brother, welcome by
I am glad that I you see,

It was told me that you were hanged;

But out of what country come ye? [country;

Hickscorner. Sirs, I have been in many a
As in France, Ireland, and in Spain,
Portingal, Seville, also in Almaine;
Friesland, Flanders, and in Burgoine,
Calabria, Pugle, and Erragon,
Britain, Biske, and also in Gascoine,
Naples, Greece, and in middes of Scotland;
At Cape Saint Vincent, and in the new found
I have been in Gene and in Cowe, [island,
Also in the land of Rumbelow,
Three mile out of hell;

At Rhodes, Constantine, and in Babylon,

In Cornwall, and in Northumberland,

Where men seethe rushes in gruel;

Yea, sir, in Chaldæa, Tartary, and India,

And in the Land of Women, that few men doth

In all these countries have I be. [find:

Freewill. Sir, what tidings hear ye now on
the sea?

Hickscorner. We met of ships a great navy,
Full of people that would into Ireland;

And they came out of this country:

They will never more come to England.

Imagination. Whence were the ships of
them? knowest thou none?

Hickscorner. Harken, and I will show you
 their names each one : [Brikilse ;
 First was the *Regent*, with the *Michael* of
 The *George*, with the *Gabriel*, and the *Anne* of
 Fowey ; [mouth ;
 The *Star* of Saltash, with the *Jesus* of Ply-
 Also the *Hermitage*, with the *Barbara* of Dart-
 mouth,
 The *Nicolas* and the *Mary Bellouse* of Bristow,
 With the *Ellen* of London and *James* also :
 Great was the people that was in them,
 All true religious and holy women :
 There was Truth and his kinsmen,
 With Patience, Meekness, and Humility,
 And all true maidens with their virginity,
 Royal preachers, sadness and charity,
 Right conscience and faith, with devotion,
 And all true monks that keep their religion,
 True buyers and sellers, and alms-deed doers,
 Piteous people, that be of sin destroyers,
 With just abstinence, and good councillors,
 Mourners for sin, with lamentation, [prison,
 And good rich men that helpeth folk out of
 True wedlock was there also,
 With young men that ever in prayer did go,
 The ships were laden with such unhappy com-
 But at the last God shope a remedy, [pany,
 For they all in the sea were drowned,
 And on a quicksand they strake to ground ;
 The sea swallowed them everychone,
 I wot well alive there scaped none. [merry ;
Imagination. Lo, now my heart is glad and
 For joy now let us sing " Derry, derry."

Hickscorner. Fellows, they shall never more
 us withstand ; [Ireland.
 For I see them all drowned in the Rase of

Freewill. Yea, but yet hark, Hickscorner,
What company was in your ship, that came
over? [stand,

Hickscorner. Sir, I will aid you to under-
There were good fellows above five thousand,
And all they been kin to us three :
There was falsehood, favell, and jollity, [pany,
Yea, thieves, and whores, with other good com-
Liars, backbiters, and flatterers the while,
Brawlers, liars, jetters, and chiders,
Walkers by night, with great murderers,
Overthwart guile[rs] and jolly carders,
Oppressors of people, with many swearers ;
There was false law with horrible vengeance,
Froward obstination with mischievous govern-
Wanton wenches, and also michers, [ance,
With many other of the devil's officers ;
And hatred, that is so mighty and strong,
Hath made a vow for ever to dwell in England.

Imagination. But is that true, that thou
dost show now? [you.

Hickscorner. Sir, every word as I do tell

Freewill. Of whence is your ship? of
London? [come;

Hickscorner. Yea, i-wis from thence did she
And she is named *The Envy*,
I tell you, a great vessel and a mighty :
The owner of her is called Ill-Will,
Brother to Jack Poller of Shooter's-Hill.

Imagination. Sir, what office in the ship
bare ye? [bawdry,

Hickscorner. Marry ! I kept a fair shop of
I had three wenches that were full praty,
Jane true and thriftless, and wanton Sybil,
If you ride her a journey, she will make you
For she is trusty at need : [weary,

If ye will hire her for your pleasure,
 I warrant, tire her shall ye never,
 She is so sure in deed;
 Ride, and you will, ten times a-day,
 I warrant you she will never say nay,
 My life I dare lay to wed. [make good cheer;
Imagination. Now pluck up your hearts, and
 These tidings liketh me wonder well,
 Now virtue shall draw arear arear :
 Hark, fellows ! a good sport I can you tell,
 At the stews we will lie to-night,
 And by my troth, if all go right,
 I will beguile some praty wench,
 To get me money at a pinch.
 How say you? shall we go thither?
 Let us keep company altogether,
 And I would that we had God's curse,
 If we somewhere do not get a purse;
 Every man bear his dagger naked in his hand,
 And if we meet a true man, make him stand,
 Or else that he bear a stripe;
 If that he struggle, and make any work,
 Lightly strike him to the heart,
 And throw him into Thames quite.

Freewill. Nay, three knaves in a leash is
 But thou lubber *Imagination*, [good at nale :
 That cuckold thy father, where is he become?
 At Newgate doth he lie still at jail?

Imagination. Avaunt, whoreson ! thou shalt
 bear me a stripe;
 Say'st thou, that my mother was a whore?

Freewill. Nay, sir, but the last night
 I saw Sir John and she tumbled on the floor.

Imagination. Now, by Cock's heart ! thou
 shalt lose an arm. [no harm.

Hickscorner. Nay, sir, I charge you do him

Imagination. And thou make too much, I
will break thy head too.

Hickscorner. By Saint Mary! and I wist
that, I would be ago. [shall aby,

Imagination. Aware, aware! the whoreson
His priest will I be, by Cock's body! [be shed.

Hickscorner. Keep peace, lest knaves' blood

Freewill. By God! if his was nought, mine
was as bad. [on this dagger.

Imagination. By Cock's heart! he shall die

Hickscorner. By our Lady! then will ye be
strangled in a halter.

Imagination. The whoreson shall eat him,
as far as he shall wade. [up your blade,

Hickscorner. Beshrew your heart! and put
Sheathe your whittle, or by Jis! that was never
born,

I will rap you on the costard with my horn;
What, will ye play all the knave?

Imagination. By Cock's heart! and thou a
buffet shalt have.

Freewill. Lo, sirs! here is a fair company,
God us save!

For if any of us three be mayor of London,
I-wis, i-wis, I will ride to Rome on my thumb:
Alas! ah, see; is not this a great feres?

I would they were in a mill-pool above the ears;
And then I durst warrant, they would depart
anon. [my soul;

Hickscorner. Help, help! for the passion of
He hath made a great hole in my poll,
That all my wit is set to the ground:

Alas! a leech for to help my wound.

Imagination. Nay, i-wis, whoreson, I will
bite thee, ere I go.

Freewill. Alas! good sir, what have I do?

Imagination. Ware, make room! he shall have a stripe, I trow. [Enter *Pity*.

Pity. Peace, peace, sirs, I command you!

Imagination. Avaunt, old churl! whence comest thou? [brow,

And thou make too much, I shall break thy And send thee home again. [kept fain;

Pity. Ah, good sir, the peace I would have Mine office is to see no man slain; [counsel, And where they do amiss, to give them good Sin to forsake, and God's law them tell.

Imagination. Ah, sir! I ween'd thou hadst been drowned and gone: But I have spied, that there scaped one.

Hickscorner. Imagination, do by the counsel of me, fellows be; Be agreed with Freewill, and let us good And then, as for this churl *Pity*, Shall curse the time that ever he came to land.

Imagination. Brother Freewill, give me And all mine ill will I forgive thee. [your hand,

Freewill. Sir, I thank you heartily; But what shall we do with this churl *Pity*?

Imagination. I will go to him, and pick a quarrel,

And make him a thief, and say he did steal Of mine forty pound in a bag. [him sad;

Freewill. By God! that tidings will make And I will go fetch a pair of gyves, [heels. For in good faith he shall be set fast by the

Hickscorner. Have ado lightly, and be gone, And let us twain with him alone. [everychone.

Freewill. Now, farewell, I beshrew you [Exit *Freewill*.

Hickscorner. Ho, ho! Freewill you threw, and no mo.

Imagination. Thou lewd fellow ! say'st thou
that thy name is Pity?

Who sent thee hither to control me?

Pity. Good sir, it is my property

For to despise sinful living,

And unto virtue men to bring,

If that they will do after me. [holy?

Imagination. What, sir, art thou so pure

Ah, see, this caitiff would be praised, I trow;

And you thrive this year, I will lose a penny.

Lo, sirs ! outward he beareth a fair face;

But, and he meet with a wench in a privy place,

I trow he would show her but little grace :

By God ! ye may trust me. [meaning?

Hickscorner. Lo ! will ye not see this caitiff's

He would destroy us all, and all our kin,

Yet had I liever see him hanged by the chin,

Rather than that should be brought about ;

And with this dagger thou shalt have a clout,

Without thou wilt be lightly be gone. [soon ;

Imagination. Nay, brother, lay hand on him

For he japed my wife, and made me cuckold,

And yet the traitor was so bold,

That he stale forty pound of mine in money.

Hickscorner. By Saint Mary ! then he shall
not scape ;

We will lead him straight to Newgate,

For ever there shall he lie. [*Freewill returns.*

Freewill. Ah, see, ah, see, sirs ! what I have

A medicine for a pair of sore shins ; [brought,

At the King's Bench, sirs, I have you sought,

But I pray you, who shall wear these?

Hickscorner. By God ! this fellow that may
not go hence,

I will go give him these hose rings ;

Now, i-faith, they be worth forty pence,

But to his hands I lack two bonds. [halter;
Imagination. Hold, whoreson! here is an
 Bind him fast, and make him sure.

[*They bind Pity.*

Pity. O men, let truth, that is the true man,
 Be your guider, or else ye be forlorn;
 Lay no false witness, as nigh as ye can, [sore.
 On none; for afterward ye will repent it full

Freewill. Nay, nay, I care not therefore.

Hickscorner. Yea, when my soul hangeth
 on the hedge-cast stones,
 For I tell thee plainly by Cock's bones!
 Thou shalt be guided, and laid in irons,
 They fared even so.

Pity. Well-a-way, sir, what have I do?

Imagination. Well, well, that thou shalt
 know, ere thou go.

Pity. O sirs, I see it cannot be amended,
 You do me wrong, for I have not offended:
 Remember God that is our heaven king,
 For he will reward you after your deserving;
 When death with his mace doth you arrest;
 We all to him owe fea'ty and service,
 From the ladder of life down he will thee thrust,
 Then mastership may not help, nor great office.

Freewill. What, death, and he were here,
 he should sit by thee; [us three?
 Trowest thou, that he be able to strive with
 Nay, nay, nay. [our way;

Imagination. Well, fellows, now let us go
 For at Shooter's Hill we have a game to play.

Hickscorner. In good faith, I will tarry no
 longer space.

[*Exit Imagination, Freewill, and Hick-*
scorner. [out of this place.

Freewill. Beshrew him for me, that is last

Pity. Lo, Lords, they may curse the time
they were born,
For the weeds that overgroweth the corn,
They troubled me guiltless, and wote not why,
For God's love yet will I suffer patiently :
We all may say well-a-way, for sin that is now-
Lo, virtue is vanished for ever and aye ; [a-day.
Worse was it never.
We have plenty of great oaths,
And cloth enough in our clothes,
But charity many men loathes,
Worse was it never.
Alas, now is lechery called love indeed,
And murder named manhood in every need,
Extortion is called law, so God me speed ;
Worse was it never. [knives,
Youth walketh by night with swords and
And ever among true men leseth their lives,
Like heretics we occupy other men's wives,
Now-a-days in England : [women,
Bawds be the destroyers of many young
And full lewd counsel they give unto them ;
How you do marry, beware, you young men,
The wise never tarrieth too long ;
There be many great scorers,
But for sin there be few mourners ;
We have but few true lovers
In no place now-a-days ;
There be many goodly-gilt knaves,
And I know, as many apparelled wives,
Yet many of them be unthrifty of their lives,
And all set in pride to go gay.
Mayors on sin doeth no correction,
While gentle men beareth truth adown ;
Avoutry is suffered in every town,
Amendment is there none,

And God's commandments we break them all
Devotion is gone many days sin. [ten.

Let us amend us, we true Christian men,
Ere death make you groan.

Courtiers go gay, and take little wages,
And many with harlots at the tavern haunts,
They be yeomen of the wreath that be shackled
On themselves they have no pity: [in gyves;
God punisheth full sore with great sickness,
As pox, pestilence, purple, and axes,
Some dieth suddenly that death full perilous,
Yet was there never so great poverty.

There be some sermons made by noble doctors;
But truly the fiend doth stop men's ears,
For God nor good man some people not fears;
Worse was it never.

All truth is not best said,
And our preachers now-a-days be half afraid:
When we do amend, God would be well apaid;
Worse was it never.

[*Enter Contemplation and Perseverance.*

Contemplation. What, Master Pity, how is
it with you? [in this case now.

Perseverance. Sir, we be sorry to see you
Pity. Brethren, here were three perilous
men,

Freewill, Hickscorner, and Imagination; [me,
They said, I was a thief, and laid felony upon
And bound me in irons, as ye may see.

Contemplation. Where be the traitors be-
come now?

Pity. In good faith, I cannot show you.

Perseverance. Brother, let us unbind him
of his bonds. [hands.

Contemplation. Unloose the feet and the
[*They loose Pity.*

Pity. I thank you for your great kindness,
That you two show in this distress;
For they were men without any mercy,
That delighteth all in mischief and tyranny.

Perseverance. I think, they will come hither
Freewill and Imagination, both twain: [again,
Them will I exhort to virtuous living,
And unto virtue them to bring,

By the help of you, Contemplation. [Pity;

Contemplation. Do my counsel, brother
Go you, and seek them through the country,
In village, town, borough, and city,
Throughout all the realm of England:

When you them meet, lightly them arrest,
And in prison put them fast,

Bind them sure in irons strong;

For they be so fast and subtle;

That they will you beguile,

And do true men wrong. [said,

Perseverance. Brother Pity, do as he hath
In every quarter look you espy,

And let good watch for them be laid,

In all the haste that thou can, and that privily;

For, and they come hither, they shall not scape,

For all the craft that they can make. [may,

Pity. Well, then will I hie me as fast as I
And travel through every country;

Good watch shall be laid in every way,

That they steal not into sanctuary.

Now farewell, brethren, and pray for me;

For I must go hence in deed. [speed!

Perseverance. Now God be your good

Contemplation. And ever you defend, when
you have need.

Pity. Now, brethren both, I thank you.

[Exit Pity and enter Freewill.

Freewill. Make you room for a gentleman,
sirs, and peace;
“ Dieu garde, seigneurs, tout le preasse,”
And of your jangling if ye will cease,
I will tell you where I have been :
Sirs, I was at the tavern, and drank wine,
Methought I saw a piece that was like mine,
And, sir, all my fingers were arrayed with lime,
So I conveyed a cup mannerly :
And yet, i-wis, I played all the fool,
For there was a scholar of mine own school ;
And, sir, the whoreson espied me.
Then was I ’rested, and brought in prison ;
For woe then I wist not what to have done,
And all because I lacked money,
But a friend in court is worth a penny in purse :
For Imagination, mine own fellow, i-wis,
He did help me out full craftily.
Sirs, he walked through Holborn,
Three hours after the sun was down, [Field :
And walked up towards Saint Giles-in-the-
He hoved still, and there beheld,
But there he could not speed of his prey,
And straight to Ludgate he took the way ;
Ye wot well, that pothecaries walk very late,
He came to a door and privily spake
To a prentice for a penny-worth of euphōrbium,
And also for a halfpenny-worth of alum plumb ;
This good servant served him shortly, [buy ?
And said, Is there ought else that you would
Then he asked for a mouthful of quick brim-
stone ; [gone,
And down into the cellar, when the servant was
Aside as he kest his eye,
A great bag of money did he spy,
Therein was an hundred pound :

He trussed him to his feet, and yede his way
round,

He was lodged at Newgate at the Swan,
And every man took him for a gentleman;

So on the morrow he delivered me

Out of Newgate by this policy :

And now will I dance and make royal cheer.

But I would Imagination were here,

For he is peerless at need; [speed.

Labour to him, sirs, if ye will your matters

Now will I sing, and lustily spring;

But when my fetters on my legs did ring,

I was not glad, *perde*; but now *Hey, trolly, loly*.

Let us see who can descant on this same;

To laugh and get money, it were a good game,

What, whom have we here?

A priest, a doctor, or else a frere.

What, Master Doctor Dotypoll?

Cannot you preach well in a black boll,

Or dispute any divinity?

If ye be cunning, I will put it in a prefe :

Good sir, why do men eat mustard with beef?

By question can you assoil me? [lewdly,

Perseverance. Peace, man, thou talkest

And of thy living, I reed, amend thee. [me!

Freewill. Avaunt, caitiff, dost thou *thou*

I am come of good kin, I tell thee!

My mother was a lady of the stews' blood born,

And (knight of the halter) my father ware an

Therefore I take it in full great scorn, [horn;

That thou shouldest thus check me.

Contemplation. Abide, fellow! thou hast
little courtesy,

Thou shalt be charmed, ere thou hence pass,

For thou troubled Pity, and laid on him felony :

Where is Imagination, thy fellow that was?

Freewill. I defy you both; will you arrest me?
[may not help thee,

Perseverance. Nay, nay; thy great words
Fro us thou shalt not escape.

Freewill. Make room, sirs! that I may
break his pate;
I will not be taken for them both.

Contemplation. Thou shalt abide, whether
thou be lief or loth;

Therefore, good son, listen unto me,
And mark these words that I do tell thee:
Thou hast followed thine own will many a day,
And lived in sin without amendment;
Therefore in thy conceit essay [ment,
To axe God mercy, and keep His command-
Then on thee He will have pity,
And bring thee to heaven that joyful city.

Freewill. What, whoreson? Will ye have
me now a fool?

Nay, yet had I liever be captain of Calais;
For, and I should do after your school,
To learn to patter to make me peevish,
Yet had I liever look with a face full thievish:
And therefore, prate no longer here,
Lest my knave's fist hit you under the ear.
What, ye daws, would ye reed me
For to lese my pleasure in youth and jollity,
To bass and kiss my sweet *trully mully*,
As Jane, Kate, Bess, and Sybil?
I would that hell were full of such prims,
Then would I renne thither on my pins,
As fast as I might go. [virtue,

Perseverance. Why, sir, wilt thou not love
And forsake thy sin for the love of God
Almighty? [fast at Salisbury,

Freewill. What God Almighty? by God's

And I trow Easter-day fell on Whitsunday that
year, [company,
There were five score save an hundred in my
And at petty Judas we made royal cheer,
There had we good ale of Michaelmas brewing;
There heaven-high leaping and springing,
And thus did I

Leap out of Bordeaux unto Canterbury,
Almost ten mile between. [world wilfully here,
Contemplation. Freewill, forsake all this
And change by time; thou oughtest to stand
in fear;

For fortune will turn her wheel so swift,
That clean fro thy wealth she will thee lift.

Freewill. What, lift me, who? and Imagin-
ation were here now,

I-wis with his fist he would all-to clout you:

Hence, whoreson, tarry no longer here;

For by Saint Pintle the apostle! I swear,

That I will drive you both home,

And yet I was never wont to fight alone:

Alas, that I had not one to bold me, [fully;

Then you should see me play the man shame-

Alas, it would do me good to fight;

How say you, lords, shall I smite?

Have among you, by this light:

Hence, whoresons, and home at once!

Or with my weapon I shall break your bones.

Avaunt, you knave: walk, by my counsel!

Perseverance. Son, remember the great
pains of hell,

They are so horrible that no tongue can tell;

Beware, lest thou thither do go. [so;

Freewill. Nay, by Saint Mary! I hope not
I will not go to the devil, while I have my
liberty,

He shall take the labour to fet me, and he will
have me;

For he that will go to hell by his will voluntarily,

The devil and the whirlwind go with him :
I will you never fro thence tidings bring ;
Go you before, and show me the way,
And as to follow you I will not say nay :
For, by God's body ! and you be in once,
By the mass, I will shit the door at once,
And then ye be take in a pitfall.

Contemplation. Now, Jesus, soon defend us
from that hole !

For, " Qui est in inferno nulla est redemptio : "
Holy Job spake these words full long ago.

Freewill. Nay, I have done; and you laid
out Latin with scope,

But therewith can you clout me a pair of boots ?
By our lady ! ye should have some work of me,
I would have them well underlaid and easily,
For I use alway to go on the one side ; [till,
And trow ye how ? by God ! in the stocks I sat
I trow a three weeks, and more a little stound,
And there I laboured sore day by day,
And so I tread my shone inward in good fay ;
Lo, therefore methink you must sole them
round.

If you have any new boots, a pair I would buy,
But I think your price be too high. [stirrups,
Sir, once at Newgate I bought a pair of
A mighty pair and a strong,
A whole year I ware them so long,
But they came not fully to my knee,
And to clout them it cost not me a penny :
Even now, and ye go thither, ye shall find a
great heap,

And you speak in my name, ye shall have good cheap.

Perseverance. Sir, we came never there, ne never shall do. [there, and tied by the toe,

Freewill. Marry! I was taken in a trap That I halted a great while, and might not go. I would ye both sat as fast there; Then should ye dance as a bear, And all by gangling of your chains.

Contemplation. Why, sir, were ye there?

Freewill. Yea, and that is seen by my brains;

For, ere I came there, I was as wise as a woodcock,

And, I thank God, as witty as a haddock.

Yet I trust to recover, as other does,

For, and I had once as much wit as a goose, I should be merchant of the bank;

Of gold then I should have many a frank,

For if I might make three good voyages to Shooter's Hill,

And have wind and weather at my will,

Then would I never travel the sea more:

But it is hard to keep the ship fro the shore,

And if it hap to rise a storm,

Then thrown in a raft, and so about borne

On rocks or brachs for to run,

Else to strike aground at Tyburn,

That were a mischievous case,

For that rock of Tyburn is so perilous a place,

Young gallants dare not venture into Kent;

But when their money is gone and spent,

With their long boots they row on the bay,

And any man of war lie by the way,

They must take a boat and throw the helm ale;

And full hard it is to scape that great jeopardy,

For, at Saint Thomas of Watering and they
 strike a sail,
 Then must they ride in the haven of hemp with-
 out fail;
 And were not these two jeopardous places in-
 deed, [speed:
 There is many a merchant that thither would
 But yet we have a sure channel at West-
 minster, [sure;
 A thousand ships of thieves therein may ride
 For if they may have anchor-hold and great
 spending,
 They may live as merry as any king.

Perseverance. God wot, sir, there is a
 piteous living,

Then ye dread not the great Master above:
 Son, forsake thy miss for His love,
 And then mayst thou come to the bliss also.

Freewill. Why, what would you that I
 should do?

Contemplation. For to go toward heaven.

Freewill. Marry! and you will me thither
 I would do after you. [bring,

Perseverance. I pray you, remember my
 words now:

Freewill, bethink thee that thou shalt die,
 And of the hour thou are uncertain,
 Yet by thy life thou mayest find a remedy;
 For, and thou die in sin, all labour is in vain,
 Then shall thy soul be still in pain.
 Lost and damned for evermore;
 Help is past, though thou would fain, [bore.
 Then thou wilt curse the time that thou were
Freewill. Sir, if ye will undertake that I
 saved shall be,
 I will do all the penance that you will set me.

Contemplation. If that thou for thy sins be
sorry,

Our Lord will forgive thee them.

Freewill. Now of all my sins I axe God
mercy;

Here I forsake sin, and trust to amend :

I beseech Jesu that is most mighty

To forgive all that I have offend.

Perseverance. Our Lord now will show
thee His mercy,

A new name thou need none have;

For all that will to heaven high,

By his own freewill he must forsake folly,

Then is he sure and safe.

Contemplation. Hold here a new garment,

And hereafter live devoutly,

And for thy sins do ever repent :

Sorrow for thy sins is very remedy :

And, Freewill, ever to virtue apply,

Also to sadness give ye attendance,

Let him never out of remembrance. [verance;

Freewill. I will never from you, sir Perse-

With you will I abide both day and night,

Of mind never to be variable,

And God's commandments to keep them right,

In deed and word, and ever full stable.

Perseverance. Then heaven thou shalt have
without fable,

But look that thou be steadfast,

And let thy mind with good will last.

[*Enter Imagination.*

Imagination. Huff, huff, huff! who sent

I am Imagination, full of jollity, [after me?

Lord, that my heart is light,

When shall I perish? I trow, never;

By Christ! I reck not a feather :

Even now I was dubbed a knight,
 Where at Tyburn of the collar,
 And of the stews I am made controller—
 Of all the houses of lechery;
 There shall no man play doccy there,
 At the Bell, Hartshorn, ne elsewhere,
 Without they have leave of me.
 But, sirs, wot ye why I am come hither?
 By our lady! to gather good company together:
 Saw ye not of my fellow Freewill?
 I am afraid lest he be searching on a hill;
 By God! then one of us is beguiled.
 What fellow is this that in this coat is filed?
 Cock's death! whom have we here?
 What, Freewill, mine own fere?
 Art thou out of thy mind? [I may find;
Freewill. God grant the way to heaven that
 For I forsake thy company. [and why?
Imagination. God's arms! my company?
Freewill. For thou livest too sinfully. [thee.
Imagination. Alas! tell me how it is with
Freewill. Forsake thy sin for the love of
 me. [mad?
Imagination. Cock's heart! art thou waxed
Freewill. When I think on my sin, it makes
 me full sad.
Imagination. God's wounds! who gave
 thee that counsel?
Freewill. Perseverance and Contemplation,
 I thee tell. [would they were in hell!
Imagination. A vengeance on them, I
Freewill. Amend, Imagination, and mercy
 cry! [be hanged on high;
Imagination. By God's sides! I had liever
 Nay, that would I not do: I had liever die.
 By God's passion! and I had a long knife,

I would bereave these two whoresons of their life :

How, how? twenty pounds for a dagger !

Contemplation. Peace, peace, good son,
and speak softer,

And amend, ere death draw his draught;

For on thee he will steal full soft,

He giveth never no man warning,

And ever to thee he is coming :

Therefore remember thee well.

Imagination. Ah, whoreson ! if I were
jailer of hell,

I-wis, some sorrow should thou feel;

For to the devil I would thee sell,

Then should ye have many a sorry meal,

I would never give you meat ne drink,

Ye should fast, whoresons, till ye did stink,

Even as a rotten dog ; yea, by Saint Tyburn
of Kent ! [did for thee ;

Perseverance. Imagination, think what God

On Good Friday He hanged on a tree,

And spent all His precious blood,

A spear did rive His heart asunder,

The gates He brake up with a clap of thunder,

And Adam and Eve there delivered He. [me?

Imagination. What devil ! what is that to

By God's fast ! I was ten year in Newgate,

And many more fellows with me sat,

Yet he never came there to help me ne my
company. [haddest not been here now.

Contemplation. Yes, he help thee, or thou

Imagination. By the mass, I cannot show

For he and I never drank together, [you,

Yet I know many an ale stake ; [thither :

Neither at the stews, i-wis, he never came

Goeth he arrayed in white or in black?

For, and he out of prison had help me,
I know well once I should him see.

What gown weareth he, I pray you? [might.
Perseverance. Sir, he help you out by his
Imagination. I cannot tell you, by this
light;

But methought that I lay there too long,
And the whoreson fetters were so strong,
That had almost brought my neck out of joint.

Perseverance. Amend, son, and thou shalt
That delivered thee out of prison; [know him,
And if thou wilt forsake thy miss,
Surely thou shalt come to the bliss,
And be inheritor of heaven.

Imagination. What, sir, above the moon?
Nay, by the mass, then should I fall soon;
Yet I keep not to climb so high;
But to climb for a bird's nest,
There is none between east and west,
That dare thereto venter better than I: [slip?
But to venter to heaven—what, and my feet
I know well then I should break my neck,
And, by God, then had I the worse side;
Yet had I liever be by the nose tied
In a wench's arse somewhere,
Rather than I would stand in that great fear,
For to go up to heaven—nay, I pray you, let
be. [counsel of me?

Freewill. *Imagination,* wilt thou do by the
Imagination. Yea, sir, by my troth, what-
soever it be.

Freewill. Amend yet for my sake,
It is better betime than too late;
How say you? will you God's hests fulfil?

Imagination. I will do, sir, even as you
But, I pray you, let me have a new coat, [will;

When I have need, and in my purse a groat,
Then will I dwell with you still.

Freewill. Beware ! for when thou art buried
in the ground,

Few friends for thee will be found,

Remember this still ! [death,

Imagination. No thing dread I so sore as
Therefore to amend I think it be time ;

Sin have I used all the days of my breath,

With pleasure, lechery, and misusing, [sorry

And spent amiss my five wits ; therefore I am

Here of all my sins I axe God mercy.

Perseverance. Hold ! here is a better cloth-
ing for thee,

And look that thou forsake thy folly ;

Be steadfast, look that thou fall never.

Imagination. Now here I forsake my sin
for ever. [ance,

Freewill. Sir, wait thou now on Persever-

For thy name shall be called Good Remem-

And I will dwell with Contemplation, [brance ;

And follow him wherever he become.

Contemplation. Well, are ye so both agreed ?

Imagination. Yea, sir, so God me speed.

Perseverance. Sir, ye shall wait on me soon,

And be God's servant day and night,

And in every place where ye become,

Give good counsel to every wight : [brance,

And men axe your name, tell you Remem-

That God's law keepeth truly every day ;

And look that ye forget not repentance,

Then to heaven ye shall go the next way,

Where ye shall see in the heavenly quere

The blessed company of saints so holy,

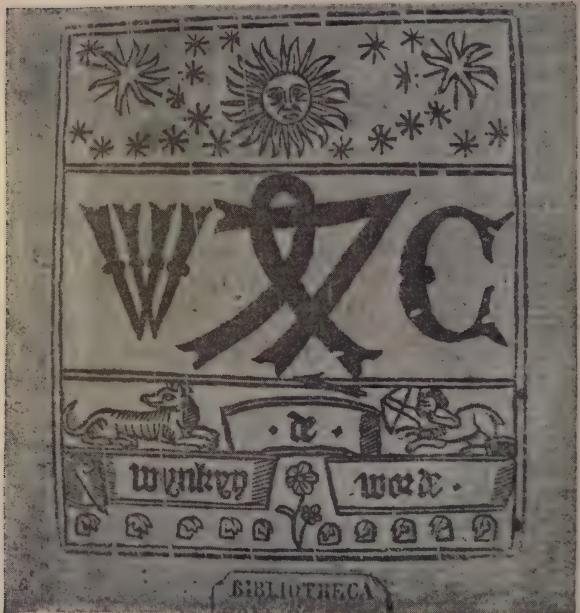
That lived devoutly while they were here :

Unto the which bliss I beseech God Almighty

To bring there your souls that here be present,
 And unto virtuous living that ye may apply,
 Truly for to keep His commandments;
 Of all our mirths here we make an end, [bring.
 Unto the bliss of heaven Jesus your souls

AMEN.

Emprynted by me Wynken de Worde.



[Reduced facsimile of the device of Wynken de Worde,
 the printer of Hickscorner.]



[Reduced facsimile of Title-page of *The World and the Child* from original and unique copy in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.]

HERE BEGINNETH A PROPER NEW INTERLUDE OF
THE WORLD AND THE CHILD, OTHERWISE
CALLED MUNDUS ET INFANS, AND IT
SHOWETH OF THE ESTATE OF CHILDHOOD
AND MANHOOD.

The Players' Names:

MUNDUS	INFANS
WANTON	LUST AND LIKING
MANHOOD	CONSCIENCE
FOLLY	PERSEVERANCE
AGE	

[For facsimile Title-page, see recto of this leaf.]



THE WORLD AND THE CHILD

Mundus and Infans.

Mundus. Sirs, cease of your saws what so
 befall,

And look ye bow bonerly to my bidding,
For I am ruler of realms, I warn you all,
And over all fodes I am king : [round,
For I am king, and well known in these realms
I have also palaces i-pight :
I have steeds in stable stalwart and strong,
Also streets and strands full strongly i-dight :
For all the world wide I wot well is my name,
All riches readily it renneth in me,
All pleasure worldly, both mirth and game.
Myself seemly in sale I send with you to be,
For I am the world, I warn you all,
Prince of power and of plenty :
He that cometh not, when I do him call,
I shall him smite with poverty,
For poverty I part in many a place
To them that will not obedient be.
I am a king in every case :
Methinketh I am a god of grace,
The flower of virtue followeth me !
Lo, here I sit seemly in se,
I command you all obedient be,

And with free will ye follow me.

Infans. Christ our king, grant you clearly
to know the case.

To meve of this matter that is in my mind,
[And] clearly declare it, Christ grant me grace.

Now, seemly sirs, behold on me,

How mankind doth begin :

I am a child, as you may see,

Gotten in game and in great sin.

Forty weeks my mother me found,

Flesh and blood my food was tho :

When I was ripe from her to sound,

In peril of death we stood both two.

Now to seek death I must begin,

For to pass that strait passage

For body and soul, that shall then twin,

And make a parting of that marriage.

Forty weeks I was freely fed

Within my mother's possession :

Full oft of death she was a-dread,

When that I should part her from :

Now into the world she hath me sent,

Poor and naked, as ye may see,

I am not worthily wrapped nor went,

But poorly pricked in poverty.

Now into the world will I wend,

Some comfort of him for to crave.

All hail ! comely crowned king,

God that all made you see and save ! [name?

Mundus. Welcome, fair child, what is thy

Infans. I wot not, sir, withouten blame ;

But oftime my mother in her game

Called me Dalliance.

Mundus. Dalliance, my sweet child,

It is a name that is right wild,

For when thou waxest old,

It is a name of no substance,
But, my fair child, what wouldst thou have?

Infans. Sir, of some comfort I you crave:
Meat and clothes my life to save,
And I your true servant shall be.

Mundus. Now, fair child, I grant thee
thine asking:

I will thee find while thou art ying,
So thou wilt be obedient to my bidding.
These garments gay I give to thee,
And also I give to thee a name,
And clepe thee Wanton in every game,
Till fourteen year be come and gone,
And then come again to me.

Wanton. Gramercy, world, for mine array;
For now I purpose me to play. [good day:

Mundus. Farewell, fair child, and have
All recklessness is kind for thee.

Wanton. Ha, ha, Wanton is my name:

I can many a quaint game.

Lo, my top I drive in same,

See, it turneth round!

I can with my scourge-stick

My fellow upon the head hit,

And lightly from him make a skip,

And blear on him my tongue.

If brother or sister do me chide,

I will scratch and also bite:

I can cry, and also kick,

And mock them all berew.

If father or mother will me smite,

I will ring with my lip,

And lightly from him make a skip,

And call my dame shrew.

Aha, a new game have I found:

See this gin, it renneth round!

And here another have I found,
 And yet mo can I find.
 I can mow on a man,
 And make a lesing well I can,
 And maintain it right well then.
 This cunning came me of kind,
 Yea, sirs, I can well geld a snail,
 And catch a cow by the tail :
 This is a fair cunning,
 I can dance and also skip,
 I can play at the cherry-pit,
 And I can whistle you a fit,
 Sires, in a willow rine :
 Yea, sirs, and every day,
 When I to school shall take the way
 Some good man's garden I will essay,
 Pears and plums to pluck.
 I can spy a sparrow's nest,
 I will not go to school but when me lest,
 For there beginneth a sorry feast,
 When the master should lift my dock.
 But, sirs, when I was seven year of age,
 I was sent to the world to take wage,
 And this seven year I have been his page,
 And kept his commandment. [peror.
 Now I will wend to the world the worthy em-
 Hail ! Lord of great honour, [in bow'r
 This seven year I have served you in hall and
 With all my true intent. [darling dear.
Mundus. Now welcome, Wanton, my
 A new name I shall give thee here :
 Love-Lust, Liking, in fere ;
 These thy names they shall be,
 All game and glee, and gladness,
 All love-longing in lewdness.
 This seven year forsake all sadness,

And then come again to me.

Lust and Liking. Ha, ha, now Lust and
Liking is my name.

I am as fresh as flowers in May,
I am seemly-shapen in same,
And proudly apparelled in garments gay :
My looks been full lovely to a lady's eye,
And in love-longing my heart is sore set :
Might I find a fode that were fair and free,
To lie in hell till doomsday for love I would not
My love for to win [let.

All game and glee,
All mirth and melody,
All revel and riot,

And of boast will I never blin.

But, sirs, now I am nineteen winter old,

I-wis, I wax wonder bold :

Now I will go to the world

A higher science to assay :

For the World will me avance,

I will keep his governance,

His pleasing will I pray,

For he is a king in all substance.

All hail ! master, full of might,

I have you served both day and night :

Now I comen, as I you behight.

One and twenty winter is comen and gone.

Mundus. Now welcome, Love-Lust and
Liking,

For thou hast been obedient to my bidding.

I increase thee in all thing,

And mightly I make thee a man :

Manhood Mighty shall be thy name.

Bear thee prest in every game,

And wait well that thou suffer no shame,

Neither for land nor for rent :

If any man would wait thee with blame,
 Withstand him with thy whole intent,
 Full sharply thou beat him to shame
 With doughtiness of deed :
 For of one thing, Manhood, I warn thee,
 I am most of bounty,
 For seven kings sewen me
 Both by day and night.
 One of them is the king of pride,
 The king of envy doughty in deed,
 The king of wrath that boldly will abide,
 For mickle is his might :
 The king of covetise is the fourth :
 The fifth king he hight sloth,
 The king of gluttony hath no jollity,
 There poverty is pight :
 Lechery is the seventh king,
 All men in him have great delighting,
 Therefore worship him above all thing,
 Manhood, with all thy might.

Manhood. Yea, sir king, without lesing
 It shall be wrought.

Had I knowing of the first king, without lesing
 Well joyen I mought.

Mundus. The first king hight pride.

Manhood. Ah, Lord, with him fain would I
 bide. [truly in every tide?

Mundus. Yea, but wouldst thou serve him

Manhood. Yea, sir, and thereto my troth I
 That I shall truly pride present [plight :
 I swear by Saint Thomas of Kent.

To serve him truly is mine intent,
 With main and all my might. [new

Mundus. Now, Manhood, I will array thee
 In robes royal of right good hue,
 And I pray thee principally be true,

And here I dub thee a knight,
And haunt alway to chivalry.
I give thee grace and also beauty :
Gold and silver great plenty,
Of the wrong to make thee right.

Manhood. Gramercy, World and Emperor,
Gramercy, World and Governor,
Gramercy, comfort in all colour,
And now I take my leave. Farewell ! [knight :

Mundus. Farewell, Manhood, my gentle
Farewell, my son, seemly in sight. [might
I give thee a sword, and also strength and
In battle boldly to bear thee well. [hend,

Manhood. Now I am dubbed a knight
Wonder wide shall wax my fame :
To seek adventures now will I wend,
To please the world in glee and game.

Mundus. Lo, sirs, I am a prince perilous
y-proved,

I-proved full perilous and pithily y-pight :
As a lord in each land I am beloved,
Mine eyen do shine as lantern bright.
I am a creature comely out of care,
Emperors and kings they kneel to my knee :
Every man is afeard, when I do on him stare,
For all merry middle earth maketh mention of
me. [by dale,

Yet all is at my hand-work, both by down and
Both the sea and the land, and the fowls that
And I were once moved, I tell you in tale, [fly :
There durst no star stir that standeth in the
For I am Lord and leader, so that in land [sky,
All boweth to my bidding bonnerly about.

Who that stirreth with any strife or waiteth
me with wrong, [stoop :
I shall mightly make him to stammer and

For I am richest in mine array,
 I have knights and towers,
 I have brightest ladies in bowers.
 Now will I fare on these flowers :

Lordings, have good day. [about :

Manhood. Peace, now peace, ye fellows all
 Peace now, and harken to my saws,
 For I am Lord both stalworthy and stout,
 All lands are led by my laws. [bare,
 Baron was there never born that so well him
 A better ne a bolde[r] nor a brighter of ble,
 For I have might and main over countries far,
 And Manhood Mighty am I named in every
 country.

For Salerno and Samers, and Andalus :
 Calais, Kent, and Cornwall have I conquered
 clean,

Picardy and Pontoise, and gentle Artois,
 Florence, Flanders, and France, and also Gas-
 All I have conquered as a knight : [coigne.
 There is no emperor so keen,

That dare me lightly tene,
 For lives and limbs I lene,

So mickle is my might. [pilled :

For I have boldly blood full piteously dis-
 There many hath left fingers and feet, both
 head and face. [I killed ;

I have done harm on heads, and knights have
 And many a lady for my love hath said alas.
 Brigand harness I have beaten to back and to
 bones,

And beaten also many a groom to ground :
 Breastplates I have beaten, as Stephen was
 with stones, [y-found.

So fell a fighter in a field was there never
 To me no man is maked,

For Manhood Mighty that is my name.
Many a lord have I do lame :
Wonder wide walketh my fame,
And many a king's crown have I cracked.
I am worthy and wight, witty and wise :
I am royal arrayed to reven under the ris,
I am proudly apparelled in purpur and bis,
As gold I glisten in gear :
I am stiff, strong, stalwart, and stout, [rout,
I am the royallest readily that renneth in this
There is no knight so grisly that I dread nor
doubt, [me dere,
For I am so doughtly dight there may no dint
And the king of pride full prest with all his
proud presence, [me sent,
And the king of lechery lovely his letters hath
And the king of wrath full wordily with all his
intent, [might :
They will me maintain with main and all their
The king of covetise, and the king of gluttony,
The king of sloth, and the king of envy,
All those send me their livery.
Where is now so worthy a wight?
Yea, as a wight witty,
Here in this seat sit I,
For no loves let I
Here for to sit. [Enter Conscience.

Conscience. Christ, as he is crowned king,
Save all this comely company,
And grant you all his dear blessing,
That bonnerly bought you on the rood-tree.
Now pray you prestly on every side
To God omnipotent,
To set our enemy sharply on side,
That is the devil and his covent :
And all men to have a clear knowing

Of heaven bliss, that high tower,
 Methink it is a nessary thing
 For young and old, both rich and poor,
 Poor Conscience for to know,
 For Conscience clear it is my name.
 Conscience counselles both high and low,
 And Conscience commonly beareth great blame,
 Yea, and oftentimes set in shame: [in game,
 Wherefore I reed you men, both in earnest and
 Conscience that ye know,
 For I know all the mysteries of man.
 They be as simple as they can,
 And in every company where I come
 Conscience is out-cast :
 All the world doth Conscience hate,
 Mankind and Conscience been at debate,
 For if mankind might Conscience take
 My body would they brast :
 Brast, yea, and wark me much woe.

Manhood. Say how, fellow, who gave thee
 leave this way to go?

What ! weenest thou I dare not come thee to?
 Say, thou harlot, whither in haste?

Conscience. What ! let me go, sir ; I know
 you nought. [be taught,

Manhood. No, bitched brothel, thou shalt
 For I am a knight, and I were sought ;
 The world hath avanced me. [your name?

Conscience. Why, good sir knight, what is

Manhood. Manhood, mighty in mirth and
 All power of pride have I tane : [in game,
 I am as gentle as jay on tree.

Conscience. Sir, though the world have
 you to manhocd brought,
 To maintain manner ye were never taught ;
 No, Conscience clear, ye know right nought,

And this longeth to a knight. [is he?

Manhood. Conscience! what the devil man

Conscience. Sir, a teacher of the spirituality. [that be?

Manhood. Spirituality! what the devil may

Conscience. Sir, all that be leaders into light. [yet light fain would I see.

Manhood. Light! yea, but hark, fellow,

Conscience. Will ye so, sir knight, then do after me. [be;

Manhood. Yea, and it to pride's pleasing I will take thy teaching. [you do well.

Conscience. Nay, sir, beware of pride, and For pride Lucifer fell into hell:

Till doomsday there shall he dwell,

Withouten any outcoming;

For pride, sir, is but a vain glory.

Manhood. Peace, thou brothel, and let those words be,

For the world and pride hath avanced me.

To me men lewt full low. [I would counsel you;

Conscience. And to beware of pride, sir, And think on King Robert of Sicile,

How he for pride in great poverty fell,

For he would not Conscience know. [way,

Manhood. Yea, Conscience, go forth thy For I love pride, and will go gay:

All thy teaching is not worth a stra',

For pride clepe I my king. [alone,

Conscience. Sir, there is no king but God That bodily bought us with pain and passion, Because of man's soul's redemption:

In Scripture thus we find.

Manhood. Say, Conscience, sith thou wouldst have pride from me, What sayest thou by the king of lechery?

With all mankind he must be,
And with him I love to ling. [be :

Conscience. Nay, Manhood, that may not
From lechery fast you flee.

For incumbrance it will bring thee,
And all that to him will lind. [sloth.

Manhood. Say, Conscience, of the king of
He hath behight me mickle troth,

And I may not forsake him for ruth.
For with him I think to rest. [find,

Conscience. Manhood, in Scripture thus we
That sloth is a traitor to heaven king :

Sir knight, if you will keep your king
From sloth clean you cast. [gluttony :

Manhood. Say, Conscience, the king of
He sayeth he will not forsake me,

And I purpose his servant to be
With main and all my might. [stance,

Conscience. Think, Manhood, on sub-
And put out gluttony for cumbrance,
And keep you with good governance,
For this longeth to a knight.

Manhood. What, Conscience, from all my
masters thou wouldst have me :

But I will never forsake envy,
For he is king of company,
Both with more and lass. [be.

Conscience. Nay, Manhood, that may not
And ye will cherish envy ;
God will not well pleased be
To comfort you in that case.

Manhood. Ay, ay, from five kings thou
hast counselled me,

But from the king of wrath I will never flee,
For he is in every deed doughty,
For him dare no man rowt.

Conscience. Nay, Manhood, beware of wrath;

For it is but superfluity that cometh and goeth :
Yea, and all men his company hateth,
For oft they stand in doubt. [frere :

Manhood. Fie on thee, false flattering
Thou shalt rue the time that thou came here.
The devil mot set thee on a fire,
That ever I with thee meet,
For thou counsellest me from all gladness,
And would me set into all sadness ;
But ere thou bring me in this madness,
The devil break thy neck !

But, sir frere, evil mot thou the,
From six kings thou hast counselled me,
But that day shall thou never see
To counsel me from covetise. [covetise bring,

Conscience. No, sir, I will not you from
For covetise I clepe a king.
Sir, covetise in good doing
Is good in all wise :

But, sir knight, will ye do after me,
And covetise your king shall be?

Manhood. Ye, sir, my troth I plight to thee.
That I will wark at thy will. [stand?

Conscience. Manhood, will ye by this word

Manhood. Yea, Conscience, here my hand.
I will never from it fong,
Neither loud ne still. [above all thing.

Conscience. Manhood, ye must love God
His name in idleness ye may not ming :
Keep your holy-day from worldly doing :
Your father and mother worship aye :
Covet ye to sle no man,
Ne do no lechery with no woman :
Your neighbour's good take not by no way,

And all false witness ye must denay :
 Neither ye must not covet no man's wife,
 Nor no good that him be-lith.
 This covetise shall keep you out of strife.
 These been the commandments ten :
 Mankind, and ye these commandments keep,
 Heaven bliss I you behete,
 For Christ's commandments are full sweet,
 And full necessary to all men. [covetise?
Manhood. What, Conscience, is this thy
Conscience. Yea, Manhood, in all wise :
 And covet to Christ's service,
 Both to matins and to mass.
 Ye must, Manhood, with all your might,
 Maintain holy church's right,
 For this longeth to a knight
 Plainly in every place. [all game and glee?
Manhood. What, Conscience, should I leave
Conscience. Nay, Manhood, so mot I the,
 All mirth in measure is good for thee :
 But, sir, measure is in all thing.
Manhood. Measure, Conscience? what
 thing may measure be?
Conscience. Sir, keep you in charity,
 And from all evil company,
 For doubt of folly doing. [folly?
Manhood. Folly ! what thing callest thou
Conscience. Sir, it is pride, wrath, and
 Sloth, covetise, and gluttony, [envy,
 Lechery the seventh is :
 These seven sins I call folly.
Manhood. What, thou liest ! to this seven
 The world delivered me,
 And said they were kings of great beauty,
 And most of main and might.
 But yet I pray thee, sir, tell me,

May I not go arrayed honestly?

Conscience. Yes, Manhood, hardily
In all manner of degree. [play.

Manhood. But I must have sporting of
Conscience. Sickerly, Manhood, I say not
nay :

But good governance keep both night and day,
And maintain meekness and all mercy.

Manhood. All mercy, *Conscience* : what
may that be? [thee.

Conscience. Sir, all discretion that God gave

Manhood. Discretion I know not, so mot I
the. [hath you send.

Conscience. Sir, it is all the wits that God

Manhood. Ah, *Conscience* ! *Conscience* !
now I know and see

Thy cunning is much more than mine :

But yet I pray thee, sir, tell me,

What is most necessary for man in every time?

Conscience. Sir, in every time beware of
Folly is full of false flattering ; [folly :

In what occupation that ever ye be, [blame.
Always, ere ye begin, think on the ending for
Now farewell, Manhood, I must wend.

Manhood. Now farewell, *Conscience*, mine
own friend. [God in mind,

Conscience. I pray you, Manhood, have
And beware of folly and shame.

[Exit *Conscience*.

Manhood. Yes, yes : yea, come wind and
God let him never come here again. [rain,

Now he is forward, I am right fain, [amiss.
For in faith, sir, he had near counselled me all
Ah, ah ! now I have bethought me, if I shall
heaven win,

Conscience teaching I must begin,

And clean forsake the kings of sin,
 That the world me taught;
 And Conscience' servant will I be,
 And believe, as he hath taught me,
 Upon one God and persons three,
 That made all things of nought:
 For Conscience clear I clepe my king,
 And his knight in good doing:
 For right of reason, as I find,
 Conscience teaching is true:
 The world is full of boast,
 And saith he is of might most:
 All his teaching is not worth a cost;
 For Conscience he doth refuse.
 But yet will I him not forsake,
 For mankind he doth merry make:
 Though the world and Conscience be at debate,
 Yet the world will I not despise,
 For both in church and in cheaping,
 And in other places being,
 The world findeth me all thing,
 And doth me great service.
 Now here full prest
 I think to rest,
 Now mirth is best. [Enter Folly.]

Folly. What, heigho! care away!
 My name is Folly, I am not gay.
 Is here any man that will say nay
 That renneth in this rout?

Ah, sir, God give you good eve.

Manhood. Stand utter, fellow, where dost
 thou thy courtesy preve? [by your leave.]

Folly. What, I do but claw mine arse, sir,
 I pray you, sir, rive me this clout. [shrew!

Manhood. What, stand out, thou sained
Folly. By faith, sir, there the cock crew;

For I take record of this rew
My thedom is near past.

Manhood. Now, truly, it may well be so.

Folly. By God, sir, yet have I fellows mo,
For in every country, where I go,
Some man his thrift hath lost. [craftsman?

Manhood. But hark, fellow, art thou any

Folly. Yea, sir, I can bind a sieve and tink
a pan,

And thereto a curious buckler-player I am.

Arise, fellow, will thou assay?

Manhood. Now truly, sir, I trow thou canst
but little skill of play.

Folly. Yes, by Cock's bones, that I can.

I will never flee for no man,

That walketh by the way. [cunning,

Manhood. Fellow, though thou have
I counsel thee leave thy boasting,

For here thou may thy fellow find,

Whether thou wilt, at long or short.

Folly. Come, look and thou darest, arise
and assay. [deth me nay.

Manhood. Yea, sir, but yet Conscience bid-

Folly. No, sir, thou darest not in good fay,
For truly thou failest no[w], false heart.

Manhood. What sayest thou? have I a

Folly. Yea, sir, in good fay. [false heart?

Manhood. Manhood will not that I say nay.
Defend thee, Folly, if that you may,

For in faith I purpose to wete what thou art.

How sayest thou now, Folly, hast thou not a
touch?

Folly. No, i-wis, but a little on my pouch.

On all this meyne I will me vouch

That standeth here about. [rew,

Manhood. And I take record on all this

Thou hast two touches, though I say but few.

Folly. Yea, this place is not without a
I do you all out of due. [shrew :

Manhood. But hark, fellow, by thy faith,
where was thou bore? [dwelled yore,

Folly. By my faith, in England have I
And all mine ancestors me before.

But, sir, in London is my chief dwelling.

Manhood. In London? where, if a man thee
sought?

Folly. Sir, in Holborn I was forth brought,
And with the courtiers, I am betaught,
To Westminster I used to wend.

Manhood. Hark, fellow, why dost thou to
Westminster draw?

Folly. For I am a servant of the law.
Covetise is mine own fellow ;
We twain plete for the king,
And poor men that come from upland,
We will take their matter in hand,
Be it right or be it wrong,
Their thrift with us shall wend.

Manhood. Now hear, fellow, I pray thee,
whither wendest thou than?

Folly. By my faith, sir, into London I ran,
To the taverns to drink the wine :
And then to the inns I took the way,
And there I was not welcome to the ostler,
But I was welcome to the fair tapester,
And to all the household I was right dear,
For I have dwelled with her many a day.

Manhood. Now I pray thee, whither took
thou then the way? [ran,

Folly. In faith, sir, over London bridge I
And the straight way to the Stews I came,
And took lodging for a night :

And there I found my brother lechery.
There men and women did Folly,
And every man made of me as worthy,
As though I had been a knight.

Manhood. I pray thee yet tell me mo of
thine adventures. [freres,

Folly. In faith, even straight to all the
And with them I dwelled many years,
And they crowned Folly a king.

Manhood. I pray thee, fellow, whither
wendest thou tho?

Folly. Sir, all England to and fro :
Into abbeys and into nunneries also,
And alway Folly doth fellows find.

Manhood. Now hark, fellow, I pray thee
tell me thy name.

Folly. I-wis, I hight both Folly and Shame.

Manhood. Ah, ah ! thou art he that Con-
When he me taught. [science did blame,
I pray thee, Folly, go hence, and follow not me.

Folly. Yes, good sir, let me your servant be.

Manhood. Nay, so mot I the,
For then a shrew had I caught.

Folly. Why, good sir, what is your name?

Manhood. Manhood Mighty, that beareth
no blame. [in every game

Folly. By the rood, and Manhood mistereth
Some deal to cherish Folly :

For Folly is fellow with the world,
And greatly beloved by many a lord,
And if ye put me out of your ward,
The world right wrath will be. [world be wrath,

Manhood. Yea, sir, yet had I liever the
Than lese the cunning that Conscience me
gave. [a daw :

Folly. A cuckoo for Conscience ; he is but

He cannot else but preach. [clattering,
Manhood. Yea, I pray thee, leave thy lewd
 For Conscience is a counsellor for a king.

Folly. I would not give a straw for his
 He doth but make men wrath. [teaching :
 But wottest thou what I say, man?
 By that ilk truth that God me gave,
 Had I that bitched Conscience in this place,
 I should so beat him with my staff,
 That all his stones should stink.

Manhood. I pray thee, Folly, go hence and
 follow not me.

Folly. Yes, sir, so mot I the,
 Your servant will I be.
 I axe but meat and drink. [thee for thy name,
Manhood. Peace, man: I may not have
 For thou sayest thy name is both Folly and
 Shame.

Folly. Sir, here in this clout I knit Shame,
 And clepe me but proper Folly. [true servant?

Manhood. Yea, Folly, will thou be my

Folly. Yea, Sir *Manhood*, here my hand.

Manhood. Now let us drink at this com-
 For that is courtesy. [nant,

Folly. Marry, master, ye shall have in haste.
 Ah, ah, sirs, let the cat wink,
 For all ye wot not what I think,
 I shall draw him such a draught of drink,
 That Conscience he shall away cast.
 Have, master, and drink well
 And let us make revel, revel,
 For I swear by the church of Saint Michael,
 I would we were at stews :
 For there is nothing but revel rout.
 And we were there, I had no doubt
 I should be knowen all about,

Where Conscience they would refuse.

Manhood. Peace, Folly, my fair friend,
For, by Christ, I would not that Conscience
should me here find.

Folly. Tush, master, thereof speak no thing,
For Conscience cometh no time here.

Manhood. Peace, Folly, there is no man
that knoweth me.

Folly. Sir, here my troth I plight to thee,
And thou wilt go thither with me,
For Knowledge have thou no care. [way.

Manhood. Peace, but it is hence a great

Folly. Pardè, sir, we may be there on a day.
Yea, and we shall be right welcome, I dare
In Eastcheap for to dine: [well say,
And then we will with lombards at passage
play,

And at the Pope's-Head sweet wine assay,
We shall be lodged well a-fine. [the best?

Manhood. What sayest thou, Folly, is this

Folly. Sir, all this is Manhood, well thou
knowest. [haste.

Manhood. Now, Folly, go we hence in
But fain would I change my name: [tide,
For well I wot, if Conscience meet me in this
Right well I wot, he would me chide. [hide:

Folly. Sir, for fear of you his face he shall
I shall clepe you Shame. [infern,

Manhood. Now gramercy, Folly, my fellow
Go we hence, tarry no lenger here.

Till we be gone, methink it seven year:

I have gold and good to spend.

Folly. Ah, ah! master, that is good cheer,
And ere it be passed half a year,
I shall thee shear right a lewd frere,
And hither again thee send. [Aside.

Manhood. Folly, go before, and teach me the way.

Folly. Come after, Shame, I thee pray,
And Conscience clear ye cast away.
Lo, sirs, this Folly teacheth aye :
For where Conscience cometh with his cunning,
Yet Folly full featly shall make him blind.
Folly before, and Shame behind.
Lo, sirs, thus fareth the world alway.

[*Exit Folly.*

Manhood. Now, I will follow Folly, for
Folly is my man : [name :
Yea, Folly is my fellow, and hath given me a
Conscience called me Manhood, Folly calleth
me Shame.

Folly will me lead to London to learn revel ;
Yea, and Conscience is but a flattering brothel ;
For ever he is carping of care : [ness,
The world and Folly counselleth me to all glad-
Yea, and Conscience counselleth me to all sad-
ness ; [madness.

Yea, too much sadness might bring me into
And now have good day, sirs,
To London to seek Folly will I fare.

[*Enter Conscience.*

Conscience. Say, Manhood, friend, whither
will ye go ? [so.

Manhood. Nay, sir, in faith my name is not
Why, frere, what the devil hast thou to do,
Whether I go or abide ? [the best.

Conscience. Yes, sir, I will counsel you for
Manhood. I will none of thy counsel, so
have I rest :

I will go whither me lest,
For thou canst nought else but chide.

[*Exit Manhood.*

Conscience. Lo, sirs, a great ensample you
The frailness of mankind, [may see,
How oft he falleth in folly
Through temptation of the fiend : [assent,
For when the fiend and the flesh be at one
Then Conscience clear is clean outcast.
Men think not on the great judgment,
That the seely soul shall have at the last,
But would God all men would have in mind
Of the great day of doom,
How he shall give a great reckoning
Of evil deeds that he hath done :
But [it is] needless, sith it is so,
That Manhood is forth with Folly wende,
To seech Perseverance now will I go,
With the grace of God omnipotent.
His counsels been in fere :
Perseverance' counsel is most dear,
Next to him is Conscience, clear
From sinning.
Now into this presence to Christ, I pray,
To speed me well in my journey :
Farewell, lordings, and have good day :
To seek Perseverance will I wend.

[*Exit Conscience and enter Perseverance.*

Perseverance. Now, Christ, our comely
creator, clearer than crystal clean,
That craftly made every creature by good re-
creation, [bi-dene,
Save all this company that is gathered here
And set all your souls into good salvation.
Now, good God, that is most wisest and welde
of wits,
This company counsel, and comfort, and glad,
And save all this simplitude that seemly here
sits.

Now, good God, for his mercy, that all men
made :

Now, Mary mother, meekest that I mean,
Shield all this company from evil inversion,
And save you from our enemy, as she is bright
and clean, [everlasting damnation.

And at the last day of doom deliver you from
Sirs, Perseverance is my name,
Conscience born brother [that] is,
He sent me hither mankind to indoctrine,
That they should to no vices incline :
For oft mankind is governed amiss,
And through Folly mankind is set in shame,
Therefore in this presence to Christ I pray,
Ere that I hence wend away,
Some good word that I may say
To borrow man's soul from blame.

[Exit Perseverance and enter Age.

Age. Alas ! alas ! that me is woe !
My life, my liking, I have forlorn
My rents, my riches, it is all y-go :
Alas the day that I was born !
For I was born Manhood most of might,
Stiff, strong, both stalwart and stout,
The world full worthily hath made me a
knight :

All bowed to my bidding bonerly about :
Then Conscience, clear, comely and kind,
Meekly he met me in seat, there I sat,
He learned me a lesson of his teaching, [hate :
And the seven deadly sins full loathly he did
Pride, wrath, and envy, and covetise in kind,
The world all these sins delivered me until,
Sloth, covetise, and lechery, that is full of false
flattering, [still.
All these Conscience reprov'd both loud and

To Conscience I held up my hand,
To keep Christ's commandments. [me beware,
He warned me of Folly, that traitor, and bad
And thus he went his way :
But I have falsely me forsworn,
Alas the day that I was born !
For body and soul I have forlorn.
I clang, as a clod in clay,
In London many a day ;
At the passage I would play,
I thought to borrow and never pay.
Then was I sought and set in stocks,
In Newgate I lay under locks,
If I said aught, I caught many knocks.
Alas, where was Manhood tho?
Alas, my lewdness hath me lost.
Where is my body so proud and prest ?
I cough and rought, my body will burst,
Age doth follow me so.
I stare and stacker as I stand,
I groan glisly upon the ground.
Alas, death, why lettest thou me live so long?
I wander as a wight in woe and care ;
For I have done ill.
Now wend I will
My self to spill,
I care not whither nor where.

[*Re-enter Perseverance.*

Perseverance. Well y-met, sir, well y-met ;
and whither away ?

Age. Why, good sir, whereby do ye say ?

Perseverance. Tell me, sir, I you pray,
And I with you will wend.

Age. Why, good sir, what is your name ?

Perseverance. Forsooth, sir, Perseverance,
the same.

Age. Sir, ye are Conscience' brother, that
me did blame,

I may not with you linger. [friend in fere.

Perseverance. Yes, yes, Manhood, my

Age. Nay, sir, my name is in another
For Folly his own self was here, [manner.
And hath cleped me Shame.

Perseverance. Shame?

Nay, Manhood, let him go :

Folly and his fellows also,

For they would thee bring into care and woe,

And all that will follow his game.

Age. Yea, game who so game :

Folly hath given me a name,

So, wherever I go,

He cleped me Shame.

Now Manhood is gone,

Folly hath followed me so.

When I first from my mother came,

The world made me a man,

And fast in riches I ran,

Till I was dubbed a knight ;

And then I met with Conscience clear,

And he me set in such manner,

Me thought his teaching was full dear,

Both by day and night.

And then Folly met me,

And sharply he beset me,

And from Conscience he fet me :

He would not fro me go,

Many a day he kept me,

And to all folks he cleped me

Shame :

And unto all sins he set me,

Alas, that me is woe !

For I have falsely me forsworn.

Alas, that I was born !

Body and soul, I am but lorn,

Me liketh neither glee nor game. [so.

Perseverance. Nay, nay, Manhood, say not

Beware of Manhood, for he is a foe.

A new name I shall give you too :

I clepe you Repentance,

For, and you here repent your sin,

Ye are possible heaven to win :

But with great contrition ye must begin,

And take you to abstinence :

For though a man had do alone

The deadly sins everychone,

And he with contrition make his moan

To Christ our heaven king,

God is all so glad of him,

As of the creature that never did sin. [begin?

Age. Now, good sir, how should I contrition

Perseverance. Sir, in shrift of mouth with-
out varying ;

And another ensample I shall show you too.

Think on Peter and Paul, and other mo :

Thomas, James, and John also,

And also Mary Magdalene.

For Paul did Christ's people great villainy,

And Peter at the passion forsook Christ thrice,

And Magdalene lived long in lechery, [tion :

And St Thomas believed not in the resurrec-

And yet these to Christ are darlings dear,

And now be saints in heaven clear.

And therefore, though ye have trespassed here,

I hope ye be sorry for your sin.

Age. Yea, Perseverance, I you plight,

I am sorry for my sin both day and night.

I would fain learn with all my might,

How I should heaven win.

Perseverance. Sir, to win heaven five necessary things there been,
That must be knowen to all mankind.
The five wits doth begin,
Sir, bodily and spiritually.

Age. Of the five wits I would have knowing.

Perseverance. Forsooth, sir, hearing, seeing, and smelling,
The remanant tasting and feeling :
These being the five wits bodily,
And, sir, other five wits there been.

Age. Sir Perseverance, I know not them.

Perseverance. Now, Repentance, I shall
They are the power of the soul : [you ken.
Clear in mind, there is one,
Imagination and all reason,
Understanding and compassion :
These belong unto Perseverance. [teaching.

Age. Gramercy, Perseverance, for your true
But, good sir, is there any more behind
That is necessary to all mankind,
Freely for to know? [be,

Perseverance. Yea, Repentance, more there
That every man must on believe :
The twelve articles of the faith,
That mankind must on trow.
The first, that God is in one substance,
And also that God is in three persons,
Beginning and ending without variance,
And all this world made of nought.
The second, that the Son of God sickerly
Took flesh and blood of the Virgin Mary,
Without touching of man's flesh-company :
This must be in every man's thought.
The third, that the same God-Son,
Born of that holy virgin,

And she after his birth maiden as she was be-
forne,

And clearer in all kind. [man,

Also the fourth, that same Christ, God and

He suffered pain and passion,

Because of man's soul redemption,

And on a cross did hing.

The fifth article I shall you tell :

Then the spirit of Godhead went to hell,

And bought out the souls that there did dwell

By the power of His own might.

The sixth article I shall you say :

Christ rose upon the third day,

Very God and man without nay :

That all shall deem and dight,

He sent man's soul into heaven

Aloft all the angels everychone, [Holy Ghost.

There is the Father, the Son, and the soothfast

The eighth article we must believe on,

That same God shall come down,

And deem man's soul at the day of doom,

And on mercy then must we trust.

The ninth article without strife,

Every man, maiden and wife,

And all the bodies that ever bare life, ['ppear.

And at the day of doom body and soul shall

Truly the tenth article is,

All they that hath kept God's service

They shall be crowned in heaven bliss,

And Christ's servants to Him full dear.

The eleventh article, the sooth to sayne,

All that hath falsely to God guided them

They shall be put into hell pain,

There shall be no sin-covering.

Sir, after the twelfth we must worch, [church,

And believe in all the sacraments of holy

That they been necessary, both last and first,
 To all manner of mankind. [ments ten.
 Sir, ye must also hear and know the command-
 Lo, sir, this is your belief; and all men
 Do after it, and ye shall heaven win
 Without doubt, I know. [teaching,

Age. Gramercy, Perseverance, for your true
 For in the spirit of my soul will I find,
 That it is necessary to all mankind
 Truly for to know.

Now, sirs, take all ensample by me,
 How I was born in simple degree,
 The world royal received me,
 And dubbed me a knight,
 Then Conscience met me,
 So after him came Folly:
 Folly falsely deceived me,
 Then Shame my name hyght. [Repentance,

Perseverance. Yea, and now is your name
 Through the grace of God almight.
 And therefore without any distance
 I take my leave of king and knight,
 And I pray to Jesu, which has made us all,
 Cover you with his mantle perpetual. Amen.

Here endeth the Interlude of Mundus & Infans.
 Imprynted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of ye
 Sonne by me Wynkin de worde. The yere of our Lorde
 M.CCCCC. and xxij. The xvij. daye of July.

Here endeth the Interlude of Gubinus & Infans.
 Imprinted at London in Fleetstre at the sygne of y
 Sonne by me Wynkyn de Worde. The yere of our Lorde
 M.CCCC. and. xxii. The. cxiij. daye of July.



BIBLIOTHECA

[Reduced facsimile of device of Wynken de Worde, the
 printer of *The World and the Child* (*Mundus et
 Infans*), from original copy now in the library of
 Trinity College, Dublin.]

A NEW INTERLUDE CALLED THERSITES

THIS INTERLUDE FOLLOWING DOTH DECLARE
HOW THAT THE GREATEST BOASTERS ARE
NOT THE GREATEST DOERS

The Names of the Players:

THERSITES, A BOASTER

MULCIBER, A SMITH

MATER, A MOTHER

MILES, A KNIGHT

TELEMACHUS, A CHILD



THERSITES

*[Thersites cometh in, first having a club upon
his neck.]*

Have in a ruffler forth of the Greek land,
Called Thersites, if ye will me know : I stand ;
Aback, give me room, in my way do ye not
For if ye do, I will soon lay you low.

In Homer of my acts ye have read, I trow :
Neither Agamemnon nor Ulysses I spared to
check :

They could not bring me to be at their beck.
Of late from the Siege of Troy I returned,
Where all my harness except this club I lost.
In an old house there it was quite burned,
While I was preparing victuals for the host.
I must needs get me new, whatsoever it cost ;
I will go seek adventures, for I can not be idle ;
I will hamper some of the knaves in a bridle.
It grieveth me to hear how the knaves do brag ;
But by supreme Jupiter, when I am harnesssed
well,

I shall make the dasters to renne into a bag,
To hide them fro me as fro the devil of hell,
I doubt not but hereafter of me ye shall hear
tell : [quail.]

How I have made the knaves for to play couch-

But now to the shop of Mulciber to go I will
not fail.

[*Mulciber must have a shop made in the
place, and Thersites cometh before it say-
ing aloud:* [fire,

Mulciber, whom the poets doth call the god of
Smith unto Jupiter, king over all:

Come forth of thy office, I thee desire, [small.
And grant me my petition, I ask a thing but
I will none of thy lightning, that thou art wont
to make [shake;

For the gods supernal, for ire when they do
With which they thrust the giants down to hell
That were at a convention heaven to buy and
sell. [Ithalia,

But I would have some help of Lemnos and
That of their steel by thy craft *condatur mihi
galea.* [speak Latin now?

Mulciber. What, fellow Thersites, do ye
Nay then, farewell, I make God a vow,
I do not you understand, no Latin is in my
pallet.

[*And then he must do, as he would go away.*

Thersites. I say, abide, good Mulciber, I
pray thee make me a sallet.

Mulciber. Why, Thersites, hast thou any
wit in thy head? [are dead!

Wouldst thou have a sallet now? all the herbs
Beside that it is not meet for a smith
To gather herbs and sallets to meddle with.

Go get thee to my lover Venus,
She hath sallets enough for all us:

I eat none such sallets, for now I wax old,
And for my stomach they are very cold.

Thersites. Now I pray to Jupiter, that thou
die a cuckold!

I mean a sallet, with which men do fight.

Mulciber. It is a small tasting of a man's
That he should for any matter [might,
Fight with a few herbs in a platter :
No great laud should follow that victory.

Thersites. God's passion, *Mulciber*, where
is thy wit and memory?

I would have a sallet made of steel.

Mulciber. Why, sir, in your stomach long
you shall it feel,

For steel is hard for to digest.

Thersites. Man's bones and sides, he is
worse than a beast !

I would have a sallet to wear on my head,
Which under my chin with a thong red
Buckled shall be :

Dost thou yet perceive me?

Mulciber. Your mind now I see :

Why, thou peevish lad,

Art thou almost mad,

Or well in thy wit?

Get thee a wallet :

Would thou have a sallet?

What wouldst thou do with it?

Thersites. I pray thee, good *Mulciber*,
make no mo bones,

But let me have a sallet made at once.

Mulciber. I must do somewhat for this
knave; [Aside.

What manner of sallet, sir, would ye have?

Thersites. I would have such a one, that
nother might nor main

Should pierce it through, or part it in twain ;

Which nother gunstone nor sharp spear

Should be able other to hurt or tear.

I would have it also for to save my head,

If Jupiter himself would have me dead;
 And if he in a fume would cast at me his fire,
 This sallet I would have to keep me from his
Mulciber. I perceive your mind. [ire.

Ye shall find me kind;

I will for you prepare:—

*[And then he goeth into his shop, and maketh
 a sallet for him; at the last he saith:]*

Here, Thersites, do this sallet wear,

And on thy head it bear;

And none shall work thee care.

*[Then Mulciber goeth into his shop, until he
 is called again.]* [bull to fight,

Thersites. Now would I not fear with any
 Or with a ramping lion, nother by day nor
 night.

Oh, what great strength is in my body so lusty,
 Which for lack of exercise is now almost rusty.
 Hercules in comparison to me was but a boy,
 When the bandog Cerberus from hell he bare
 away: [so wild.

When he killed the lion, hydra, and the boar
 Compare him to me, and he was but a child!

Why, Samson, I say, hast thou no more wit?
 Wouldst thou be as strong as I? come, suck
 thy mother's teat!

Ween you that David, that little elfish boy,
 Should with his sling have take my life away?
 Nay, i-wis, Goliath, for all his five stones,
 I would have quashed his little boyish bones.
 Oh, how it would do my heart much good
 To see some of the giants before Noe's flood!
 I would make the knaves to cry crik,
 Or else with my club their brains I will break.
 But, Mulciber, yet I have not with thee do:
 My head is armed, my neck I would have too;

And also my shoulders with some good habergin, lin.

That the devil, if he shot at me, could not enter
For I am determin'd great battle to make,
Except my furnishment by some means may
aslake. [as thou can,

Mulciber. Buckle on this habergin, as fast
And fear for the meeting of nother beast nor
man.

If it were possible for one to shoot an oak,
This habergin will defend thee from the stroke.
Let them throw milestones at thee as thick as
hail, [fail.

Yet thee to kill they shall [of] their purpose
If Malvern Hills should on thy shoulders light,
They shall not hurt them, nor suppress thy
might.

If Bevis of Hampton, Colburn, and Guy,
Will thee assay, set not by them a fly!
To be brief, this habergin shall thee save
Both by land and water; now play the lusty
knave.

[*Then he goeth into his shop again.*

Thersites. When I consider my shoulders,
that so broad be,

When the other parts of my body I do behold,
I verily think that none in Christian'ty
With me to meddle dare be so bold.

Now have at the lions on Cots'old!

I will neither spare for heat nor for cold.

Where art thou, King Arthur and the knights
of the Round Table?

Come, bring forth your horses out of the
stable!

Lo, with me to meet they be not able:

By the mass, they had rather wear a bable.

Where art thou, Gawain the courteous and Kay
the crabbed? [scabbed!

Here be a couple of knights cowardish and
Appear in thy likeness, Sir Libeus Disconius,
If thou wilt have my club light on thy *headibus*.

Lo, ye may see he beareth not the face

With me to try a blow in this place.

How, sirrah, approach, Sir Launcelot de Lake,
What, renne ye away, and for fear quake?

Now he that did thee a knight make [take.

Thought never that thou any battle shouldst

If thou wilt not come thyself, some other of

thy fellows send: [defend.

To battle I provoke them; themselves let them

Lo, for all the good that ever they see,

They will not once set hand to fight with me.

O good Lord, how broad is my breast

And strong withal, for whole is my chest.

He that should meddle with me should have
shrewd rest.

Behold you my hands, my legs, and my feet;

Every part is strong, proportionable, and meet.

Think you that I am not fear'd in field and
street?

Yes, yes, God wot, they give me the wall,

Or else with my club I make them to fall.

Back, knaves, I say to them, then for fear they
quake; [me make.

And take me then to the tavern, and good cheer

The proctor and his men I made to renne their
ways,

And some went to hide them in broken hays.

I tell you at a word,

I set not a turd

By none of them all:

Early and late I will walk,

And London streets stalk,
Spite of them great and small :
For I think verily,
That none in heaven so high,
Nor yet in hell so low,
While I have this club in my hand,
Can be able me to withstand,
Or me to overthrow.
But, Mulciber, yet I must thee desire
To make me briggen irons for mine arms,
And then I will love thee as mine own sire ;
For without them I cannot be safe from all
Those once had, I will not set a straw [harms.
By all the world, for then I will by awe
Have all my mind, or else, by the holy rood,
I will make them think the devil carrieth them
to the wood.

If no man will with me battle take,
A voyage to hell quickly I will make,
And there I will beat the devil and his dame,
And bring the souls away : I fully intend the
After that in hell I have ruffled so, [same.
Straight to old Purgatory will I go. [about,
I will clean that, [and] so purge [it] round
That we shall need no pardons to help them
If I have not fight enough this ways, [out.
I will climb to heaven and fet away Peter's
keys ; [rout ;
I will keep them myself and let in a great
What, should such a fisher keep good fellows
out? [irons bright,

Mulciber. Have here, Thersites, briggen
And fear thou no man manly to fight ;
Though he be stronger than Hercules or
Samson,
Be thou preste and bold to set him upon.

Nother Amazon nor Xerxes with their whole
 Thee to assail shall find it profitable. [rabble
 I warrant thee they will flee from thy face,
 As doth an hare from the dogs in a chace.
 Would not thy black and rusty grim beard,
 Now thou art so armed, make any man afeard?
 Surely, if Jupiter did see thee in this gear,
 He would renne away, and hide him for fear!
 He would think that Typhœus the giant were
 alive, [strive.

And his brother Enceladus, again with him to
 If that Mars, of battle the god stout and bold,
 In this array should chance thee to behold,
 He would yield up his sword unto thee, [be.
 And god of battle (he would say) thou shouldst
 Now fare thou well, go the world through,
 And seek adventures, thou art man good enou'.

Thersites. Mulciber, while the stars shall
 shine in the sky, [shall fly;
 And Phæton's horses with the sun's chariot
 While the morning shall go before noon,
 And cause the darkness to vanish away soon:
 While that the cat shall love well milk,
 And while that women shall love to go in silk:
 While beggars have lice,
 And cockneys are nice:
 While pardoners can lie,
 Merchants can buy,
 And children cry:
 While all these last, and more,
 Which I keep in store,
 I do me faithfully bind
 Thy kindness to bear in mind.
 But yet, Mulciber, one thing I ask more:
 Hast thou ever a sword now in store?
 I would have such a one that would cut stones,

And pare a great oak down at once.
That were a sword, lo, even for the nonce.

Mulciber. Truly I have such a one in my
That will pare iron, as it were a rope. [shop,
Have, here it is, gird it to thy side :
Now fare thou well, Jupiter be thy guide !

Thersites. Gramercy, *Mulciber*, with my
whole heart
Give me thy hand, and let us depart.

[*Mulciber* goeth into his shop again, and
Thersites saith forth :

Now I go hence, and put myself in prease :
I will seek adventures ; yea, and that I will not
If there be any present here this night, [cease.
That will take upon them with me to fight,
Let them come quickly, and the battle shall be
pight.

Where is *Cacus*, that knave not worth a groat,
That was wont to blow clouds out of his
throat ; [his cave?
Which stole *Hercules* kine, and hid them in
Come hither, *Cacus*, thou lubber and false
knave :

I will teach all wretches by thee to beware !
If thou come hither, I trap thee in a snare ;
Thou shalt have knocked bread and ill-fare.
How say you, good godfather, that look so
Ye seem a man to be born in the vale ? [stale,
Dare ye adventure with me a stripe or two ?
Go, coward, go, hide thee as thou wast wont
What a sort of dastards have we here ! [to do !
None of you to battle with me dare appear.
What say you, heart of gold, of countenance
so demure ?

Will you fight with me ? no, I am right sure.
Fye, blush not, woman, I will do you no harm,

Except I had you sooner to keep my back warm.

Alas, little pums, why are ye so sore afraid?
I pray you show how long it is, since ye were a maid?

Tell me in mine ear; sirs, she hath me told
That gone was her maidenhead at thrusteen year old!

By lady, she was loth to keep it too long :
And I were a maid again now may be here song. [bevy,

Do after my counsel of maidens the whole
Quickly rid your maidenheads, for they are vengeance heavy,

Well, let all go : why, will none come in
With me to fight, that I may pare his skin?

[*The Mater cometh in.*

Mater. What say you, my son, will ye fight? God it defend!

For what cause to war do you now pretend?

Will ye commit to battles dangerous

Your life that is to me so precious? [way!

Thersites. I will go, I will go; stop not my
Hold me not, good mother, I heartily you pray.
If there be any lions or other wild beast,
That will not suffer the husbandman in rest,
I will go seech them, and bid them to a feast :
They shall aby bitterly the coming of such a guest.

I will search for them both in bush and shrub,
And lay on a load with this lusty club.

Mater. O my sweet son, I am thy mother;
Wilt thou kill me, and thou hast none other?

Thersites. No, mother, no, I am not of such iniquity,
That I will defile my hands upon thee.

But be content, mother, for I will not rest
Till I have fought with some man or wild beast.

Mater. Truly, my son, if that ye take this
way, [say.
This shall be the conclusion, mark what I shall
Other I will drown myself for sorrow,
And feed fishes with my body before to-morrow,
Or with a sharp sword surely I will me kill :
Now thou mayst save me, if it be thy will.

I will also cut my paps away,
That gave thee suck so many a day ;
And so in all the world it shall be known,
That by my own son I was overthrown.
Therefore, if my life be to thee pleasant,
That which I desire, good son, do me grant.

Thersites. Mother, thou spendest thy wind
but in waste ;
The goddess of battle her fury on me hath cast.
I am fully fixed battle for to taste :
Oh, how many to death I shall drive in haste !
I will ruffle this club about my head,
Or else I pray God I never die in my bed.
There shall never a stroke be stroken with my
hand,
But they shall think that Jupiter doth thunder
in the land.

Mater. My own sweet son, I, kneeling on
my knee,
And both my hands holding up to thee,
Desire thee to cease, and no battle make :
Call to thee patience, and better ways take.

Thersites. Tush, mother, I am deaf ; I will
thee not hear.
No, no, if Jupiter here himself now were,
And all the gods, and Juno his wife,
And loving Minerva that abhorreth all strife :

If all these, I say, would desire me to be con-
They did their wind but in vain spent; [tent,
I will have battle in Wales or in Kent,
And some of the knaves I will all-to rent.
Where is the valiant knight, Sir Isenbras?
Appear, sir, I pray you, dare ye not show your
Where is Robin John and Little Hood? [face?
Approach hither quickly, if ye think it good;
I will teach such outlaws with Christ's curses,
How they take hereafter away abbots' purses.
Why, will no adventure appear in this place?
Where is Hercules with his great mace?
Where is Busiris, that fed his horses
Full like a tyrant with dead men's corpses?
Come, any of you both,
And I make an oath,
That ere I eat any bread,
I will drive a wain,
Yea, for need twain,
Between your body and your head.
This passeth my brains;
Will none take the pains
To try with me a blow?
Oh, what a fellow am I,
Whom every man doth fly,
That doth me but once know!
Mater. Son, all do you fear,
That be present here;
They will not with you fight.
You, as you be worthy,
Have now the victory
Without tasting of your might.
Here is none, I trow,
That proffereth you a blow:
Man, woman, nor child.
Do not set your mind

To fight with the wind :

Be not so mad nor wild.

[fight :

Thersites. I say, arise, whosoever will
I am to battle here ready-dight.

Come hither, other swain or knight ;

Let me see who dare present him to my sight !

Here with my club ready I stand,

If any will come to take them in hand.

Mater. There is no hope left in my breast
To bring my son into better rest :

He will do nothing at my request ;

He regardeth me no more than a beast.

I see no remedy ; but still I will pray

To God my son to guide in his way ;

That he may have a prosperous journeying,

And to be safe at his returning.

Son, God above grant this my oration [tion

That, when in battle thou shalt have concerta-

With your enemies, other far or near,

No wound in them nor in you may appear,

So that ye nother kill nor be killed.

Thersites. Mother, thy petition, I pray God,
be fulfilled,

For then no knaves' blood shall be spilled.

Fellows, keep my counsel ; by the mass, I do

but crake :

[make.

I will be gentle enough, and no business

But yet I will make her believe that I am a
man—

Think you that I will fight? no, no, but with
the can.

Except I find my enemy on this wise,

That he be asleep, or else cannot arise.

If his arms and his feet be not fast bound,

I will not proffer a stripe for a thousand pound.

Farewell, mother, and tarry here no longer,

For after prowess of chivalry I do both thirst
and hunger :

I will beat the knaves as flat as a conger.

*[Then the mother goeth in the place which is
prepared for her.]*

What, how long shall I tarry ; be your hearts
in your hose ?

Will there none of you in battle me oppose ?

Come, prove me, why stand you so in doubt ?

Have you any wild blood that ye would have
let out ?

[known,

Alack, that a man's strength cannot be
Because that he lacketh enemies to be over-
thrown !

*[Here a snail must appear unto him, and he
must look fearfully upon the snail, say-
ing]*

But what a monster do I see now,

Coming hitherward with an armed brow !

What is it ? ah, it is a sow !

No, by God's body, it is but a gristle,
And on the back it hath never a bristle.

It is not a cow—ah, there I fail :

For then it should have a long tail.

What the devil, I was blind ! it is but a snail :

I was never so afraid in east nor in south ;

My heart at the first sight was at my mouth.

Marry, sir, fy, fy, fy, I do sweat for fear :

I thought I had craked but too timely here.

Hence, thou beast, and pluck in thy horns,

Or I swear by him that crowned was with
thorns,

[the corns.]

I will make thee drink worse than good ale in
Hast thou nothing else to do,

But come with horns and face me so ? *[spear,*

How, how, my servants, get you shield and

And let us worry and kill this monster here.

[*Here Miles cometh in.*]

Miles. Is not this a worthy knight,
That with a snail dareth not fight,
Except he have his servants' aid? [afraid?
Is this the champion that maketh all men
I am a poor soldier come of late from Calais,
I trust, ere I go, to debate some of his malice.
I will tarry my time, till I do see [be.
Betwixt him and the snail what the end will

Thersites. Why, ye whoreson knaves, regard ye not my calling? [bring?
Why do ye not come, and with you weapons
Why shall this monster so escape killing?
No, that he shall not, and God be willing.

Miles. I promise you this is as worthy a knight,

As ever shall bread out of a bottle bite.
I think he be Dares, of whom Virgil doth write,
That would not let Entellus alone,
But ever provoked and ever called on,
But yet at the last he took a fall, [shall.

And so within a while I trow I make thee
Thersites. By God's passion, knaves, if I come, I will you fetter :

Regard ye my calling and crying no better?
Why, whoresons, I say, will ye not come?
By the mass, the knaves be all from home :
They had better have fet me an errand at Rome.

Miles. By my troth, I think that very scant
This lubber dare adventure to fight with an ant.

Thersites. Well, seeing my servants come to me will not, [not;
I must take heed that this monster me spill
I will jeopard with it a joint,

And other with my club or my sword's point
 I will reach it such wounds,
 As I would not have for forty thousand pounds.
 Pluck in thy horns, thou unhappy beast;
 What, facest thou me? wilt not thou be in rest?
 Why, will not thou thy horns in hold?

Thinkest thou that I am a cuckold? [still,
 God's arms, the monster cometh toward me
 Except I fight manfully, it will me surely kill!

[*Then he must fight against the snail with
 his club.* [and hear,

Miles. O Jupiter Lord, dost thou not see
 How he feareth the snail, as it were a bear!

Thersites. Well, with my club I have had
 good luck;

Now with my sword have at thee a pluck!

[*And he must cast his club away.*

I will make thee, ere I go, for to duck,
 And thou were as tall a man as Friar Tuck.
 I say yet again, thy horns in draw,
 Or else I will make thee to have wounds raw.

Art thou not afeard

To have thy beard

Pared with my sword?

[*Here he must fight then with his sword
 against the snail, and the snail draweth
 her horns in.*

Ah well, now no more:

Thou mightest have done so before.

I laid at it so sore,

That it thought it should have be lore

And it had not drawn in his horns again,

Surely I would the monster have slain. [pain.

But now, farewell, I will work thee no more

Now my fume is past,

And doth no longer last,

That I did to the monster cast.
Now in other countries both far and near
Mo deeds of chivalry I will go inquire.

Miles. Thou needst not seek any further,
for ready I am here :

I will debate anon, I trow, thy bragging cheer.

Thersites (not hearing him). Now where is
any mo that will me assail?

I will turn him and toss him, both top and tail;
If he be stronger than Samson was,
Who with his bare hands killed lions apace.

Miles. What needeth this boast? I am here
at hand, [stand!

That with thee will fight; keep thy head, and
Surely for all thy high words I will not fear
To assay thee a touch, till some blood appear;
I will give thee somewhat for the gift of a new
year.

[*And he beginneth to fight with him, but
Thersites must run away, and hide him
behind his mother's back, saying:*

Thersites. O mother, mother, I pray thee
me hide: [side.

Throw something over me, and cover me every

Mater. O my son, what thing eldeth thee?

Thersites. Mother, a thousand horsemen do
persecute me.

Mater. Marry, son, then it was time to fly;
I blame thee not, then, though afraid thou be.
A deadly wound thou mightst there soon catch:
One against so many is no indifferent match.

Thersites. No, mother, but if they had been
but ten to one,

I would not have avoided, but set them upon;
But seeing they be so many, I ran away.

Hide me, mother, hide me, I heartily thee pray.

For if they come hither, and here me find,
 To their horses' tails they will me bind,
 And after that fashion hale me, and kill me;
 And though I were never so bold and stout,
 To fight against so many I should stand in
 doubt. [quer,

Miles. Thou that dost seek giants to con-
 Come forth, if thou dare, and in this place
 appear.

Fie for shame, dost thou so soon take flight!
 Come forth, and show somewhat of thy might.

Thersites. Hide me, mother, hide me, and
 never word say— [come this way,

Miles. Thou old trot, seest thou any man
 Well armed and weaponed, and ready to fight?

Mater. No, forsooth, master, there came
 none in my sight. [doubts

Miles. He did avoid in time, for without
 I would have set on his back some clouts;
 If I may take him, I will make all slouches
 To beware by him, that they come not in my
 clutches.

[*Then he goeth out, and the mother saith:*

Mater. Come forth, my son, your enemy
 is gone:

Be not afraid, for hurt thou canst have none.

[*Then he looketh about, if he be gone or not;
 at the last he saith:*

Thersites. I-wis, thou didst wisely, whoso-
 ever thou be,

To tarry no longer to fight with me; [skull,
 For with my club I would have broken thy
 If thou were as big as Hercules' bull. [a duck,
 Why, thou cowardly knave, no stronger than
 Darest thou try masteries with me a-pluck.
 Which fear nother giants nor Jupiter's fire-bolt,

Nor Belzebub the master-devil, as ragged as a colt?

I would thou wouldst come hither once again :
I think thou hadst rather alive to be flayn.

Come again, and I swear by my mother's
womb, [thumb;

I will pull thee in pieces no more than my
And thy brains abroad I will so scatter,

That all knaves shall fear against me to clatter.

*[Then cometh in Telemachus, bringing a
letter from his father Ulysses, and Ther-
sites saith :*

What, little Telemachus !

What makest thou here among us?

Telemachus. Sir, my father Ulysses doth
him commend [send

To you most heartily, and here he hath you
Of his mind a letter,

Which show you better

Everything shall,

Than I can make rehearsal.

[Here he must deliver him the letter.

Thersites. Lo, friends, ye may see

What great men write to me.

[Here he must read the letter.

As entirely as heart can think,

Or scrivener can write with ink,

I send you loving greeting,

Thersites, my own sweeting !

I am very sorry,

When I cast in memory

The great unkindness

And also the blindness,

That hath be in my breast

Against you ever prest :

I have be prompt and diligent

Ever to make you shent,
To appal your good name,
And to 'minish your fame :
In that I was to blame ;
But well all this is gone,
And remedy there is none,
But only repentance
Of all my old grievance,
With which I did you molest,
And gave you sorry rest :
The cause was thereof truly
Nothing but very envy ;
Wherefore now, gentle esquire,
Forgive me, I you desire,
And help, I you beseech,
Telemachus to a leech,
That him may wisely charm
From the worms that do him harm ;
In that ye may do me pleasure,
For he is my chief treasure.
I have heard men say,
That come by the way,
That better charmer is no other,
Than is your own dear mother.
I pray you of her obtain
To charm away his pain.
Fare ye well, and come to my house
To drink wine and eat a piece of souse ;
And we will have minstrelsy,
That shall pipe *Hankin boby*.
My wife Penelope
Doth greet you well by me.

Writing at my house on Candlemas-day,
Midsummer month, the Calends of May,
By me, Ulysses, being very glad [had.
That the victory of late of the monster ye

Ah, sirrah, quoth he? how say you, friends all,
Ulysses is glad for my favour to call.

Well, though we oft have swerved,

And he small love deserved,

Yet I am well content,

Seeing he doth repent,

To let old matters go,

And to take him no more so,

As I have done hitherto,

For my mortal foe.

[bring
Come go with me, Telemachus; I will thee

Unto my mother to have her charming. [done,

I doubt not, but by that time that she hath

Thou shalt be the better seven years ago.

[*Then Thersites goeth to his mother, saying:*

Mother, Christ thee save and see,

Ulysses hath send his son to thee,

That thou shouldst him charm

From the worms that him harm.

Mater. Son, ye be wise, keep ye warm!

Why should I for Ulysses do,

That never was kind us to?

He was ready in war

Ever thee, son, to mar;

Then had been all my joy

Exiled clean away.

Thersites. Well, mother, all that is past;

Wrath may not always last,

And seeing we be mortal all,

Let not our wrath be immortal.

Mater. Charm that charm will, he shall not
be charmed of me.

Thersites. Charm, or, by the mass, with my
club I will charm thee.

Mater. Why, son, art thou so wicked to
beat thy mother?

Thersites. Yea, that I will, by God's dear brother!

Charm, old witch, in the devil's name,
Or I will send thee to him to be his dame.

Mater. Alas! what a son have I,
That thus doth order me spitefully!
Cursed be the time that ever I him fed!
I would in my belly he had be dead!

Thersites. Cursest thou, old whore? bless me again,
Or I will bless thee, that shall be to thy pain.

[Then he must take her by the arms, and she crieth out as followeth:]

Mater. He will kill me,
He will spill me,
He will bruise me,
He will lose me,
He will prick me,
He will stick me. [witch,

Thersites. The devil stick thee, old withered
For I will stick nother thee nor none such.
But come off, give me thy blessing again:
I say, let me have it, or else certain
With my club I will lay thee on the brain.

Mater. Well, seeing thou threaten to me affliction,
Spite of my heart, have now my benediction.
Now Christ's sweet blessing and mine
Light above and beneath the body of thine,
And I beseech with all my devotion,
That thou mayst come to a man's promotion!
He that forgave Mary Magdalen her sin,
Make thee highest of all thy kin! [ment:]

Thersites. In this word is double intelli-
Wouldst thou have me hanged, mother, verament?

Mater. No, son, no; but to have you high
In promotion is my mind, verily.

Thersites. Well then, mother, let all this go,
And charm this child that you is send to.
And look hereafter to curse ye be not greedy:
Curse me no more, I am cursed enough
already.

Mater. Well, son, I will curse you no more,
Except ye provoke me too-too sore;
But I marvel why ye do me move
To do for Ulysses, that doth not us love.

Thersites. Mother, by his son he hath send
me a letter,
Promising hereafter to be to us better,
And you, and I with my great club,
Must walk to him, and eat a sillabub;
And we shall make merry,
And sing *tyrl on the bery*,
With Simkin Sydn'am Sumn'nor
That killed a cat at Cumnor;
There the trifling taborer, troubler of Tunis,
Will pick Peter Pie-baker a pennyworth of
prunes;
Nichol Nevergood a net and a nightcap
Knit will for Kit, whose knee caught a knap;
David Doughty, dighter of dates, [gates;
Grin with Godfrey Good-ale will greedy at the
Tom Tumbler of Tewksbury, turning at a trice,
Will wipe William Waterman, if he be not
wise:
Simon Sadler of Sudeley, that served the sow,
Hit will Henry Heartless, he heard not yet
Jenkin Jacon, that jobbed jolly Joan, [how.
Grind will gromaly-seed, until he groan.
Proud Pierce Pick-thank, that picked Parnel's
purse,

Cut will the cakes, though Kate do cry and
curse.

Rough Robin Rover, ruffling in right rate,
Bald Bernard Brainless will beat, and Bennet
Foolish Frederick Furberer of a fart [bate;
Ding Daniel Dainty to death will with a dart.
Marculph Merrylees, mourning for mad Mary,
Tink will the tables, though he there not tarry.
Andrew All-Knave, alderman of Antwerp,
Hop will with hollyhocks and harken
Humphrey's harp. [cheer

It is too-too, mother, the pastime and good
That we shall see and have, when that we come
there;

Wherefore, gentle mother, I thee heartily pray,
That thou wilt charm for worms this pretty
boy. [matter standeth so,

Mater. Well, son, seeing the case and
I am content all thy request to do.

Come hither, pretty child,

I will thee charm from the worms wild;

But first do thou me thy name tell. [as I dwell.

Telemachus. I am called Telemachus, there

Mater. Telemachus, lie down upright on
the ground,

And stir not once for a thousand pound.

Telemachus. I am ready here preste

To do all your request.

[*Then he must lay him down with his belly
upward, and she must bless him from
above to beneath, saying as followeth:*

Mater. The cowherd of Comerton with his
crooked spade

Cause from thee the worms soon to vade!

And jolly Jack Tumbler, that juggleth with a
horn,

Grant that thy worms soon be all-to torn !
Good grandsire Abraham, godmother to Eve,
Grant that this worms no longer this child
grieve !

All the court of conscience in Cuckoldshire :
Tinkers and taborers, tipplers, taverners :
Tittifills, triflers, turners and trumppers :
Tempters, traitors, travellers and thumpers :
Thriftless, thievish, thick and thereto thin :
The malady of this worms cause for to blin !
The virtue of the tail of Isaac's cow,
That before Adam in paradise did low !
Also the joist of Moses' rod,
In the Mount of Calvary that spake with God :
Facies ad faciem, turning tail to tail,
Cause all these worms quickly to fail !

The bottom of the ship of Noe,
And also the leg of the horse of Troy :
The piece of the tongue of Balaam's ass, [was,
The chawbone of the ox that at Christ's birth
The eye-tooth of the dog that went on pilgrim-
age

With young Tobias, these worms soon may
suage !

The butterfly of Bromwicham that was born
blind, [wind,
The blast of the bottle that blowed Æolus'
The buttock of the bitter bought at Bucking-
ham,

The body of the bear that with Bevis came,
The backster of Bal[d]ockbury with her baking
peel,

Child, fro thy worms, I pray, may soon thee
heal

The tapper of Tavistock and the tapster's pot !
The tooth of the titmouse, the turd of the goat,

In the Tower of Tennis-balls toasted by the fire,
 The table of Tantalus turned trim in the mire,
 The tomb of Tom Threadbare that thrust Tib
 through the smoke, [thy dock !
 Make all thy worms, child, to come forth at
 Shem, Cam, and Japhet, and Coll the miller's
 inare, [stare,
 The five stones of David that made Goliath
 The wing with which St Michael did fly to his
 mount,
 The counters wherewith Cherubim did cherry-
 stones count,
 The hawk with which Asuerus killed the wild
 boar, [more !
 Help that these worms, my child, hurt thee no
 The maw of the moor-cock that made Maud to
 mow, [snow :
 When Martlemas at Morton mourned for the
 The spear of Spanish spilbery sprent with
 spiteful spots, [lots,
 The lights of the laverock laid at London
 The shinbone of St Samuel shining so as the
 sun,
 Grant, child, of the worms that soon thy pains
 be done !
 Mother Brice of Oxford and great Gib of Hink-
 sey, [sey,
 Also Maud of Thrutton and Mabel of Chert-
 And all other witches that walk in Dimmings
 Dale, [ale,
 Clittering and clattering there your pots with
 Incline your ears, and hear this my petition,
 And grant this child of health to have fruition !
 The blessing that Jordan to his godson gave,
 Light on my child, and from the worms him
 Now stand up, little Telemachus, anon : [save !

I warrant thee by to-morrow thy worms will be gone.

Telemachus. I thank you, mother, in my most hearty wise;

Will ye, sir, to my father command me any service? [two commend

Thersites. No, pretty boy, but do thou us To thy father and mother; tell them that we Both my mother and I, [intend, To see them shortly.

Telemachus. Ye shall be heartily welcome to them, I dare well say; [away.

Fare ye well, by your leave: now I will depart

Thersites. Son, give me thy hand. Farewell.

Mater. I pray God keep thee from peril.

[*Telemachus* goeth out, and the mother sayeth:

I-wis it is a proper child,

And in behaviour nothing wild;

Ye may see what is good education:

I would every man after this fashion

Had their children up brought.

Then many of them would not have been so nought:

A child is better unborn than untaught.

Thersites. Ye say truth, mother; well, let all this go,

And make you ready Ulysses to go to

With me anon; be ye so content?

Mater. I am well pleased; to your will I assent,

For, although that I love him but very evil,

It is good to set a candle before the devil.

Of most part of great men, I swear by this fire,

Light is the thank, but heavy is the ire.

Farewell, son, I will go me to prepare.

Thersites. Mother, God be with you and
keep you from care.

[*The mother goeth out, and Thersites sayeth
forth:* [fare;

Whatsomever I say, sirs, I think ill might she
I care not if the old witch were dead :

It were an almsdeed to knock her in the head,

And say on the worms that she did die ;

For there be many that my lands would buy.

By God's blessed brother,

If I were not sick of the mother !

This toothless trot keepeth me hard,

And suffereth no money in my ward ;

But, by the blessed Trinity,

If she will no sooner dead be,

I will with a cushion stop her breath,

Till she have forgot Newmarket heath.

Ill might I fare,

If that I care

Her to spare :

About the house she hoppeth,

And her nose oft droppeth,

When the worts she choppeth :

When that she doth brew,

I may say to you,

I am ready to spew,

The drops to see down renne,

By all Christian men,

From her nose to her knen

Fie, God's body, it maketh me to spit,

To remember how that she doth sit,

By the fire brawling,

Scratching and scrawling,

And in every place

Laying oysters apace.

She doth but lack shells :
The devil have they whit else.
At night, when to bed she goes,
And plucketh off her hose,
She knappeth me in the nose
With rip, rap,
Flip, flap,
That an ill-hap
Come to that tap,
That venteth so,
Wheresoever she go !
So much she daily drinketh,
That her breath at both ends stinketh ;
That an horse-comb and an halter
Her soon up talter !
Till I say David's psalter
That shall be at Nevermass,
Which never shall be, nor never was.
By this ten bones,
She served me once
A touch for the nonce.
I was sick and lay in my bed ;
She brought me a kerchief to wrap on my head,
And I pray God that I be dead,
If that I lie any whit,
When she was about the kerchief to knit,
Break did one of the forms' feet,
That she did stand on,
And down fell she anon,
And forth withal,
As she did fall,
She girdeth out a fart,
That me made to start :
I think her buttocks did smart :
Except it had be a mare in a cart,
I have not heard such a blast.

I cried and bid her hold fast :
 With that she, nothing aghast,
 Said to me, that no woman in this land
 Could hold fast that which was not in her hand.
 Now, sirs, in that whole pitch and fire-brand
 Of that bag so fusty,
 So stale and so musty,
 So cankered and so rusty,
 So stinking and so dusty,
 God send her as much joy,
 As my nose hath alway
 Of her unsavory spice.
 If that I be not wise,
 And stop my nose quickly,
 When she letteth go merrily.
 But let all this go. I had almost forgot
 The knave that here erewhile did jet,
 Before that Telemachus did come in.
 I will go seech him; I will not blin,
 Until that I have him :
 Then, so God save him,
 I will so beknave him,
 That I will make to rave him;
 With this sword I will shave him,
 And stripes when I have gave him,
 Better I will deprave him,
 That you shall know for a slave him.

[Then Miles cometh in saying:]

Miles. Wilt thou so indeed?
 Hie thee, make good speed !
 I am at hand here prest,
 Put away tongue-shaking
 And this foolish craking.
 Let us try for the best :
 Cowards make speech apace;
 Stripes prove the man :

Have now at thy face !

Keep off, if thou can.

[And then he must strike at him, and Thersites must run away, and leave his club and sword behind.]

Why, thou lubber, runnest thou away,
And leavest thy sword and club thee behind?
Now this is a sure card : now I may well say,
That a coward craking here I did find.

Masters, ye may see by this play in sight,
That great barking dogs do not most bite.
And oft it is seen that the best men in the host
Be not such that use to brag most.

If ye will avoid the danger of confusion, [sion :
Print my words in heart, and mark this conclu-
Such gifts of God, that ye excel in most,
Use them with soberness, and yourself never
boast ;

Seek the laud of God in all that ye do :
So shall virtue and honour come you to.
But if you give your minds to the sin of pride,
Vanish shall your virtue, your honour away
will slide,

For pride is hated of God above,
And meekness soonest obtaineth his love.
To your rulers and parents be you obedient,
Never transgressing their lawful command-
ment.

Be ye merry and joyful at board and at bed :
Imagine no traitory against your prince and
head. [king,

Love God, and fear him, and after him your
Which is as victorious as any is living. [feign,
Pray for his grace, with hearts that doth not
That long he may rule us without grief or pain.
Beseech ye also that God may save his queen,

Lovely Lady Jane, and the prince that he hath
sent them between, [felicity !
To augment their joy and the Commons'
Fare ye well, sweet audience, God grant you
all prosperity.

AMEN.

Imprinted at London, by John Tysdale and are to be
solde at hys shop in the vpper ende of Lymbard streete,
in Alhallowes Church yearde neare vntoo grace church.

A NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST

INCLUDING

CONTEMPORARY REFERENCES, BIBLIOGRAPHY,
VARIORUM READINGS, NOTES, &c., together
with a GLOSSARY OF WORDS AND PHRASES
now Archaic or Obsolete; the whole
arranged in ONE ALPHABET IN DICTIONARY
FORM

A FOREWORD TO NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST

Reference from text to Note-Book is copious, and as complete as may be; so also, conversely, from Note-Book to text. The following pages may, with almost absolute certainty, be consulted on any point that may occur in the course of reading; but more especially as regards

*Biographical and other Notes,
Contemporary References to Author and Plays,
Bibliography,
Variorum Readings,
Words and Phrases, now Obsolete or Archaic.*

The scheme of reference from Note-Book to text assumes the division, in the mind's eye, of each page into four horizontal sections; which, beginning at the top, are indicated in the Note-Book by the letters a, b, c, d following the page figure. In practice this will be found easy, and an enormous help to the eye over the usual reference to page alone in "fixing" the "catchword." Thus 126a=the first quarter of page 126; 40c=the third quarter of page 40; and so forth.

Abbreviations.

- F.E. The Four Elements.*
- C. Calisto and Melibœa.*
- E. The Summoning of Everyman.*
- H. Hickscorner.*
- W. The World and the Child.*
- T. Thersites.*



NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST TO SIX ANONYMOUS PLAYS

(1ST SERIES), VIZ. :

The Four Elements—Calisto and Melibæa—

The Summoning of Everyman—Hickscorner—

The World and the Child—Thersites.

ABY, "the whoreson shall aby" (H. 141a)—"they shall aby bitterly the coming of such a guest" (T. 204d), shall pay penalty for, expiate by suffering, suffer. "Disparage not the faith thou dost not know, Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear."—Shakspeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream* (1592), iii. 2.

ACCOINTENANCE, "I joy much of thine accointenance" (C. 73d), acquaintance. "Heo a-coynted hym anon; and bicomen frendes gode, Bothe for here prowes and for heo were of on blode."—*Robert of Gloucester*, p. 15.

ACQUAINCE, "No company of mine acquaintance" (E. 98a), acquaintance.

ADONAI, "before the High Judge Adonai" (E. 100d), the pl. of *Adoni* (Heb.)=Lord: hence one of the names of God.

ADRAD, "to enter here I am half adrad" (C. 71d), afraid, frightened. "And was adrad of Gyle."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), 558.

ADVENTURERS (F.E. 25c), the original reads *they venteres*.

AFFIANCE, "in him is all my *affiance*" (E. 99b), implicit or strong trust, in God or man. "Ah! what's more dangerous than this fond *affiance*? Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrowed."—Shakspeare, *Henry VI.* (1594), II. iii. 1.

AFTER, "I would do *after* you" (H. 154c), according to your bidding (H.): cf. mod. *after*=influenced by, in the style of: as a picture.

AGO, "I would be *ago*" (H. 141a), gone, departed. "For in swich caas wommen can have such sorwe, When that here housbond's ben from hem *ago*."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), 2824.

ALDER, "now Jesu Christ be your *alder* speed" (E. 117b), chief, older: here the meaning is "May Jesus Christ be your best, your only support or refuge."

ALE, "*ale* the helm, *ale*, veer," &c. (H. 137a)—"they must take a boat and throw the helm *ale*" (H. 153d), i.e. a-lee=to the windward.

ALE STAKE, "I know many an *ale stake*" (H. 157d), maypole, often a sign before an alehouse; hence fig. a tippler, pot-companion. "Here at this *ale-stake* I wil both drynke and byten on a cake."—Chaucer (1383), *Pard. Tale*, Prol. "Gadding to this *ale* or that."—*Ibid.*, 104. "If he be a drunken *ale-stake*, a tick-tack tauerner."—Babbington, 1583, *Works*, 166. "No *ale-stake*, tavern-hunter that sits close at it."—Trap. *Exp.* 1 *Tim.* (1656), iii. 3.

ALICANT, "Sack, raspice, *Alicant*, rumney" (F.E. 20a), a kind of wine: made near Alicant in Spain from mulberries.

ALL-TO, "he would *all-to* clout you" (H. 151b)—"and some of the knaves I will *all-to* rent" (T. 206a), completely, thoroughly: orig. *all* and *to* were distinct words, *to* being added to verbs of force and signifying complete breaking up or destruction; subsequently coalescence occurred and *all-to* seems to have acquired the value of quite, altogether, wholly, thoroughly. "The bagges and the bigirdles He hath *to-broke* hem *all*."—*Piers Plowman* (1363), i. 5073.

ALMAINE, "*Almaine* lieth this way" (F.E. 24d), i.e. Allemagne, Germany (also H. 137b).

ALMS, "it were *alms* thou were dead" (H. 67d), it would be a god-send if, &c.

ALONELY, "*alonely* tend to me" (C. 63b), alone.

AND, "a thousand pounds shall thou have *And* thou defer this matter" (E. 97a)—"But, *and* he meet with a wench" (H. 143b)—*et passim*, if: examples are numerous.

A-PLUCK, "Darest thou try masteries with me *a-pluck*?" (T. 212d), with spirit, in a plucky manner.

APPAIRETH, "all that liveth *appaireth* fast" (E. 94d), degenerates, grows worse, impaireth.

APPROBATE, "translate into English well correct and *approve*" (F.E. 4b), approved: *approve*, v. to express approval of, is still in use in America, the English usage being *approve*.

ARCH, "a noble *arch* dame" (C. 82c), chief, pre-eminent: in modern use chiefly prefixed to words of bad or odious sense. "Thies wysefooles and verye *archedoltes*."—Robinson, *More's Utopia* (1551), 39. "When I came to the Exchange, I espied . . . An *arch*-cosener."—Dodsley, *Merry Knack* (1594) [*Old Plays* (Hazlitt), vi. 528]. "*Arch*-botcher of a Psalm or Prayer."—Corbet [French], 1635. "Some *arch*-rogue . . . hath done her wrong."—May, *Satyr, Puppy* (c. 1650), 46. "Lads that are *arch* knaves at the nominative case."—Eachard, *Contempt Clergy* (1670).

AREAR, "Now virtue shall draw *arear arear*" (H. 140b), behind, backwards, in arrear. "Ne ever did her eyesight turn *arear*."—Spenser, *Virgil's Gnat*, 468.

A-ROOM, "Aware, fellows, and stand *a-room*" (H. 132b), aside, apart, abroad. "And thenne shulde the lord and the mayster of the game, and alle the hunters, stonde *aroom* al aboute the reward, and blowe the deeth."—MS. Bodl. 546.

ARRAYED, "age hath *arrayed* thee" (C. 73c)—"*arrayed* with lime" (H. 148a), adorned, invested; hence, in an opprobrious sense, spoiled, disfigured.

ASLAKE, "except my fumishness *aslake*" (T. 199a), slackens, is extinguished, abates. "Fourti days

respite thou gif me, Til that mi sorwe *aslaked* be."—*Gy of Warwike*, p. 213.

ASSAY, "Arise, fellow, will thou *assay*?" (W. 179*b*), to try one's strength, courage, skill by attack. "I will *assay* thee, so defend thyself."—Shakspeare, 1 *Henry IV.* (1598), v. 4.

ASSOIL, ASSOILED, "I promised to *assoil* thy doubt" (C. 70*a*)—"by question can you *assoil* me?" (H. 149*c*)—"till your doubt be *assoiled*" (C. 65*d*), remove, deliver, absolve. "In seeking him that should her pain *assoil*."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1596), IV. v. 30.

ASUERUS (T. 220*b*), Ahasuerus.

ATWITE, "thou dost me so *atwite*" (C. 81*b*), reproach, blame, twit. "He was wroth, ye schul here wite, For Merlin hadde him *atwite*."—*Arthur and Merlin*, p. 341.

AVANCE, AVANCED, AVANCEMENT (*passim*), advance, &c.

AVOUTRY, "*Avoutry* is suffered in every town" (H. 145*d*), adultery: O. Fr. *avouterie*.

AWARE, "*Aware, aware!* the whoreson shall aby" (H. 141*a*), beware!

AXE, "to *axe* God mercy" (H. 150*b*)—*et passim*, ask; once literary, now vulgar.

AYENST, "*Ayenst* vice that doth rebel *ayenst* him" (H. 129*a*), against.

BABLE, "they had rather wear a *bable*" (T. 199*d*), orig. *bable* (or *bauble*)=a stick loaded with lead used to beat dogs with; subsequently a wand with a head carved with asses' ears—the emblem of the office of the domestic fool.

BABYLON (H. 137*c*), Hazlitt says "Egypt," but—?

BACKSTER, "the *backster* of Baldockbury" (T. 219*d*), baker; *ster* was orig. (to end of 13th c.) the distinctive sign of the feminine gender, of which spinster is a notable survival in modern English. *Ster* was supplanted by the Norman-French *-ess*, and in some instances curious confusion arose as in *sempster*, *songster*, &c., having added to them the termination *-ess*, resulting in a double feminine inflection.

BAILY, "a *baily* me met" (H. 136a), bailiff, steward, officer of a township: still in Scots use.

BAKING-PEEL, "the backster of Baldockbury with her *baking-peel*" (T. 219d), the long-handled shovel used by bakers at the oven.

BANDOG, "the *bandog* Cerberus" (T. 198c), a dog requiring to be kept under restraint by a band or chain, a *bound-dog*.

BANKET, "prepare for you a *banket*" (F.E. 39d), banquet.

BARKING DOGS, "great *barking dogs* do not most bite" (T. 225b), in modern proverbial use, "His bark is worse than his bite."

BASS, "thus they kiss and *bass*" (C. 69c)—"to *bass* and kiss" (H. 150d), to cuddle, snuggle up to; also to give a smacking kiss: once literary. "I lye *bassing* with Besse."—More, *Works*, 557. "Thy knees *bussing* the stones."—Shakspeare, *Coriol.* (1610), iii. 2.

BAWDRY, "their (women's) *bawdry*" (C. 56a)—"a mother of *bawdry*" (C. 58d)—"I kept a fair shop of *bawdry*" (H. 139d), procuration of females, illicit sexual commerce, obscenity in word or deed.

BAY, "with their long boots they row on the *bay*" (H. 153d), i.e. haunt Shooter's Hill (*q.v.*) in search of booty.

BEADFOLKS, "this knight and I both thy *beadfolks* shall be" (C. 81c), i.e. we will in due course pray for the repose of your soul: *bedesman*=a priest or layman who prayed for the souls of the dead.

BEAN, "not worth a *bean*" (C. 82a), of no intrinsic value, little esteemed: the allusion is to the small value of a bean or the black of a bean.

BEAUTY AND GOOD PROPERTIES OF WOMEN, *see* Calisto and Melibæa.

BECK, "they could not bring me to be at their *beck*" (T. 195c), command: mod. *beck* and call.

BEDLAM (C. 59b), Bethlehem.

BEFORNE, "after his birth maiden as she was *beforne*"

(W. 191a), before. "Never man *beforne*."—Heywood, *Play of Weather* (E.E.D.S., *Works*, i. 133).

BEHIGHT, BEHETE, (a) "Now I comen, as I you *behight*" (W. 167c), inform. "She was, with storm and heat, I you *behight*" (Chaucer). (b) "Heaven bliss I you *behete*" (W. 176a), promise.

BEHINE, "and did halt *behine*" (H. 136b), behind.

BEKNAVE, "I will so *beknave* him" (T. 224c), to call one a knave. "May satire ne'er befool ye, or *beknave* ye" (Pope).

BELL, *see* Doccy.

BEREW, "and mock them all *berew*" (W. 165d), in a row (Hazlitt).

BESHREW, "I *beshrew* my father's son" (F.E. 15d)—"*beshrew* your heart" (H. 132d; 133b), to curse in a mild fashion, "The devil take you!" "*Beshrew* him for it."—Shakspeare, *Othello* (1602), iv. 2.

BESTIAL, "the life *bestial*" (F.E. 9c), animal. The word is frequently used without an evil signification: *i.e.* as pertaining to the lower animals. Thus *bestial* (=unintellectual) oblivion; the *bestial* (=mortal, earthly) part (Shakspeare), &c.

BI-DENE, "this company . . . gathered here *bi-dene*" (W. 185d), together.

BIS, "proudly appparelled in purpur and *bis*" (W. 171a), a pale blackish colour (*Ency. Dict.*): cf. *bice*, *bistre*.

BISKE (H. 137b), Biscay.

BITCHED, "No, *bitched* brothel" (W. 172c)—"that *bitched* Conscience" (W. 182a), *i.e.* *bicchid*: "the origin and precise meaning are unknown, but the sense *cursed*, *execrable*, *shrewd*, suits the context (O.E.D.).

BITTER, "the buttock of the *bitter* bought at Buckingham" (219d), bittern.

BLE, "nor a brighter of *ble*" (W. 170b), countenance, colour, complexion.

BLIN, "and of boast will I never *blin*" (W. 167b)—"the malady of this worms cause for to *blin*" (T. 219b), cease, stop, halt.

BLIND RECKONING, "here is a *blind reckoning*" (E. 109a), a reckoning of which no details are given, a lump sum.

BLOODS, "another sort of lusty *bloods* to make disport" (F.E. 39c)—"against these lusty *bloods* come in" (F.E. 40d), men of fiery character, brave but unrestrained. "The news put divers young *bloods* into such a fury" (Bacon).

BOLD, "I had not one to *bold* me" (H. 151c), encourage, render bold. "Pallas *bolds* the Greeks."—Hall, *Iliad* (1531), iv.

BOLL, "cannot you preach well in a black *boll*" (H. 149c), bowl.

BONERLY, BONNERLY, "look ye bow *bonerly* to my bidding" (W. 163b)—"all boweth to my bidding *bonnerly*" (W. 169d)—"that *bonnerly* bought you" (171d), gentle, easy: Fr. *débonnaire*.

BONES, "by these *bones*" (H. 132d; 133a), the fingers: usually *ten bones* (or *commandments*). The asseveration, a common one at the time, was a punning allusion to the Decalogue: see 2 *Henry IV.* i. 3.

BOOT, "this knight thinketh his *boot* thou may'st be" (C. 79d), help, cure, relief. "God send every man *boot* of his bale."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), 13409.

BORROW, "the contrary who telleth you, be never his *borrow*" (C. 64a)—"to *borrow* man's soul from blame" (W. 186b), pledge, surety; to protect, secure, become surety for. "Their *borrow* is God Almighty."—*Piers Plowman* (1363), 37b.

BRACHS, "on rocks or *brachs*" (H. 153c), an opening in a coast, cliff, or anything similar: *breach* is still good Scots. Also shoals.

BRAST, "His veins *brast* and bruised" (H. 128b)—"my body would they *brast*" (W. 172c), burst, break, pierce.

BREN, BRENNETH, BRENT, "to *bren* it or to dry" (F.E. 9a)—"greater is the fire that *brenneth* one soul" (C. 53c, four times)—"Behold Nero, Rome how he *brent*" (C. 53b), burn, burneth, burnt. "The

more thine herte *brenneth* in fier."—*Rom. of the Rose*.

BRIGGEN, "*briggen* irons" (T. 201*b*; 201*d*), short: *briggen*=to abridge, shorten.

BRISTOW, (H. 138*b*), Bristol.

BROMWICHAM (T. 219*c*), Birmingham, Brummagem.

BROOM, "in my chamber among the *broom*" (C. 60*c*), one of the substitutes for rushes with which rooms were anciently strewn.

BROTHEL, "go hence, thou *brothel*" (C. 78*b*)—"no bitched *brothel*" (W. 172*c*), originally a degenerate, base person, male or female; subsequently confounded with *bordel*, whence *brothel* in its only modern signification=a bawdy-house.

BUCKLER-PLAYER, "a curious *buckler-player* I am" (W. 179*b*), the buckler was a kind of shield, anciently made of wicker-work, and covered with skin or leather: several colloquialisms in connection therewith will occur—to *give* (or *yield*) *the bucklers*=to yield; *to lay down the bucklers*=to cease to contend; *to take up the bucklers*=to contend.

BURGOINE (H. 137*b*), Burgoyne; i.e. Burgundy.

BURPOST, *see* Taw.

BUSIRIS (T. 206*b*), an error; possibly, Hazlitt thinks, intentional: it should, of course, have been Diomedes. *See* Robin John.

CALAIS, "yet had I lieber be captain of *Calais*" (H. 150*c*)—"I am a poor soldier come of late from *Calais*" (T. 209*a*), Henry VIII.'s war with France commenced in 1509 and ended in 1546. *Calais* was finally lost to the English in Queen Mary's reign in 1557: *see* Hickscorner.

CALISTO AND MELIBÆA.—This title was adopted by Hazlitt for "the New Comedy . . . showing the Beauty and Good Properties of Women" when for the first time it was reprinted in his edition of *Dodsley's Old Plays* in 1874. The only known copy of the original, printed (says Halliwell) about 1530, is in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian Library,

from which the facsimile title-page (p. 47), device (p. 61), and ornament (p. 75) which accompany the present text (pp. 47-48) have been prepared. *Calistus*, a tragi-comedy, is mentioned by Gosson in *A Second and Third Blast of Retrait from Plaies and Theatres* (1580), "wherein the baudress Scelestina inflamed the maiden Melibea with her sorceries," which exactly describes the present piece. Little has hitherto been known or ascertained concerning the play, for, as I think and believe, somewhat obvious reasons. Suffice it simply to say here and now that there are good and solid grounds for concluding that the play must, in future, rightly be ascribed to John Heywood; or, if not to the Father of English Comedy, to an extraordinarily servile plagiarist; unless, indeed, it is the work of "some other playwright of the day for whom a strong claim might be put forward to the authorship of 'other anonymous plays' usually attributed to Heywood." It does, I believe, supply what Mr. A. W. Pollard desiderates in his able Critical Essay, namely, a link between *The Pardoner and the Frere* and *Johan Johan*, and Heywood's argumentative interludes. At all events style, tricks of diction, phraseology, repetitions, "humour of filth," are, with other evidence, the same in *Calisto and Melibæa* as in Heywood's undoubted productions. Moreover, the same printer issued *Calisto*, about the same time as Heywood's plays were being printed; and—well, much more to the same purpose! What I have now said, however, is merely meant to justify my dealing with the question as a whole in the Terminal Essay which will conclude my edition of the *Complete Works of John Heywood* (E.E.D.S., 3 vols.). Although I have much evidence to my hand, there are traces of additional testimony. *Variorum Readings*—*Repent* me (50c), orig. reads *report* me; *thou art without pity* (52c), *the art*, &c.; the love of *Poppæa* (53b), orig. reads *tapaya*; that *keepeth* (54b), in orig. *keepeth* is erroneously repeated; *time long* (64b), the words in brackets have been cut out in original; *dare well say* (64b), in orig. *see*; *For faithfulness* (65d), orig. reads *Or*; *light care ich not* (68b), orig. has *karych*; *When they that may heal* (77c), in orig. *Then*: Hazlitt suggests *Then when*.

Antell

CAM, "Shem, *Cam*, and Japhet" (T. 220a), Ham.

CAN, "though he be ignorant and *can* little skill" (F.E. 3c)—"we be clerks all and *can* our neck-verse" (H. 135d), know, possess, able. "She *could* the Bible in the holy tongue."—Jonson, *Magnetic Lady* (1632), i. 1.

CAPE, "at *Cape*" (137c), i.e. the Cape of Good Hope.

CAPRIC (F.E. 20a), ? Capri, an island near Naples.

CARDERS, "jolly *carders*" (H. 130b), card players.

CASE, "I put *case*" (C. 57c), elliptical: I state a *case* for argument or attention: this form of construction was one peculiarity of Heywood's style.

CAT, "let the *cat* wink" (W. 182c), the full proverb is "Let the *cat* wink and let the mouse run": it occurs in Heywood's *Proverbs* (E.E.D.S., *Works*, II.).

CATCHPOLE, "a knave *catchpole*" (H. 134a), bailiff. "*Catchpoll*, though now it be used as a word of contempt, yet, in ancient times, it seems to have been used without reproach, for such as we now call serjeants of the mace, or any other that uses to arrest men upon any cause."—*Cowel*.

CHAWBONE, "the *chawbone* of the ox" (T. 219c), jawbone: *chaw*=the under-jaw: cf. verb=to chew roughly.

CHEAP, CHEAPING, "ye shall have good *cheap*" (H. 153a)—"in church and in *cheaping*" (W. 178c), purchase, bargain; market, buying: cf. Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, an ancient market town, i.e. Cheaping Norton, Market Norton.

CHERRY PIT, "I can play at *cherry pit*" (W. 166b), a boys' game which is still played: cherry stones are pitched from a baulk into a small hole.

CLARY, "ipocras, new made *clary*" (F.E. 20a), clary-water is a compound of brandy, sugar, clary-flowers, and cinnamon, with a little ambergris: it is of value for its cardiac qualities.

CLEAN, "I shall turn his mind *clean*" (F.E. 38a)—"*clean* out of my mind" (F.E. 38b)—"they forgot

clean " (E. 94b), completely, thoroughly. "He was *clene* out of him selfe away."—Gower i. 207.

CLEPE, "*clepe* thee Wanton" (W. 165b), call, name. "She . . . *cleped* it Ysaac."—*Genesis and Exodus*, 1197.

CLERK, "not so well declared as a great *clerk* could do" (F.E. 3c), orig. a cleric, specially a secular priest. Subsequently (the sense here) a scholar, an educated or learned person.

COCKNEYS, "and *cockneys* are nice" (T. 202c), an effeminate, coxcomb. "I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a *cockney*."—Shakspeare, *Twelfth Night* (1602), iv. 1.

COCK'S BODY, BONES, DEATH, HEART, PASSION, &c. (H. *passim*), God's body, &c.; euphemistic.

COMELY, "can countenance *comely*" (F.E. 42c), a very old MS. note here says, "Sensual Appetite must syng thys song, and his company must answer hym lykewyse" (Hazlitt).

COMEN, "one and twenty winter is *comen* and gone" (W. 167c), come.

COMMIXTION, "the generation and corruption of things made of the *commixtion* of them" (F.E. List of Players), mixture.

COMMUNICATION, "we have . . . had good *communication*" (F.E. 29b), intercourse, dealing, commerce.

COMNANT, "Now let us drink at this *comnant*" (W. 182c), covenant, agreement; i.e. seal the compact by drinking together: see *Torrent of Portugal*, 35.

CONCERTATION, "thou shalt have *concertation*" (T. 207c), contest.

CONSTANTINE (H. 137c), Constantinople.

CONVEY, "the whoresons could not *convey* clean" (H. 135c), steal. The classical illustration is of course that of the "polite" English of Shakspeare, nearly a century later (*Merry Wives*, i. 3).

COSTARD, "I will rap you on the *costard*" (H. 141c), the head. "Take him over the *costard* with the

- hilts of thy sword."—Shakspeare, *Richard III.* (1597), i. 4.
- COTSOLD, "have at the lions on *Cots'old*" (T. 199d), *Cotswold* lion=a sheep.
- COUCH-QUAIL, "to play *couch-quail*" (T. 195d), to fight as pugnaciously as does a quail.
- COVETISE, "the king of *covetise*" (W. 171c)—"sloth, *covetise*, gluttony" (W. 176d), covetousness: the form is everywhere met with in M.E.
- CRAKE, "I do but *crake*" (T. 207c)—"I thought I had *craked* but too timely here" (T. 208d)—"put away . . . this foolish *craking*" (T. 224d), speak, boast, bluster, and (mod.) "crack." "How so ye *crake*."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1596).
- CRAMP, "I have the *cramp* in my toe" (E. 104b), a jocular refusal: cf. *bone in the throat*, or *arm*.
- CREATURE, "thanked be God my *Creature*" (E. 109d), Creator.
- CREEP, "kind will *creep* where it may not go" (E. 103a), see Heywood, *Proverbs* (E.E.D.S., *Works*, II.).
- CRUELLY, "*cruelly* outsearch both great and small" (E. 95c), apparently an early forecast of the modern colloquial usage of *cruel*=thorough, excessive, extreme: the colloquialism was to become common in the 17th century.
- CRY, "Let us make a *cry*" (H. 136d), clamour, outcry. "*Crye* or grete noyse among the peple."—*Prompt. Parv.* s.v. Tumultus.
- CUCKOLD, "that cuckold, thy father" (H. 140c)—"he japed my wife and made me *cuckold*" (H. 143c), a man whose wife is untrue to his bed; to have commerce with another man's wife: where the husband is complaisant he is a *wittol*. Hence,
- CUCKOLDSHIRE (T. 219a), cuckoldom.
- CUCKOO, "a *cuckoo* for Conscience" (W. 181d), *cuckoo* as a term of reproach or contempt is used by Shakspeare of an individual, "Ye *cuckoo*; . . . afoot he will not budge a foot" (1 *Henry IV.* ii. 4).
- CUMNOR, "that killed a cat at *Cumnor*" (T. 217c), there is a *Cumnor* in Kent, over against Strood.

CUNNING, "works of *cunning*" (F.E. 3*d*)—"if *cunning* Latin books were translate" (F.E. 4*a*)—*et passim*, knowledge, learning, skill; as *adj.* learned: see E.E.D.S. Heywood, Vol. I., Note-Book.

DANGER, "out of his *danger*" (C. 50*b*), *i.e.* free of danger of molestation.

DARES, "*Dares* of whom Virgil doth write" (T. 209*c*), see Virgil, *Æneid*, Lib. v. 426.

DARLING, "these to Christ are *darlings* dear" (W. 189*d*), one dearly beloved: now only applied to mundane love and affairs. "Dauid, Godes owune *deorling*."—*Ancren Riwe*.

DASTERS, "I shall make the *dasters*" (T. 195*d*), dastards.

DAUBING, "there is craft in *daubing*" (H. 135*c*), proverbial, but it is not in Heywood.

DAW, "men count him but a *daw*" (F.E. 4*d*), a fool. "Good faith, I am no wiser than a *daw*."—Shakspeare, 1 *Henry VI.* (1592), ii. 4.

DEJECT, "like traitors *deject*" (E. 95*a*), dejected. "Of ladies most *deject* and wretched."—Shakspeare, *Hamlet* (1596), iii. 1.

DELAYED, "his anger is *delayed*" (C. 77*b*), moderated, softened, checked.

DEPART, "let us *depart*" (T. 203*b*), here=go apart, separate.

DERE, "may no dint me *dere*" (W. 171*b*), hurt, injure, damage, harm.

DESCRIVETH, "I have here *descriveth*" (F.E. 28*c*), describe, explain. "We may judge and *descryve* . . . one synne from another."—Fisher, *Psalm xxxix*.

DEVIL WAY, "go hence, in the *devil way*" (C. 78*c*), in the devil's name: hence *twenty devil way*=in the name of twenty devils.

DICTS, "according to their *dicts* rehearsed as thus" (C. 49*c*), sayings: Lat. *dictum*.

DIMMINGS DALE (T. 220*d*), Dimsdale, which name is borne by two places, one in Durham, the other in Yorkshire (Hazlitt).

- DINT, "there may no *dint* me dere" (W. 171b), blow, stroke, calamity. "At a *dint* he slow them thre."—*Havelock*, 1807.
- DISEASE, "nothing may do me greater *disease*" (C. 82a), trouble more, cause sorrow: *disease* orig. was far more general than now in meaning.
- DISGUIISING, "if ye list, ye may bring in a *Disguising*" (F.E. Names of Players a), a kind of mumming, entr'acte, ballet, song—any sort of dramatic representation for an interval or the like.
- Do, "I will tell you what I have *do*" (H. 133d), done.
- DOCCY, "There shall no man play *doccy* there" (H. 156a), *doxy* generally=a loose woman, but the word, like brothel (*q.v.*), was also used of men: hence to *play doxy*=to whore. Or, the reading may mean, to play with a doxy; *play*=to wanton. "He called me pandar and *doxy*."—Chapman, *May-Day* (1611), iv.
- DOCK, "worms . . . to come forth at thy *dock*" (T. 220a), tail, fundament, anus.
- DOLE, "thou bringest me in great *dole*" (C. 79a), grief, sorrow, dolour. "Grete *dole* it is to sene."—Chaucer, *Court of Love*, 1098.
- DOLENT, "is this the *dolent* for whom thou makest petition?" (C. 77a), patient, sufferer, invalid.
- DOTYPOLL (Dr.), "Master *Doctor Dotypoll*" (H. 149c), cf. Mr. Fool.
- DRAFF, "a dish of *draff*" (F.E. 21b), refuse: properly malt-refuse, lees, dregs. "Swine eat all the *draff*."—Shakspeare, *Merry Wives* (1596), iv. 2.
- DRESS, "now to Calisto I will me *dress*" (C. 82b), betake or turn oneself. "To Griseldes agayn wol I me *dresse*."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), 8882.
- DRINK, "I love best *drink*" (F.E. 29d), see *Merie Tales of Skelton*, No. 4, Old English Jest-Books (1864), vol. ii.
- DURE, "in the world thou shalt *dure*, then" (F.E. 45b), endure.

EFFECTUOUSLY, "all folk desire *effectuously*" (C. 72c), effectually, completely.

EFTSONES, "which things *eftsones* when they be corrupted" (F.E. 78c), soon after, quickly, shortly.

EKE, "your works and deeds *eke*" (E. 108d), also, likewise. "*Eke* here see ye may."—Heywood, *Pard. and Friar* (E.E.D.S., *Works*, I. 7a).

ELDETH, "my son, what *eldeth* thee?" (T. 211c), hindereth, troubleth.

EMBALMING, "their embalming" (C. 56a), in modern phrase "making-up"—the use of crafts to arrest decay, or the appearance thereof. "Enamelling or tincturing the face to produce artificial beauty" (Hazlitt).

ENDARKETH, "her skin of darkness *endarketh* the snow" (C. 57b), darkens, makes less white.

ENNEWED, "with rose-colour *ennewed*" (C. 57b), renewed: here (see previous entry) the meaning is that Melibæa's skin, whiter than the snow, is suffused by a rosy flesh-tint.

ENSAMPLE, "*ensample* may be" (C. 66b), example, pattern, model.

ENTELLUS, *see* Dares.

ENVIRON, "the world *environ*" (F.E. 3b), about. "About the kyng stonden *enviroun*."—Chaucer, *Court of Love*, 1631.

ERRAGON (137b), Arragon.

ETERNE, "eterne of power most potential" (F.E. 7d), everlasting: it occurs twice in Shakspeare (*see Macbeth*, ii. 2, *apud* Malone, xi. 154).

EUPHORBIVM, "a pennyworth of *euphorbium*" (H. 148c), an acrid, poisonous, inflammable, green resin, a product of *Euphorbia officinarum* and *E. antiquorum*, African plants; gathered in leather bags; in India mixed with seeds of *Sesamum orientale*, and used externally in rheumatism, and internally in cases of obstinate constipation.

EVERYCHONE (*passim*), everyone.

EVERYMAN (THE SUMMONING OF). The Text of this

moral play will be found on pages 93-122. Also *facsimiles of the title-page* (p. 89), and *woodcuts of characters* in the play (p. 91), which, in original, are *verso* of title-page: these latter are "stock"-blocks to be found everywhere in common use in books of the time. The piece was several times printed; at least twice by Richard Pynson before 1531, and twice by Skot before 1537. The *copies extant* are (1) a very imperfect example of Pynson's first edition in the British Museum; and (2) some fragments of the second Pynson edition, formerly belonging to Douce, are in the Bodleian Library; (3) copies of Skot's first impression are in the Salisbury Cathedral Library and in the Huth Library; (4) a copy of the last Skot edition was formerly in the Library of the Church of Lincoln, which (says Hazlitt) was sold with others to Dibdin for 500 guineas, and at the Jolley sale, in 1844, it fetched £32: this is the copy advertised in the *Lincoln Nosegay* in 1814. *Everyman* has been *reprinted* in Hawkins' *English Drama* (1773), and in Hazlitt's edition of *Dodsley's Old Plays* (1874). The version now given is that of Hazlitt, who says that in its preparation "the two impressions by Pynson, unknown to Hawkins, and one of those issued by Skot about 1530, have been collated. Hawkins was not aware that Skot printed the piece more than once. The imperfect copy by Pynson, in the British Museum, restores not only words, but portions of lines dropped in Skot's two issues, and has been of the greatest value on this occasion. But, on the other hand, both Pynson's editions, so far as they respectively go, exhibit misreadings, which are set right in Skot's." The facsimiles are from the Skot editions, neither of the Pynson copies having the title: presumably, however, the illustrations appeared in all impressions. The play itself (Hawkins) was designed "to inculcate great reverence for old mother Church, and her Popish superstitions": its subject was (Dr. Percy) "the summoning of man out of the world by death; and its moral, that nothing will then avail him but a well-spent life and the comforts of religion. This subject and moral are opened in a monologue spoken by the Messenger (for that was the name generally given . . . to the prologue . . .). Then God is represented, who, after some general

complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for Death, and orders him to bring before his tribunal Everyman, for so is called the personage who represents the human race. Everyman appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When Death is withdrawn, Everyman applies for relief in this distress to Fellowship, Kindred, Goods or Riches, but they successively renounce and forsake him. In this disconsolate state he betakes himself to Good Deeds, who, after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her, introduces him to her sister Knowledge, and she leads him to . . . Confession, who appoints him penance; this he inflicts upon himself on the stage, and then withdraws to receive the sacraments of the priest. On his return he begins to wax faint; and, after Strength, Beauty, Discretion, and Five Wits have all taken their final leave of him, gradually expires on the stage; Good Deeds still accompanying him to the last. Then an angel descends to sing his *requiem*; and the epilogue is spoken by a person called Doctor, who recapitulates the whole, and delivers the moral. *Everyman* is a grave, solemn piece, not without some rude attempts to excite terror and pity, and therefore may not improperly be referred to the class of tragedy. It is remarkable that in this old simple drama the fable is conducted upon the strictest model of the Greek tragedy. The action is simply one, the time of action is that of the performance, the scene is never changed, nor the stage ever empty. Everyman, the hero of the piece, after his first appearance, never withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the sacrament, which could not well be exhibited in public; and during this, Knowledge descants on the excellence and power of the priesthood, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus. And, indeed, except in the circumstance of Everyman's expiring on the stage, the 'Samson Agonistes' of Milton is hardly formed on a severer plan." Dr. Percy's estimate is endorsed by Prof. Gayley in *Representative English Comedies*—"a tragedy to be sure, but one of the most perfect allegories ever formed." *Variorum Readings—Wonders* precious (93c), *wonderous* in Skot's Lincoln copy; *have ado that* (96d), *have I do we* in Skot's Lincoln copy used by Hawkins; *Lo, Fellowship*

forsaketh me, &c. (102c), the British Museum copy by Pynson commences here and is complete to the end; I *will* deceive you (104b), Skot's Lincoln copy, according to Hawkins, reads *will not*; that journey *with* you (108c), Hawkins printed *what*, presumably the reading of the Skot Lincoln edition; *voider* of adversity (110d), Hawkins printed *voice voider*; from *purgatory that sharp fire* (112c), Skot's Lincoln edition reads *from hell and from the fire*; *And I strength* (114d), this portion has been collated (Hazlitt) with the Douce fragment printed by Pynson, as well as with the other impression by Pynson in the British Museum; *He ministers* (116c), other editions read *Those*

EXTROMERS, "this great cunning *extromers*, That tell how far it is to the stars" (F.E. 36c), *qy.* astronomers.

EYE, "at *eye*" (F.E. 6d), in sight, view. "In *eye* of every exercise."—Shakspeare, *Two Gent.* (1595), i. 3.

EYEN, "in mine *eyen*" (H. 136d), eyes: an old pl. inflexion, as in oxen, brethren, sistren, housen, &c.

FABLE, "the things that she hath with folks for to *fable*" (C. 64c)—*et passim*, talk, converse: spec. in a gossipy, irresponsible, or untruthful fashion; to romance, tarradiddle.

FAIN, "to make him glad and *fain*" (C. 82b), well-pleased, delighted. "My lips will be *fain* when I sing unto thee."—*Psalms* lxxi. 21 (Prayer Book).

FALL, "Some take a *fall* that maketh their neck lame" (H. 135a), *i.e.* the fall of the drop in hanging.

FAVELL, "there was falsehood, *favell*, and jollity" (H. 139a), flattery, cajolery. "False and *Favel*, and hire feeres manye."—*Piers Plowman*, 889.

FAY, "by my *fay*" (E. 102b)—"in good *fay*" (W. 179c), faith.

FEAT, "her mouth proper and *feat*" (C. 57b), properly neat, trim: here = well-shaped, "kissable." "My garments sit upon me much *feater* than before."—Shakspeare, *Tempest* (1609), ii. 1.

FELL, "as soon goeth to market the lamb's *fell* as the sheep's" (C. 73b), skin, hide.

FERE, "Freewill mine own *fere*" (H. 156b), comrade, companion.

FET, "I will go *fet* hither" (F.E. 39b)—*et passim*, fetch, carry, bring. "I shal the *fete* bred and cheese."—*Havelock*, 642.

FIFTEEN, "the least thought they have of *fifteen*" (H. 131c), apparently chosen to rhyme with "clean": cf. "the least care I have of nine" (Heywood, *John, Tib, &c.*, E.E.D.S., *Works*, I. 78b), where "nine" rhymes with "doctrine."

FIT, "I can whistle you a *fit*" (W. 166b), bar, stave, part of a song. "I long for such a *fit*."—Heywood, *Weather* (E.E.D.S., *Works*, I. 122a).

FIVE WELLS OF PITY, *see* Wells.

FIVE WITS, "your *Five Wits* for your counsellors," &c. (E. 14a and b), five senses. Percy (quoted by Hazlitt in the Notes to *Dodsley's Old Plays*) in connection with this passage says: "These are frequently exhibited as five distinct personages upon the Spanish stage—see Riccoboni, p. 98—but our moralist has represented them all by one character: in Shakspeare's *King Lear* the madman says, "Bless thy *Five Wits*!" meaning the Five Senses.

FLESH-COMPANY, "without touching of man's *flesh-company*" (W. 190d), a curious euphemism = woman.

FODE, FODES, "a *fode* that were fair and free" (W. 167b), here = woman, mistress; but it is frequently met with in the simple sense of a companion, male or female—man, woman, girl or boy. In pl. = folk, people: *e.g.* "over all *fodes* I am king" (W. 163b).

FONG, "I will never from it *fong*" (W. 175d), to take, take hold of: here used in the sense of "depart" (Hazlitt).

FOOL, "little young *fool*" (C. 66d)—"Come hither, thou little *fool*" (C. 67c), in both cases an endearment.

FOOLS, "fair words maketh *fools* fain" (E. 105a), that is glad, well-pleased: Heywood includes it in his *Proverbs*.

FOOT, "I know on which *foot* thou dost halt on" (C. 54a), where the shoe pinches.

FORBODE, "or else, gods *forbode*" (C. 63*d*), forbid: see Heywood, *Play of Love* (E.E.D.S., *Works*, I. 164*c*).

FORDOTH, "so sore *fortho* long" (C. 63*d*), destroyeth, undoeth, ruineth. "I se no more, but that I am *fortho*."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), II, 866.

FORLORE, "man for ever should have been *forlore*" (H. 127*d*), forlorn, forsaken, utterly lost.

FOUND, "forty weeks my mother me *found*" (W. 164*b*), nourished, provided for me: i.e. during gestation; the usage still obtains, to *find* a person = to supply, furnish, board, &c. "The war will *find* itself."—Bacon, *War with Spain*.

FOUR ELEMENTS (THE NATURE OF THE). The only known copy of the original is in the Garrick collection in the British Museum, but this is very imperfect, eight leaves being missing in the middle, the conclusion also being lost. It was reprinted for the Percy Society, edited by Mr. J. O. Halliwell in 1848, and was included in Hazlitt's edition of *Dodsley's Old Plays* (1876). It is hardly possible to add to what the first editor of the play has already said so well concerning this curious production: "One of the earliest moral plays in the English language known to exist . . . it possesses an interest, beyond its connection with the history of the stage, as being the only dramatic piece extant in which science is attempted to be made popular through the medium of theatrical representation. Only one copy . . . is known to exist . . . unfortunately imperfect . . . a sheet in the middle and concluding leaves being lost. . . . An allusion to the discovery of the West Indies and America 'within this twenty year' [pp. 25*a*–27*d*] would appear to ascertain the date of the composition of the play; but I suspect from internal evidence, the form and manner of its dialogue, that it was not written so early as some authors have supposed [see *infra*], Dr. Dibdin assigning 1510 as the period of its appearance. The same writer considers it to be a production of Rastall's press; and it has been stated on somewhat doubtful authority that the printer was also the author. . . . [Its] value . . . must be allowed to consist in the curious illustration it affords of the phraseology and popular scientific knowledge of

the day " (Halliwell, *Interlude of the Four Elements*; London, Percy Soc., 1848). Reverting to the question of date, Halliwell observes that the silence concerning the new theories of Copernicus (whose work appeared in 1543) can "scarcely be considered an argument one way or the other in the question that has been raised respecting the date of the interlude. Even Recorde, in 1556, who appears to have been one of the earliest Copernicans in this country, dared only to allude to it, and thus prefaces his observations on the subject:—'But as for the quietnes of the earth, I neede not to spende anye tyme in prooving of it, syth that opinion is so firmelye fixed in moste mennes headdes, that they accompt it mere madnes to bring the question in doubt; and therefore it is as muche follye to travaile to prove that which no man denieth, as it were with great study to diswade that thinge which no man doth covette, nother anye manne alloweth; or to blame that which no manne praiseth, nother anye manne lyketh.'—*Castile of Knowledge*, 1556. There is no scientific advance in the play on what we find in the very curious poem of the time of Edward I., printed in Wright's *Popular Treatises on Science*, 8vo, 1841."

FRAME, "at Tyburn there standeth the great frame" (H. 135a), the gallows.

FRANK, "Of gold then I should have many a *frank*" (H. 153c), two coins known by this name were formerly current in France: the one of gold worth about half a guinea, the other of silver and worth about 3s. 6d.; the modern French franc is worth about 9½d.

FRAY, "then was I in a *fray*" (H. 136a), state of fear, alarm, anxiety. "Whenne Jacob was moost in *fray* God him comfortide."—*Cursor Mundi*, 4775.

FRERE, "Who . . . ? a *frere*" (H. 132d), friar, probably one of the four mendicant orders for men.

FRIAR TUCK, "as tall a man as *Friar Tuck*" (J. 210c), valiant as the friar of Robin Hood fame: see Tall.

FRISKAS, "with *friskas* and gambawds" (F.E. 39c), properly *frisk*=a frolic, gambol, fit of wanton gaiety.

FRO (*passim*), from.

FUME, FUMISHNESS, "now my *fume* is past" (T. 210d)
—"except my *fumishness* . . . may aslake" (T. 199a),
hot temper, passion, angry mood, desire to fight.

GAMBAWDS, "with friskas and *gambawds*" (F.E. 39c),
gambol, frolic.

GAME, "thou art young enough the *game* to begin"
(C. 67a)—"gotten in *game* and in great sin" (W.
164b)—"my mother in her *game*" (W. 164d), the
practice of the sexes, venery. "Spoils of oppor-
tunity, daughters of the *game*."—Shakspeare,
Troilus (1602), iv. 5.

GANGLING, "by *gangling* of your chains" (H. 153b),
jangling.

GASCOINE (H. 137b), Gascony.

GASCON, "Spanish wine and *Gascon*" (F.E. 20a), wine
of Gascony, a duchy in S.W. France.

GAWAIN, "*Gawain* the courteous" (T. 200a), one of
the Knights of the Round Table: for summary of
Arthurian romance and a most exhaustive biblio-
graphy see *Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance,*
and Folk-lore, No. 4, Nutt, 1899.

GAY, "wives set in pride to go *gay*" (H. 145d)—
"courtiers go *gay*" (H. 146a), wanton, loose, dis-
sipated.

GENE (H. 137c), Genoa.

GHOSTLY, "of *ghostly* sight" (E. 94a)—"to my
ghostly father I will go" (E. 116a), spiritual, not
carnal or secular.

GLASSING, "her *gay glassing* eyes" (C. 57a), shining,
bright.

GLISLY, "I groan *glisly* on the ground" (W. 187c),
writhing: Fr. *glisser*=to glide.

GOD'S BODY, NAILS, &c. (*passim*), God's body, &c.:
euphemistic; see Cock's.

GOD'S FAST AT SALISBURY (H. 150d), the Lenten fast
terminating on Easter-Sunday, called in many places
God's Sunday.

GONE, "He asked whither . . . I would *gone*" (H.
136a), go, be gone.

- GOOD, "Men marry for *good*, and that is damnable" (H. 130*d*)—"if that my *good* now help me might" (E. 105*b*), property, money, riches: *i.e.* *goods*.
- GOODLY-GILT, "There be many *goodly-gilt* knaves" (H. 145*d*), well-to-do, rich: *gilt*=money—cf. "the *gilt* of France" (Shakspeare, *Henry V.* ii.).
- GOT, "I had never be *got*" (E. 99*a*), begotten, conceived.
- GOVERNANCE, "gave him to their *governance*" (C. 55*b*), rule, management, control.
- GRAMERCY, "now *gramercy*, my gentle brother" (F.E. 30*d*; W. 169*a*, thrice)—"*Gramercy*, Mulciber" (T. 203*a*), an expression of thanks mingled with surprise: Fr. *grand merci*.
- GREASE, "with an ointment the judge's hand I can *grease*" (H. 135*d*), bribe, corrupt by presents. "*Grease* them well in their hands."—Whetstone, *Promoss and Cass.* (1578), ii. 3.
- GREAT OCEAN (F.E. 25*a*), the Atlantic: at that time thought to extend westward to India.
- GREEK (F.E. 20*a*), wine of that country.
- GRISLY, "no knight so *grisly* that I dread nor doubt" (W. 171*b*), terrible, grim. "The *grisly* legions."—Milton, *Comus* (1634), 603.
- GROMALY-SEED, "grind will *gromaly-seed*" (T. 217*d*), groomwell-seed: anciently used as a cure for gravel.
- GROOM, "beaten also many a *groom* to ground" (W. 170*d*), young man, lad. "Ich am nou no *grom* ich am wel waxen."—*Havelock*, 790.
- GROWEN, "it be *growen* to an impossible" (H. 131*c*), grown.
- GRUTCH, "no labour nor diligence in me shall *grutch*" (C. 58*a*), grudge.
- GUILERS, "overthwart *guilers*" (H. 139*b*), deceivers.
- GUISE, "this is my *guise*" (E. 107*b*), manner, custom, wont, practice.
- GUNSTONE, "nother *gunstone* nor sharp spear" (T. 107*d*), a shot for a cannon (*see* Bombard in Heywood, *Works* [E.E.D.S.], I. 223); round stones were

originally used for the purpose. "Turned his balls to *gunstones*."—Shakspeare, *Henry V.* (1599), i. 2.

GYVES, GYVED, "I sat *gyved* in a pair of stocks" (H. 133c)—"I will go fetch a pair of *gyves*" (H. 142d), fetters, shackles; spec. leg-irons: hence *gyved*=fettered, shackled.

HABERGEON, "*Habergeon*, helm, ne yet no Jeltron" (H. 128d), in old armour a short coat or garment worn over the quilted gambeson or haqueton and under the jupon: it was composed either of plate or chain-mail, without sleeves: its purpose was to protect the neck and breast.

HACKNEY, "This is, said he, my brother's *hackney*" (H. 136b), *hack*, a horse kept for riding or driving. "His *hakenay* which that was a pomele gris."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), 16027.

HADDOCK, "as witty as a *haddock*" (H. 153b), downright foolish; a proverbial simile: Heywood has "not worth a *haddock*."

HALP, "he *halp* you out" (H. 158a), helped.

HAND, "to conscience I held up my *hand*" (W. 187a), "a symbol of submission or agreement" (Hazlitt).

HANKIN BOBY (T. 214d), an old English dance.

HARLOT, "thou *harlot* [to a man], whither in haste?" (W. 172c), applied originally to both sexes as were other vituperatives feminine in form: cf. brothel. *Harlot* indeed was used more frequently of men than of women, and in the first instance=a lad, fellow, person. Here, however, it is clearly, from the context, a reproach: Fox employed it to signify a heretic: it was indeed a generic term of abuse.

HARNESS, "brigand *harness*" (W. 170d), armour, the accoutrements of a soldier or knight. "A certain man . . . smote the king of Israel between the joints of the *harness*."—*Bible*, Auth. Vers. (1611), 1 Kings xxii. 34.

HAVE, "*have*, here it is, gird it to thy side" (T. 203a), i.e. take it: elliptical.

HAVE AT, "have now at thy face" (T. 225a), to attempt to strike or hit. "*Have at thee with a downright blow.*"—Shakspeare, 2 *Henry VI.* (1594), ii. 3.

HAVEN OF HEMP, "ride in the *haven of hemp*" (H. 154a), the hangman's noose.

HAYS, "in broken *hays*" (T. 200d), hedges: Fr. *haie*: still good Norfolkese, but (says Halliwell) growing obsolete.

HEADIBUS, "my club light on thy *headibus*" (T. 200a), head: a very early if not the earliest example of fine Latin.

HEARTS, see *Hose*.

HELE, "will you wear it for your *hele*?" (E. 113c), health, welfare. "*Your soul's heal.*"—Heywood, *Pardoner and Friar* (E.E.D.S., *Works*, I. 3c).

HEND, "I am dubbed a knight *hend*" (W. 169b), civil, courteous "So loved she this *hendy* Nicholas."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), 3386.

HERE-BEFORE, "I have found you true *here-before*" (E. 100b), before this; mod. heretofore.

HESTS, "will you God's *hests* fulfil?" (H. 158d), behests.

HICKSCORNER. The *Text* is given on pp. 123–160. *Editions*, (1) printed by Wynkyn de Worde; a copy is in the Garrick Collection in British Museum: a reduced facsimile of the title-page of this copy and of the woodcut representations of the six players in the drama which appear on the back of the title-page are on pp. 123 and 125; the printer's device on the last page of the original is given on page 160. (2) Printed by John Waley, c. 1550: a copy is in the Bodleian, which, Hazlitt says, was the property of John Awdeley in and before January, 1581–2, when he transferred it to John Charlwood. (3) According to Halliwell an edition was printed by Awdeley, but no copy is known to exist, De Worde's (No. 1) and Waley's (No. 2) being the only editions extant. (4) *Hickscorner* was reprinted in Hawkins' *English Dramas* (1773). (5) Included in Hazlitt's edition of *Dodsley's Old Plays* (1874): Dr. Percy in *Relics of Ancient English Poetry* (i. 130) analyses the play, and while of opinion that the plot is irregular, yet holds that

Hickscorner bears no distant resemblance to comedy. "The prologue is spoken by Pity, represented under the character of an aged pilgrim; he is joined by Contemplation and Perseverance, two holy men who, after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. Pity then is left upon the stage, and presently found by Freewill, representing a lewd debauchee who, with his dissolute companion, Imagination, relate their manner of life, and . . . describe the stews and other places of base resort. They are presently joined by Hickscorner, who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and agreeably to his name scoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely vicious, who glory in every act of wickedness. At length two of them quarrel, and Pity endeavours to part the fray; on this they fall upon him, and put him into the stocks, and then leave him. Pity then descants in a kind of lyric measure on the profligacy of the age, and in this situation is found by Perseverance and Contemplation, who set him at liberty, and advise him to go in search of the delinquents. As soon as he is gone, Freewill appears again, and after relating in a very comic manner some of his rogueries and escapes from justice, is rebuked by the two holy men who, after a long altercation, at length convert him and his libertine companion, Imagination, from their vicious course of life, and then the play ends with a few verses from Perseverance, by way of epilogue. Bating the moral and religious reflections of Pity, &c., the piece is of a comic cast, and contains a humorous display of some of the vices of the age."

"Apparently *Hickscorner* was written between 1497 and 1512: these limits being fixed, the first by the allusion to Newfoundland [p. 137c], and the last by the mention of the ship *Regent* [p. 138a], which was destroyed by the French in 1512." So far Prof. Gayley: but the allusion to Calais (150c), "What . . . will ye have me now a fool? . . . yet had I liever be captain of Calais," seems also to fix the "*whenabouts*" of the play, inasmuch as the commencement of war with France by Henry VIII. in 1509 would naturally revive public interest in, and allusions to, Calais which since 1450 had been the only English holding in France. *Variorum Readings*

—I will *aid* you (139a), orig. reads *said*; *Well-a-way*, sir (144b), orig. reads *away*; *while* gentle men (145d), orig. reads *with*.

HIGHT, HYGHT, "what *hight* she?" (C. 52b)—"Discretion and Strength they *hyght*" (E. 114a), is called, are called.

HING, "on a cross did *hing*" (W. 191a), hang.

HOLLEN, "he cut him down a *hollen* club" (F.E. 44b), the common holly.

HOLP (*passim*), helped.

HOLT, "in *holt*, heath, and in wilderness" (H. 128c), a forest, wood, grove, plantation: still frequently found as a place name, e.g. Alice *Holt* Wood near Farnham, *wood* of course being redundant.

HONESTY, "brute bawd . . . great enemy to *honesty*" (C. 78a), chastity. "She is pretty, and *honest*, and gentle."—Shakspeare, *Merry Wives* (1596), i. 4.

HORN, "my father ware an *horn*" (H. 149d), the imaginary antler on the forehead of a cuckold: see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), I. 241, s.v. Horner. "My head groweth hard, my *horns* will shortly spring."—*Collier of Croydon*.

HOSE, "be your hearts in your *hose*?" (T. 208a), are you afraid? cf. modern, "His heart in his shoes." "I made the Romaynes harts to take their *hose*."—*Mirr. for Magistrates* (1587).

HOSE RINGS, "I will go give him these *hose rings*" (H. 143d), leg-shackles, fetters.

HOVED, "he *hoved* still" (H. 148c), waited, stopped, hovered about. "Awhile she *hovy*d and byheld."—*MS. Harl.* 2252, fol. 118.

HUDDYPEAK, "rise up, Master *Huddypeak*" (F.E. 38a), a fool. "Gyne it up, And cry creke Lyke an *huddy peake*."—Skelton (d. 1529), *Duke of Alb.*

HUFF! HUFFA GALLANT! "with *huffa gallant*" (F.E. 16a)—"*Huff! huff, huff*" (H. 155d), an exclamation commonly put in the mouths of blustering blades, swaggerers, rufflers, and the like: Skelton uses it in this connection.

HYDRA, "lion, *hydra*, and the boar" (T. 198c), a mythical monster which infested Lake Lerna in Peloponnesus, the offspring of Ichidna's union with Typhon. It had one hundred heads, and as soon as one was cut off, two grew if unstopped by fire. Hercules destroyed this monster with the assistance of Iolaus, who applied a red-hot iron to the wound as soon as one head was cut off. The conqueror dipped his arrows in the gall of the Hydra, and all the wounds which he gave proved incurable. "Another king! they grow like *Hydra's* heads."—Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV.* (1598), v. 4.

I-BROKE, "is thy bow *i-broke*" (F.E. 44b), broken.

ICH, "but light care *ich* not" (C. 68b), I: Ang.-Sax.

I-DIGHT, "strongly *i-dight*" (W. 163c), disposed, placed. The prefix *I-* (or *i-*) was used in M.E. to augment the imperfect tenses and participles of verbs, being a corruption of the A.S. *ge*: thus *gewiss*, *i-wis*. The inflection occurs pretty frequently in this play.

ILK, "by that *ilk* truth that God me gave" (W. 182a), same: still in use in Scotland.

ILL-HAP, "that an *ill-hap*" (T. 225a), misfortune, trouble, accident.

IMPOSSIBLE, "it be growen to an *impossible*" (H. 131c), an impossibility. "For trusteth wel, it is an *impossible*, That any clerk wol speken good of wives."—Chaucer, *C. T.* (1383), 6270.

IMPOSTHUMES, "the *imposthumes* and evil death take thee" (C. 60d), abscesses, collections of pus or purulent matter.

INFERE, "Folly, my fellow *infere*" (W. 138d), in company.

INFERIAL, "these visible things *inferial*" (F.E. 6c), lower in position or degree, subordinate, inferior: apparently a coinage for the sake of the rhyme; I do not find another example, or even mention of the word in other dictionaries.

INTELLECTION, "instruct me by *intellection*" (E. 110a), information, knowledge.

INTELLIMENT, "in this word is double *intelliment*" (T. 216d), intendment, signification, import: "apparently a nonce-word from *intendment* after *intelligence*" (O.E.D.).

INTERLUDE (*passim*), a dramatic or mimic representation, usually of a light or humorous character, such as was commonly introduced between the acts of the long mystery-plays or moralities, or exhibited as part of an elaborate entertainment; hence (in ordinary 17-18 c. use) a stage play, especially of a popular nature, a comedy, a farce (O.E.D.). Such were John Heywood's dramatic productions, which Collier sums up as "neither Miracle-plays nor Moral-plays, but what may be properly and strictly called Interludes."—*Hist. Dram. Poet.* (1831), ii. 384.

INURE, "Except by a mean he himself *inure*" (F.E. 6a), accustom, habituate: *i.e.* it is difficult for man to appreciate the idea of a God unless he acquires the habit of studying God's creation.

INVERSION, "shield all this company from evil *inversion*" (W. 186a), the context seems to suggest the meaning as an inversion or turning back from righteousness, backsliding: or it may be a misprint for *evil conversation*. The word is not in the O.E.D.

I-FIGHT, "I have also palaces *i-fight*" (W. 163c), placed, fixed, pitched: *see* I-dight. "But in the same a little gate was *pight*."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1590), i. viii. 37.

IPOCRAS (F.E. 20a), *i.e.* Hippocras. A medicated drink, composed usually of red wine, but sometimes white, with the addition of sugar and spices (Nares). It is not improbable that it was called *Hippocras* from the circumstance of its being strained; the woollen bag used for that purpose being called, by the apothecaries, *Hippocrates's sleeve*. It was a very favourite beverage, and usually given at weddings (Theobald). Several curious recipes will be found in Halliwell, *s.v.* *Ipcras*.

I-THE, "I shall never *i-the*"—"ye shall never *i-the*" (H. 133b and c), thrive, prosper: A.S. After a run of about 600 years the form was becoming obsolete

when *Hickscorner* was written: this is the latest quotation given in the O.E.D.

I-WIS, I-WYSS, "But a few, *i-wis*, and some never a deal" (H. 131b)—"*I-wis*, I hight both Folly and Shame" (W. 181b), certainly, indeed, truly.

JACK POLLER (H. 139d), *poll*=to strip, fleece, plunder: hence *Jack Poller* is generic for a robber, foot-pad: see Shooter's Hill.

JAPED, "he *japed* my wife and made me cuckold" (H. 143c), knew carnally: sometimes (the two usages ran concurrently from the earliest records) *jape* merely =trick, befool, mock, jest. Its obscene meaning (O.E.D) began to decline in polite literature in the 16th c., and soon became more or less obsolete. In modern times the word has been revived in the sense of making game, sport, fun.

JELTRON, "Habergeon, helm, ne yet no *Jeltron*" (H. 128d), *i.e.* Sheltron=shelter.

JET, JETTERS, "money maketh the merchant that must *jet*" (C. 65c)—"brawlers, liars, *jetters*" (H. 139b)—"the knave that did . . . *jet*" (T. 224b), strut, swagger, vaunt, brag: in first example=to cause to hold up one's head. Hence *jetter*=swaggerer, boaster, &c.

JIS, "by *Jis*" (H. 141b), Jesus: see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), I. 39c.

JOBBED, "Jenkin Jacon that *jopped* jolly Joan" (T. 217d), prodded, punched, tickled: to *job* faces=to kiss, which is possibly the meaning here, though early quotations are wanting.

JOHN, "then farewell, gentle *John*" (F.E. 30d), John became a representative name for an underling—messenger, footman, waiter, &c.: here, used to the Taverner, it appears to be a very early example of the usage. The O.E.D. quotes first from Jonson (*Tale of a Tub*, 1633, iv. 2), "All constables are truly *Johns* for the king, Whate'er their names, be they Tony or Roger."

JOLLY, "jolly Joan" (T. 217d), pretty, good-looking.

JOYEN, "well *joyen* I mought" (W. 168c), rejoiced, gladdened, delighted.

JUPITER, "before the highest *Jupiter* of all" (E. 105*d*), the supreme deity of the ancient Romans, the Greek Zeus, ruler of gods and men: obviously the passage in question shows a transferred sense, the earliest quotation for which in O.E.D. is 1576 (Fleming, *Panopl. Epist.* 232), "For I [a physician] being *Iupiter* their helping Father, give life when I list."

KEST, "aside as he *kest* his eye" (H. 148*d*), cast.

KING, "if you will keep your *king*" (W. 174*b*), Hazlitt says, "*King* seems a misprint here; perhaps *kind* or *mind* [because of the rhyme with *find* two lines before] ought to be substituted." But, having in view the context, may it not be suggested that a proverb occurring in Heywood sufficiently glosses the line?—"Where as nothing is, the *king* must lose his right"—Conscience's meaning being, "If you would keep your *king* (your birthright) then you must cast out sloth": but verily it is only a suggestion!

KING'S TAKER, *see* Taker.

KIT, "if we had a *kit* or tabaret" (F.E. 42*d*), a small fiddle: formerly much used by dancing-masters. "His pastime chief was harpe and *kit*."—Phaer, *Æneid* (1562), ix. Cc, 4*b*.

KNAP, "Kit, whose knee caught a *knap*" (T. 217*c*), a blow, smart knock. "At that counter wes mony crwell *knap*."—Stewart, *Chron. Scot.* (1535), i. 143.

KNEN, "from her nose to her *knen*" (T. 222*d*), knees.

KNIGHT OF THE COLLAR, HALTER, &c., "I was dubbed a *knight*, Where at Tyburn of the *collar*" (H. 156*a*)—"and *knight* of the *halter*, my father" (H. 149*d*), a gallows-bird, one who has been hanged. "Thou didst enough there for to be made *knight* of the *collar*."—Youth (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, 2nd Series).

KNIT, "in this clout I *knit* shame" (W. 182*c*), shut up, hold.

KNOCKED BREAD, "*knocked* bread and ill-fare" (T. 203*c*), bread made of barley beaten in a stone mortar in order to remove the hulls: the wooden hammer is

called a *knocking-mell* and the mortar a *knocking-trough*.

KNOWEN, "I am *knownen* in every country" (H. 134b), known.

KNOWLITION, "thereof would I fain now have *knowlition*" (C. 84c), knowledge, cognisance.

LAD, "He would have *lad* me straight to jail" (H. 136b), led.

LADY JANE (T. 226a), Queen Jane Seymour, the third wife of Henry VIII., whose son Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI., was born 1537: this approximately fixes the date of *Thersites*.

LADY, "a *lady* of the stews' blood born" (H. 149d), a harlot's child.

LAFT, "which will never be *laft*" (C. 64c), left.

LAME, "many a lord have I do *lame*" (W. 171a), lamed.

LASS, "but with more or *lass*" (W. 174c), less.

LATIN, "You laid out *Latin* with scope, But therewith can you clout me a pair of boots?" (H. 152c), "a play (Hazlitt) on Latin and *latten*" = a mixed metal closely resembling brass, often hammered into thin sheets. The pun was common: whether one is intended here is not quite obvious. The next instance is much clearer—"What, do you speak *Latin* now? (Mulciber, a smith, to Thersites) . . . I do not you understand, no *Latin* is in my pallet" (T. 196c): pallet = a piece of armour for the head, also, fig., the head itself.

LAVEROCK, "the lights of the *laverock*" (T. 220c), lark.

LEARNED, "he *learned* me a lesson" (W. 186d), taught: once literary, now vulgar. "I shall *lerne* hem a new daunce"—Lydgate, *Assembly of Gods* (c. 1420), 957. "The red plague rid you For *learning* me your language."—Shakspeare, *Tempest* (1610), i. 2. 365.

LEME, "quench the *leme*" (C. 59c), flame.

LEWT, "to me men *lewt* full low" (W. 173c), bow, make obeisance, lout. "Why *lowth* as *ƿe* nat low to my lawdabyll presens."—*Digby Myst.* (C. 1485), iii. 926 (1882).

LIND, "all that to him will *lind*" (W. 174a), lend, loan.

LING, "with him I love to *ling*" (W. 174a), tarry, abide, linger.

LIONS OF COTSOLD, *see* Cotsold.

LODE, "and *lode* in me planted is so true" (H. 129d), guidance, behaviour. The O.E.D. suggests possibly the meaning is loadstone. "Myself their *lode* and guide."—Barclay, *Ship of Fools* (1509), 211.

LOMBARDS, "we will with *lombards* at passage play" (W. 183b), orig. bankers, money-changers; natives of Lombardy: hence, anyone engaged in such a business. Hazlitt suggests that here *lombards*=city men generally; *i.e.* men of means.

LONGETH, "and this *longeth* to a knight" (W. 176b), is appropriate to, befits; not, as Hazlitt says, *belongeth*—the two words being quite distinct. "With such austerity as *longeth* to a father."—Shakspeare, *Taming of the Shrew* (1596), iv. 4. 6.

LORE, "have *be lore*" (T. 210d), been lost: still dialectical. "The kyng seid, Take me thy tayle, For my hors I wolde not the fayle, A peny that thou *lore*."—MS. *Cantab.* Ff. v. 48, f. 51.

MAKED, "to me no man is *maked*" (W. 170d), mated, paired, matched. "To *make* with a salt saler of sylver."—*Bury Wills* (1463), Camden Soc., 23.

MALVOISIN (F.E. 20a), Malmsey, a strong sweet wine originally produced in the neighbourhood of Napoli di Malvasia in the Morea.

MARE, "pass away the *mare*" (C. 52d), nightmare, the "blues," melancholy. "Now, away the *mare* And let us slay care."—Skelton, *E. Rummyng* (d. 1520), 110.

MASTERIES, "darest thou try *masteries* with me?" (T. 212d), a masterly operation, an exercise or work of skill and power. "That ye may know what *masteries* they have played."—Bale, *Eng. Vol.* (1546).

MAY, "fresh as flowers in *May*" (W. 167a), then and still proverbial.

MEAN, "Except by a *mean* he himself inure" (F.E. 6a), now generally *means* in the pl. "We shall find *mean*."—Heywood, *Weather* (E.E.D.S.), 117d.

MEGRIN, "had the *megrin*" (H. 136*d*), headache: Fr. *migraine*.

MERCHANT, "money maketh the *merchant*" (C. 65*c*), here=fellow; cf. chap, from *chapman*. It was a common colloquialism of the time. The meaning is, with money in one's pocket one may hold up one's head and strut: see Jet. "What saucy *merchant* was this that was so full of his roguery?"—Shakspeare, *Romeo and Juliet* (1595), ii. 4.

MERRY PIN, "set thy heart on a *merry pin*" (F.E. 40*d*), jovially inclined.

MET, "is not Elisæus' love and thine *met*?" (C. 54*b*), this, from the context, may mean either *mete* or *measured*.

MEW'D, "their jangling not *mew'd*" (C. 55*d*), properly enclosed, confined: here=concealed, hidden from sight.

MEYNE, "on all this *meyne*" (W. 179*d*), company, crew; i.e. the audience. See Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), I. 249*c*.

MICH, "so *mich* of such a knave" (F.E. 18*c*)—I had *mich* merrier company" (F.E. 39*a*)—*et passim*, much, great. "For hir mi luf is *miche*, I wene."—*Guy of Warwick*, p. 6.

MICHERS, "wanton wenches and also *micbers*" (H. 139*b*), skulker, truant, petty thief: see *Slang and its Analogues*, iv., s.v. Mich and Mouch. "Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a *micber* and eat blackberries?"—Shakspeare, 1 *Henry IV.* (1598), ii. 4.

MICKLE, "*mickle* is his might" (W. 168*b*), much, great: still good Scots. "O, *mickle* is the powerful grace that lies In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities."—Shakspeare, *Romeo and Juliet* (1595), ii. 3.

MIDDES, "in the *middes* of the firmament" (F.E. 13*b* and *c*), midst.

MING, "his name in idleness ye may not *ming*" (W. 175*d*), mention, name. "To *minge* thy father's odious name."—Hall, *Satires* (1599), iv. ii. 80.

MINISH, "*minish* our pain" (E. 120*d*)—"to '*minish* your fame'" (T. 214*a*), diminish.

MISS, "man's *miss* to amend" (H. 127c)—"if thou wilt forsake thy *miss*" (H. 158b), wickedness, wrongdoing, fault, error. "To mend my *misse*."—William of Palerne, 532.

MISTERETH, "manhood *mistereth* in every game" (W. 181c), is necessary to; is needed, or of consequence in; ministereth. "As for my name it *mistreth* not to tell."—Spenser, *F. Q.* (1590), III. vii. 51.

MO, "with many other *mo*" (F.E. 3d)—*et passim*, more.

MOT, "the devil *mot* set thee on a fire" (W. 175a), may: also, must.

MOTHER, (a) "thou false *mother*" (C. 78d), generic for an aged or elderly woman. (b) "Sick of the *moither*" (T. 222b), hysterical passion, anger.

MOW, "I can *mow* on a man" (W. 166a), "make faces" at, grimace. "Apes that *mow* and chatter at me."—Shakspeare, *Tempest* (1609), ii. 2.

NALE, "three knaves in a leash is good at *nale*" (H. 140c), alehouse: *at*=at the (A.-S. æt þan ale).

NATURING, "only high Nature *naturing*" (F.E. 7d), endowing with natural qualities. "He which *natureth* every kynde, The mighty God."—Gower, *Confessio Amant.* (1390), vii.

NE, *passim*, not, nor.

NECK, "a club upon his *neck*" (T. 195b), *i.e.* on his shoulder.

NECK VERSE, "we be clerks all and can our *neck verse*" (H. 135d), said to have been the first verse of Psalm lv., the reading of which by a condemned person entitled him to benefit of clergy; hence a means of escape.

NESSARY, "*nessary* thing" (W. 172a), necessary.

NEVERMASS, "at *Nevermass*" (T. 223b), *i.e.* never: cf. *Dimanche après la grande messe*.

NEW FOUND LANDS, NEW LANDS, NEW FOUND ISLAND (F.E. pp. 25 to 29; also H. 137c), a very curious account of the discovery of Newfoundland "within this twenty years" (1497), thus approximately fixing

1517 as the date of the *Interlude* of the *Four Elements*. The origin of the French claim for fishing rights is noted (F.E. 27a), and the number of alien boats stated to be "above a hundred sail." Hakluyt's figures sixty years later are 300 foreign-manned vessels and 15 English, but these were of larger size. There is obviously much confusion of detail, but the allusions are on that account none the less interesting. Exact knowledge filtered down very slowly, for it is still spoken of as "this new found land" in *A Woman Never Vexed*, by Rowley (1632): in that instance it was probably the *settlement* and not the *discovery* of the island that was alluded to.

NEXT, "shall go the *next* way" (H. 159d), nearest.

NIGHED, "a knave catchpole *nighed* us near" (H. 134a), approached, drew nigh. "At ylke stroke the fyre owt raste, They *nyghed* wondur nere."—MS. *Cantab.* Ff. ii. 38, f. 81.

NOBLE, "I have a *noble* here" (H. 132d), a gold coin struck by Edward III., and originally of the value of 6s. 8d. In the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., the value of the noble having risen to 10s., another gold coin of the same value as the original noble was issued called an angel (*q.v.*). Half-nobles and quarter-nobles were also current.

NONSENSE RHYMES AND VERSES (F.E. 41a to c; T. 217c to T. 220d), interesting early instances of the stringing together of nonsensical and incongruous ideas. In the *Thersites* example the alliteration suggests the time-honoured "Peter Piper pick'd a peck of pickle-peppers, &c.," and similar verbal gymnastics of younger days. Many of the names are purely fanciful, and the transposition of Robin John and Little Hood is probably intentional. The song "Robin Hood in Barnsdale stood" (F.E. 44a) is also mentioned in Udall's *Translation of Erasmus*, 1542, but no early copy has been found.

NOTHER, "if ye do no *nother* thing" (F.E. 18c and 22d) —*et passim*, neither, other, another.

NOYANCE, "to me what *noyance*" (C. 51d), annoyance, hurt, mischief: also *noiance*. "To borrow to-day, and to-morrow to miss, For lender and borrower *noiance* it is."—Tusser, *Husbandry* (1557), xvi. 8.

OCCUPY, "Like heretics we *occupy* other men's wives" (H. 145c), know sexually. There is a curious note in the O.E.D. concerning the verb *occupy* in all, and *specially* in reference to its ordinary, senses. After three hundred years' service it was notably in disuse in the 17th and 18th centuries. Shakspeare employs it twice only, and then equivocally; Milton and Pope and Gray, not at all; Dr. Johnson's quotations are all, save two, from the Bible of 1611. Cowper was the first to use it again freely. This avoidance appears to have been due to its employment in the sense now illustrated. "A captain! God's light! these villains will make the word as odious as the word *occupy*, which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted."—Shakspeare, 2 *Henry IV.* (1597), II. iv. 161. "Many out of their own obscene apprehensions refuse proper and fit words: as *occupy*, nature, and the like."—Jonson, *Discov.* (c. 1637), 112.

OINTMENT, (a) "the holy sacrament and *ointment* together" (E. 115c), anointing, unction. (b) See Grease.

OTHER (*passim*), either, or, else.

OVERSAYNE, "Methink ye far *oversayne*" (F.E. 29c), deceived, deluded, mistaken. "It were a thing unreasonable, A man to be so *overseie*."—Gower, *Confessio Amant.* (1390), III. 373.

OVERTHWART, "*overthwart* guilers" (H. 139b), wrangling, contradictory.

OYSTERS, "In every place laying *oysters* apace; she doth but lack shells" (T. 222d), a gob of spittle: not in O.E.D.

PAINING, "the patient that so is *paining*" (C. 77c), in pain, torture. "Ther he saw many a sore torment, How sowlis were put in gret *paynyng*; He saw his fadur how he brent, And be the memburis how he hyng."—MS. *Cantab.* Ff. v. 48, f. 67.

PAIR OF STIRRUPS, *see* Stirrups.

PARDONS, "no *pardons* to help them out" (T. 201c), indulgence. A pardon technically speaking is "a remission of the punishment which is still due to sin after sacramental absolution, the remission being valid

in the court of conscience and before God, and being made by an application of the treasure of the Church on the part of a lawful superior" (*Encycl. Dict.*). In Church history, however, such indulgences, issued sparingly at first, were after a time granted in numbers. Early in the 16th century they were farmed out, the farmers employing agents to retail them to the people at a profit. These subordinates puffed their wares without much attention to theological precision. One of these, John Tetzel, a Dominican friar, so filled Luther with indignation as to lead him, on October 31st, 1517, to affix theses on that and cognate subjects to the door of the cathedral church of Wurtemberg, and thus commence the Reformation. See Heywood's *Pardoner and the Friar* and *The Four P.P.* (E.E.D.S., *Works*, I.).

PARDY, PARDE, &c. (*passim*), a watered-down oath, *par Dieu*.

PART, "poverty I *part* in many a place" (W. 163d), distribute.

PARTINER, "of your son's glory to be *partiner*" (E. 112a), partner.

PASSAGE, "at the *passage* I would play" (W. 187b), "a game at dice to be play'd at but by two, and it is performed with three dice. The caster throws continually till he has thrown doublets under ten, and then he is out and loses, or doublets above ten, and then he passes and wins; high runners are most requisite for this game, such as will rarely run any other chance than four, five, or six, by which means, if the caster throws doublets, he scarcely can throw out."—Cotton, *Compleat Gamester* (1680), 119.

PASTANCE, "Ye shall see good *pastance*" (F.E. 18d and 19a)—"I thank thee here for thy *pastance*" (C. 73d), pastime, recreation. "Though I sometime be in England for my *pastance*."—Bale, *King John* (E.E.D.S., *Works*), 8.

PATTER, "to learn to *patter*" (H. 150c), mutter, gabble, repeat mechanically: as often is the saying of paternosters.

PEACH, "*peach* men of treason privily I can" (H. 134c), inform against, give incriminating evidence.

"The sayd Frier secretlye practised to *peach* him by letters sent vnto the Clergie here in England."—Fox, *Acts and Mon.* (1570), 1401, 1. (2nd ed.).

PEER, "thou art sans *peer*" (F.E. 22b), equal: *see* Sans.

PER CASE, "women *per case* bear heavy full oft" (C. 62d), perhaps, perchance.

PERDE, *see* Parde.

PERFIT, "greatness of members *perfit*" (C. 56b), perfect.

PERIL, "go quit out of his *peril*" (E. 115b), *i.e.* danger of anything.

PETRARCUS (C. 49b), Petrarch—born 1304, crowned with laurel as a poet and writer on Easter-day, 1341, died 1374.

PICKTHANK, "proud Pierce *Pick-thank*" (T. 217d), toady, lickspittle. "A pair of *pick-thanks* were the rest."—Lyly, *Euphues* (1580), A. 4b.

PIGHT, "their poverty is *pight*" (W. 168b), determined, fixed: *see* I-pight. "I dissuaded him from his intent, And found him *pight* to do it."—Shakspeare, *Lear* (1605), ii. 1.

PINE-APPLE TREE, "fir and *pine-apple tree*" (F.E. 26d), probably a species of American pine bearing cones is here meant. The pine-apple (*Ananassa sativa*) was (first) particularly described by Oviedo in 1535, and cultivated in Holland; it was not introduced into England until 1690. Caxton (*Charles the Grete*, ed. Herrtage, p. 80) uses *pyne-apple tree* for one of the genus *Pinus*.

PINS, "renne thither on my *pins* as fast as I might go" (H. 150d), legs. "His body is not set upon nice *pins*."—Earle, *Microcos.* (1628).

PLEASANCE, "all my *pleasance*" (C. 51c), pleasure, delight.

PLETE, "we men *plete* for the king" (W. 180c), plead. "Who shall than *plete* for the erly or late, For all thy synnys thou stondist dissolate."—MS. *Laud.* 416, f. 41.

POINT-DEVICE, "that I shall *point-device*" (F.E. 19a)—

"prepared *point-device*" (F.E. 39*d*), exactly, to a nicety. "Such insociable and *point-devise* companions."—Shakspeare, *Love's Labour Lost* (1594), v. 1.

POINTMENT, POINTED, "did ye not . . . make *pointment* openly?"—"ye *pointed* not plain" (F.E. 29*c*)—"break *pointment* with yonder company" (F.E. 33*a*), appointment, appointed.

POPE HOLY, "be *pope holy*" (F.E. 16*a*), hypocritical, sanctimonious. "Another thing was doen. . . . That seemed like an ipocrite, And it was cleped *pope holy*."—Chaucer, *Rom. of Rose* (1360).

PORTINGAL (H. 137*b*), Portugal.

POSTS, "Now God be their guides, the *posts* of my life" (C. 70*d*), supports. "Until his order he was a noble *post*."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), 214.

PRATY, "thou *praty* Parmeno" (C. 67*a*)—"I had three wenches that were full *praty*" (H. 139*d*), pretty.

PREASE, "put myself in *prease*" (T. 203*b*), in readiness.

PREFE, "I will put it in a *prefe*" (H. 149*c*), proof.

PREST, PRESTLY, "to give audience ye be so *prest*" (C. 76*a*), ready, prompt, prepared: Fr., *pret*. "Howe'er we stand prepar'd, *prest* for our journey" (Beaum. and Flet., *Wild Goose Chase*, 1619, v. 2.)—"Now pray you *prestly* on every side" (W. 171*d*), *et passim*.

PRESTER JOHN (F.E. 28*a*), the name of a fabulous Christian king of India: see Sir John Mandeville's *Travels*.

PRETTY, "like a *pretty* man" (F.E. 15*d*), here a mock endearment. "My *pretty* youth."—Shakspeare, *Two Gent.* (1595), iv. 2.

PREVE, "thy courtesy *preve*" (W. 178*d*), prove.

PRICK-EARED, "such peevish *prick-eared* song" (F.E. 43*c*), "peace man, *prick* song may not be despised" (F.E. 43*c*), obviously in contempt. *Pricksong* was written music full of flourish and variety as opposed to plain-song or simple melody. Shakspeare uses *prick-eared* contemptuously in *Henry V.* ii. 1; and

the term was later to be generally applied by the Cavaliers to the Puritans.

PRIMS, "I would that hell were full of such *prims*" (H. 150d), a pretty girl: here a wanton. "The yonge lusty *prymme* She coude byte and whyne. . . . And with a prety grynne Gyve her husbande an horne."—*Maid Emlyn*.

PROCTOR, "the *proctor* and his men" (T. 200d), a person appointed to beg, or collect alms for leprous or bedridden persons, who could not go out for themselves. By an Act of Edward I. such persons were allowed to appoint these proctors, or procurators, provided not more than two were appointed for one lazarus-house. But by an Act of 39 Eliz. such "proctors, procurers, or patent gatherers, for gaols, prisons, or hospitals," were declared rogues and vagabonds (Nares).

PROMISE, "Yet *promise* is debt" (F.E. 118d), "the earliest use of this proverb" (Hazlitt).

PROPER, "a *proper* wench, she danceth well . . . and . . . two or three *proper* wenches mo" (F.E. 22b), handsome, pretty.

PUCELLAGE, "well to enjoy your youth and *pucelage*" (C. 72b), virginity, maidenhood.

PUGLE (H. 137b), Apulia.

PUMS, "alas, little *pums*" (T. 204a), Query, *puns*=dwarfs; or a misprint for *prims* (q.v.).

PURE, "art thou so *pure* holy?" (H. 143a), very, quite.

PURPLE, "pox, pestilence, *purple*, and axes" (H. 146b), *purple fever*, "a fever with an inflamed skin, particularly in the face" (Bailey).

PURPUR, "in *purpur* and bis" (W. 171a), purple.

PYRDEWY, "that we played the *pyrdewy*" (H. 133d), not in the dictionaries, though the meaning is obvious.

QUEAN, "an old *quean*, a bawdy witch" (C. 85a), a generic term of disparagement or abuse for a woman: early distinguished from Queen (the same word), by a difference in spelling. Specially in 16th and 17th centuries=harlot, wanton. "Tyll he catch him a

queane and cal her his wife."—More, *Confut. Tindale*, Works, 618, 1.

QUICK BRIMSTONE, "a mouthful of *quick brimstone*" (H. 148d), Hazlitt says "gunpowder," but in view of the context it surely refers to some medicinal preparation of sulphur.

RAGE, "this painful *rage*" (C. 80d), here = violent desire, sorrow, pain. "His *rage* of lust by gazing qualified."—Shakspeare, *Lucrece* (1593), 424.

RAMPION (F.E. 20a), "a certain kind or colour of wine: of obscure origin" (O.E.D., where this passage is the only illustrative quotation).

RASE, "all drowned in the *Rase* of Ireland," now spelt *Race*, as in *Race* of Alderney, *Race* of Portland, &c. = a strong current in the sea or a river.

RASPICE (F.E. 20a), "a kind of wine used in the 15th and 16th centuries" (O.E.D.). "All maner of wynes he made of grapes, excepte *respyce*, the whiche is made of a bery."—Boorde, *Dyetary* (1542), x. 254 (1870).

REED, REDE, "And of thy living, I *reed*, amend thee" (H. 149c), counsel, warn, advise: still in use.

RENNE, RENNETH, "then would I *renne* thither" (H. 150d)—"all riches readily it *renneth* in me" (W. 163c), run, runneth.

REPENT, "I *repent* me" (C. 50c), regret, am sorry. "That all the noble knights of Maydenhead Which her ador'd, may sore *repent* with me."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1590), III. viii. 47.

REPREFE, "to his soul's *reprefe*" (E. 107b), reproach, blame.

REQUIRE, "I thee *require*" (F.E. 33a), demand, ask. "I will *require* my flock at their hand."—*Bible*, *Auth. Ver.* (1611), *Ezek.* xxxiv. 10.

'RESTED, "then was I '*rested* and brought in prison" (H. 148b), arrested: see 'Rrest.

REVEL, REVEL-ROUT, "let us make *revel*, *revel*" (W. 182d)—"to learn *revel*" (W. 184b), to feast, carouse, frolic—boisterously and wantonly. Whence *revel-rout* (W. 182d) = noisy festivity, revelry. "Then made

they *revell route* and goodly glee."—Spenser, *Mother Hub. Tale* (1591), i. 558.

REVEN, "to *reven* under the *ris*" (W. 171a), to dream, muse: Fr. *rever*. See *Ris*.

REW, "take record of this *rew*" (W. 179a and d), misfortune, calamity, bad-luck: spec. something regrettable.

RIBALD, "thou *ribald*" (C. 78a), a profligate, male or female.

RIDE, "if you *ride* her a journey" (H. 139d)—"*ride* . . . ten times a day" (H. 140a), to possess carnally. "I let her to hyre, that men maye on her *ryde*."—Skelton, *Bouge of Court* (d. 1529), 400.

RIGHT, "ye were to me *right* kind" (F.E. 15c), very: an early instance of a common Americanism, though there are many earlier. "Sche . . . swoned *rit* there."—William of Palerne (1350), 4268.

RIGHTWISENESS, "fear not my *rightwiseness*" (E. 94b)—"O way of *rightwiseness*" (E. 111c)—"they dread God's *rightwiseness*" (H. 128d), righteousness.

RINE, "in a willow *rine*" (W. 166b), properly willow bark; here a willow stick, from which the pith has been removed, made into a rude kind of whistle: as also was, and is, elder.

RIS, "to *reven* under the *ris*" (W. 171a), branch, bough: still dialectical. "Ther he under *rise* lith."—Layamon, 740.

RIVE, "*rive* me this clout" (W. 178d), split, tear.

ROBIN HOOD (or JOHN), see Nonsense Rhymes and Verses.

ROCK, "with my *rock* began for to spin" (C. 60c), distaff. This was held in the hand and the thread spun by twirling a ball below. "What, shall a woman with a *rokke* drive thee away? Fye on thee, traitor, now I tremble for tene."—Digby *Mysteries*, p. 11.

ROOD, ROOD-TREE, "by the *rood*" (F.E. 22a)—"the *rood* of grace" (E. 118c)—*et passim*, a cross, crucifix. "On . . . Sondag did the bisshop of Rochester preche at Polles Cros, and had standyng afore hym alle his sermon tyme the pictur of the *roode* of grace in

Kent, that had byn many yeris in the abbey of Boxley in Kent, and was gretely sought with pilgryms, and when he had made an ende of his sermon, the pictor was toorn alle to peces."—*MS. Cotton. Vespas. A. xxv.* See also other volumes of E.E.D.S. Series.

ROUGHT, "I cough and *rought*" (W. 187c), usually *route*=hack (as in a coughing fit): also snore, roar. "Efte he *routeth*, for his hede *mislay*."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), 3642.

ROUT, "that renneth in this *rou*" (W. 171b), company.

'RREST, "every man I 'rrest" (E. 96d), arrest: cf. 'Rested (supra) and 'list=enlisted.

RUFFLE, RUFFLED, RUFFLER, "I will *ruffle* this club about my head" (T. 205c)—"I have *ruffled* so" (T. 201c)—"a *ruffler* of the Greek land" (T. 195b), to swagger, flaunt, bully: hence *ruffler*=bully, cheat, blackguard. In Statute 27 Henry VIII.=a sham soldier or sailor. Harman (1565) says, "He is so called when he goeth first abroad, eyther he hath served in the warres, or els he hath bene a servinge man, and weary of well doing, shaking of [off] all payne, doth chuse him the ydle lyfe, and wretchedly wanders aboute the most shyres of this realme; and with stoute audacyte demaundeth where he thinketh he may be bolde, and circomspecte ynough as he sethe cause to aske charitie."—*Caveat*, 20.

RUMBELOW, "the land of *Rumbelow*, three mile out of hell" (H. 137c), "a favourite burden to an ancient sea-song," says Halliwell; whence, and also from context as well as the subsequent mention of a "Land of Women," it may be that the *land of Rumbelow* was an ancient equivalent for "Davy Jones' locker," with a play on such words, possibly, as *rhumb* (or *roomb*)=a point of the compass, and *rumbling below*. But the whole question is obscure.

RUMNEY (F.E. 20a), a kind of Spanish wine. "Spaine bringeth forth wines of white colour, but much hotter and stronger, as sacke, *rumney*, and bastard."—Cogan, *Haven of Health*, p. 239.

RUTH, "I may not forsake him for *ruth*" (W. 174b), pity, compassion: the most common survival of the Ang.-Sax. word is *ruthless*.

SACK (F.E. 20a), an old name for various dry wines, especially those from Spain, and more particularly sherry. Fr. *vin sec*.

SADNESS, "to *sadness* give ye attendance" (H. 155c), sobriety of conduct.

SAINED, "thou *sained* shrew" (W. 178d), blessed, sanctified: in sarcasm. "Sign it with cross, and *sain* it with bead, Sing the Ave, and say the Creed."—Scott, *Waverley*, ch. xiii.

ST. PINTLE, "by *St. Pintle* the apostle" (H. 151c), a half-humorous, obscene oath.

ST. THOMAS OF KENT (W. 168d), i.e. St. Thomas à Becket of Canterbury.

ST. THOMAS OF WATERINGS (H. 154a and elsewhere), a place of execution for Surrey, as Tyburn for Middlesex, situated at the second milestone on the road from London to Canterbury. At this point is a brook, probably a place for *watering* horses, whence its name; dedicated, of course, to St. Thomas à Becket, being the first place of any note in the pilgrimage to his shrine. Like Beggar's-bush, Weeping-cross, Clapham, &c., the place-name was the basis of many a quibbling allusion and much conventional wit. "And forth we riden a litel more than pas [little more than a foot's pace], Unto the *watering of seint Thomas*, And ther our hoste began his hors arest."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), Prol. v. 827. (See previous and next entries.)

ST. TYBURN OF KENT (H. 157c), see previous entry, St. Thomas of Waterings.

SALE, "seemly in *sale*" (W. 163c), ? assembled in hall. I have not had an opportunity of collating the Hazlitt text with the original, but I strongly suspect that *seemly* should be *semely* (=assembly); in which case the following quotations are illustrative:—"When he had tolde this tale To that *semely* in *sale*."—*Perceval*, 1586. "Here comyth the kyng of Ysraelle Wyth mony a man *semelé*."—MS. *Cantab.* Ff. ii. 38, f. 69. [Halliwell while defining *semelé*=comely, queries it as=assembled.] At all events, this reading is intelligible. Cf. *se mêler*=to huddle.

SALISBURY, see God's Fast

SALLET (T. 196-8 *passim*), in old armoury, a light kind of helmet, with either a movable or a fixed visor, for foot-soldiers: introduced during the 15th century. There is, however (196*d*), a play on *sallet*=salad, and on *sallet* in an obscene sense.

SAMERS (W. 170*b*), Samos.

SANCTUARY, "good watch . . . that they steal not into *sanctuary*" (H. 147*d*), refuge, shelter, protection. The right or privilege of affording shelter, asylum, or protection; a privilege attached to certain places by virtue of which criminals taking refuge in them were protected from the ordinary operation of the law. In many Catholic countries certain churches have, from very early times, been set apart as asylums for fugitives from justice. In England, up to the reign of James I., if a person accused of any crime, except treason, wherein the Crown, or sacrilege, wherein the Church, was too nearly concerned, fled to any church, or churchyard, and within forty days after confessed his guilt and abjured the realm, he saved his life, but was nevertheless attainted, and forfeited all his goods and chattels. This privilege was finally abolished by the Statute 21 James I., c. 28. Sanctuaries for debtors existed in London till 1697. In Scotland the abbey of Holyrood House and its precincts still retain the privilege of giving sanctuary to debtors, though, from the abolition of imprisonment for debt, such sanctuary is no longer used (Herrtage, *MS. Notes to "Slang and its Analogues"*).

SANGUINEOUS, "*sanguineous* complexion" (C. 49*d*), ruddy, full-blooded in hue.

SANS, "*sans* peer" (F.E. 22*b*), without: Fr. Of course the classical quotation is again from Shakspeare—"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything" (*As You Like It*, ii. 7).

SAWS, "God's sooth *saws*" (H. 129*a*)—"cease of your *saws*" (W. 163*b*), tale, saying, proverb, maxim, command—this last is the meaning of the first example. "Rules the creatures by His powerful *saw*."—Spenser, *Colin Clout*, 883. "To hearken all his *saws*."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), 10151.

SE, "sit seemly in *se*" (W. 163*d*), seat, throne.

SEEMLY, *see* Sale.

SEETHIE, "Northumberland where men *seethe* rushes in gruel" (H. 137*c*), steep, boil.

SELLER, "lay you beneath, or on high on the *seller*" (H. 134*d*), cellar. "Apparently the prison cell, divided into two parts, so as to hold two persons" (Hazlitt).

SERPENTLY, "*serpently* shrewd" (C. 55*c*), wise: as a serpent.

SEVEN DEADLY SINS, "these *seven sins* I call folly (W. 176*d*), pride, covetousness, lust, gluttony, anger, envy, sloth."

SEVEN SACRAMENTS, "the blessed *sacraments seven* there be" (E. 115*d*), according to the Roman theology (then in vogue) these were Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony: in the Protestant communion two only are recognised as essential to salvation—Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

SEVEN YEAR, "the best pipe . . . I saw this *seven year*" (F.E. 42*c*)—"it seemeth he hath lain this *seven year*" (C. 80*d*)—"till we begone methink it *seven year*" (W. 183*d*), proverbial for a long time. "Thay ware not so hack this *seven yeere*."—*Mariage of Witt and Wisdome* (1579).

SEVERAL, "have her to himself *several*" (C. 60*b*), alone, not common to two or more: cf. legal phrase "jointly and *severally*."

SEWEN, "seven kings *sewen* me" (W. 168*a*), follow, wait on. "Be my steppys they wil me knowe, And *seuen* me fro place to place."—MS. *Cantab.* Ff. v. 48, f. 110.

SHEAR, "I shall thee *shear* right" (W. 183*d*), strip, fleece: that is of "gold and good."

SHENT, "to make you *shent*" (T. 214*a*), blamed, confounded, shamefaced. "The tender girle, spoil'd of her virgin shame, Yet for that sinne no ravisher was *shent*."—Drayton, *Poems*, p. 93.

SHIT, "I will *shit* the door at once" (H. 152*b*), shut.

- SHONE, "I tread my *shone* inward" (H. 152c), shoon, shoes.
- SHOOTER'S HILL (H. 139d; 144d; 153c), near Greenwich: then, like most of the outskirts and main roads, infested with footpads and robbers. See Jack Poller.
- SHOPE, "at the last God *shope* a remedy" (H. 138c), made, created, shaped.
- SHORT, "*at short and long*" (F.E. 21a), the absolute truth, substance, upshot: see Shakspeare, *Merry Wives*, ii. 1. 137.
- SHREW, "I *shrew* thine heart" (F.E. 19c)—"I *shrew* thy face" (C. 51d), beshrew, curse.
- SICKERLY, "*sickerly*, Manhood, I say not nay" (W. 177a), certainly, surely.
- SIGHTINGS, "their sayings and *sightings*" (C. 55c), sighings.
- SIMKIN SYDN'AM SUMN'NOR (T. 217c), see Nonsense Rhymes and Verses.
- SIN (*passim*), since.
- SIR JOHN, "*Sir John* and she tumbled on the floor" (H. 140d)—"*sir frere*" (W. 175b), a priest. See Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), I. 265a.
- SIR LIBEUS DISCONIUS (T. 200a), "a corruption of the name of an old romance, printed by Ritson, and in the original French by Hippeau" (Hazlitt).
- SITH, "*sith* thou art so humble" (F.E. 9d)—"*sith* Adam gave" (C. 55b)—*et passim*, since.
- SLE, "covet ye to *sle* no man" (W. 175d), kill, slay.
- SLEIGHT, "deceive with her false *sleight*" (C. 78b), art, dexterity.
- SLOUCHES, "I will make all *slouches*" (T. 212c), a generic term of contempt. "Thou filthie fine *slouch*."—Whetstone, *Promos.* (1578), 47.
- SOD, "both *sod* and roast" (F.E. 21b), boiled.
- SOLDAN'S, "the *Soldan's* country" (F.E. 27d), Sultan's.
- SOLF, "taught to *sof* that woman's flesh is dear" (C. 67a), to call the names of the notes of a tune: mod. to *sol-fa*.

SORT, "bring hither another *sort*" (F.E. 39c), company, set, assembly.

SOUND, "when I was ripe for her to *sound*" (W. 164b), *i.e.* to determine by examination how near to parturition.

SPED (*passim*), advanced, successfully concluded.

SPEED, "he could not *speed* of his prey" (H. 148c), get in touch with, have any luck or opportunity.

SPENCE, "some corner in the *spence*" (F.E. 31b), a buttery, pantry.

SPLAYED, "*splayed* on a cross" (H. 127d), spread out: hence such derivatives as *splay-foot*, *splay-mouth*, &c.

SPRENT, "*sprent* with spiteful spots" (T. 220c), sprinkled.

STACKER, "stare and *stacker* as I stand" (W. 187c), stagger.

STALL, "once I *stall* a horse in the field" (H. 136a), stole: see *Slang and Its Analogues*, *s.v.* Stale.

STEWES (*passim*), a brothel or street of brothels: hence stewed-hen=a harlot (F.E. 20c and d). In the Middle Ages brothels were authorised in certain places, especially in Southwark in the diocese of Winchester, whence many allusions, such as Winchester goose, &c. They were suppressed by a proclamation in the 37th year of Henry VIII. They were whited houses and bore a distinguishing sign by which they might be known. "Jonet of the *stuwes*."—*Piers Plowman* (1362), 3936.

STIRRUPS, "bought a pair of *stirrups*" (H. 152d), fetters.

STOUND, "and more a little *stound*" (H. 152c)—"I will bide by thee in every *stound*" (E. 113a), stunned, amazed, dazed, troubled; as subs.=sorrow, grief, adversity.

STRAKE, "they *strake* to ground" (H. 138d), struck.

STRAKING, "*straking* her body along on the grass" (C. 83c), crawling, creeping, dragging.

STRANDS, "*strands* full strongly i-dight" (W. 163c), usually the shore or beach of the sea, or a lake;

rarely, as here, of a navigable river: cf., however, *The Strand*, London.

STRENE, "Dame Nature's *strene*" (C. 50d), strain: the note in Dodsley is wrong.

SUPPORTATION, "your patience and *supportation*" (F.E. 3b), support, countenance. "The firm promises and *supportation* of a faithful God."—Bishop Hall (d. 1656), *Remains*, 385.

SURE CARD, "this is a *sure card*" (T. 225a), a certainty, anything entirely trustworthy. "A cleere conscience is a *sure card*."—Lyly, *Euphues* (1579), A. iv. (1636).

SWERD, "smitten with the *swerd* of poverty" (H. 130c), sword.

TABARET, "kit or *tabaret*" (F.E. 42d), tabour. The tabour was a small shallow drum used to accompany the pipe, and beaten by the fingers. The old English tabour was hung round the neck, and beaten with a stick held in the right hand, while the left hand was occupied in fingering a pipe. The pipe and tabour were the ordinary accompaniment of the morris-dance. "Dost thou live by thy *tabour*?"—Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night* (1602), iii. 1.

TABORER, "the trifling *taborer*" (T. 217c), see Tabaret.

TAKER, "the king's *taker* took up each one" (F.E. 20c), purveyor. "Pray God they have not taken him along; He hath a perilous wit to be a cheat; He'd quickly come to be his majestie's *taker*."—Cartwright, *Ordinary* (1651).

TALL, "a *tall knight*" (F.E. 37c)—"as *tall* a man as Friar Tuck" (T. 210c), valiant, courageous: see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), I. 270a.

TALTER, "her soon up *talter*" (T. 223b), hang, swing.

TAPESTER, "the fair *tapester*" (W. 180d), a drawer of wine or ale: the word was originally feminine.

TAW, "some *taw halts*" (H. 135a), "An allusion (says Hazlitt) I do not understand." Possibly, however, *taw* (A.-S.) = tow = rope + *halts* for *halse*, *halster* (for halter), whence rope halts: this would

exactly suit the sense of the two next lines. Morris suggests "*tawed* halters."

TENE, "that dare me lightly *tene*" (W. 170c), grieve, vex, provoke, excite. "Why tempt ye me and *tene* with soche maner speache?"—Chaucer, *Test Love*, II.

THAN, "whither wendest thou *than*?" (W. 180c), then.

THE, THEDOM, "evil mot thou *the*" (W. 175b)—"my *thedom* is near past" (W. 179a), thrive, prosper, have good luck; prosperity, success, fortune, thrift. "So *the* ik, quod he."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), 3862. "Now thrifte and *thedom* mote thou have, my leve swete barn."—*The Goode Wif*, p. 14.

THERSITES. A mock-heroic play, the *Text* of which will be found on pp. 195–226. *Editions*—(1) printed by John Tysdale, whose career as a publisher commenced in 1561. Though long known by mention, the existence of even a single copy had long been doubted, when it was discovered, in 1810, along with other rarities, at Lee Priory, in the private collection of Sir Egerton Brydges. The entire "find" consisted of some 142 items, and was sold by Sotheby in 1826. The copy of *Thersites*, having passed through the hands of Inglis and Heber, was finally purchased for £51 19s. 6d. for the library of the Duke of Devonshire, where it still remains and is likely so to do. (2) The play was *reprinted* by Haslewood (for the Roxburghe Club) in 1826; (3) was included in *Four Old Plays* (ed. Child) in 1848; and (4) in Hazlitt's edition of *Dodsley's Old Plays* (1874). *Date*—Although there is no trace of a printed edition before 1561, *Thersites* was written or produced some time before the 12th October, 1537, as appears by the invocation (pp. 225*d* and 226*a*) "that God may save his queen Lovely Lady Jane [Seymour, the third wife of Henry VIII.] and the prince [afterwards Edward VI.] that he hath sent them between to augment their joy." It is thus certain that it was acted at Court between the 12th October and the 24th of the same month when the queen died in child-bed. As regards *Authorship* the play is anonymous, with at least one advocate

who leans to a John Heywood parentage. Of the arguments to substantiate this which Mr. Pollard employs (*Representative English Comedies*, pp. 12-16), or of their weight, I say nothing here. These points I shall deal with exhaustively in my Terminal Essay to the Collected Works of John Heywood (E.E.D.S.). But I may remark at once that every point made, or sought to be made, by Mr. Pollard in his case for the Heywood authorship of *Thersites* applies, with double and triple force, to the hitherto unplaced *Calisto and Melibœa*; and, what is equally to the point, there is much to be urged *pro contra*. Therefore, at present, there is nothing to be urged that would tend *definitely* to remove the blank of anonymity that has rested on this play. *Plot and treatment* are simple in the extreme: it is full of lively absurdity which "could not have failed to be entertaining to an easy audience, and is not tiresome now. *Thersites* indulges plentifully in one of the privileges of the old *Vice*—that of talking incoherent nonsense. There is a vigour in some parts quite unusual in these things, and many of the lines in Skelton's metre have some of his power, together with all his coarseness. The passage, pp. 222-4, may remind the reader of that remarkable poem, 'Elynour Rummyng'" (Child). The influence of Plautus is plain—its *motif* is simply amusement, satire, and rollicking fun, as contrasted with instruction. "It has for its hero a 'ruffler forth of the Greke lande' whose 'crakyng' stands halfway between the classical Pyrgopolinices and Thraso and the modern Roister Doister. For all its academic flavour, the burlesque is coarse and crude, but still genuinely humorous. It deserves notice, in especial, for the variety of its contents, chivalric, romantic, popular, scriptural as well as Greek and Latin; also for its artistic exhibition of the braggart,—the leisurely proceeding of his discomfiture, the subordination of other characters to that end; and for its mastery of technical devices,—concealment, magic, the play upon the word, and that hunting of the word and letter which was so soon to drive conversation out of its wits. As an interlude of foreign origin, the *Thersytes* has a place in the development of the comic element somewhat analogous to that of

the Calisto in the development of the romantic. [The italics are my own and will serve to emphasise my argument as regards the authorship of both *Thersites* and *Calisto*.—Ed.] As far as the quality of mirth is concerned it might be classed with *Roister Doister* and *Jacke Jugeler*; but those plays are much more highly developed in form and spirit, and must be reserved for consideration with the polytypic, and early regular, comedy" (Gayley). "Udall's *Roister Doister* is (Hazlitt) somewhat on the model of *Thersites* except that in *Roister Doister* the man's good-nature and singleness of character win our regard, whereas the other is a contemptible braggart without any redeeming trait." Apropos of this and Mr. Pollard's claim (aforesaid) for a Heywood parentage for *Thersites*, it is not a little significant that Dr. Williams (*Roister Doister*, Dent, 1901), commenting on the "many interesting points of resemblance between it and *Thersites*" (quoting also Pollard, *Eng. Mir. Plays*, 126), suggests "the possibility that the latter may have been an early sketch by Udall of the character of a cowardly braggart, which he subsequently enlarged and developed into *Roister Doister*"! Verily, verily! shades of Bacon and Shakspeare! But, if one were so inclined, it would, I think, be safer to "hold a noble to a groat" that Udall were nearer the mark than Heywood. Upon which, I conclude, there is *something* yet to be said. The principal incident in *Thersites*, the combat with the snail, is found later in *Cambyzes* by Thomas Preston. *Variorum Readings*—Lemnos and *Ithalia* (196b), *Ilva* in orig.; the *boar* so wild (198c), orig. has *bere*, i.e. bear; *This* passeth my brains (206c), orig. has *Thus*; I trow I make *thee* shall (209c), orig. has *the*: "perhaps we should read *thou*" (Hazlitt); *this* worms no longer (219a and b), for *these* worms; my most *hearty* wise (221a), orig. has *hartelye*.

THOROW, "thorow the world round" (E. 114d), through.

THOU, "dost thou *thou* me?" (H. 149c), treat me familiarly by addressing with the pronoun *thou*: Fr. *tutoyer*. "Taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss." —Shakspeare, *Twelfth Night* (1602), iii. 2.

THRALL, "to become *thrall*" (C. 51*b*), slave. "This kyng, as thou herdest er this, Hede a *thrall* that dede amys."—*Religious Poems*, xv. Cent.

THRIST, "*thrist* thee into the ground" (E. 119*a*), thrust.

THRUSTEEN, "gone was her maidenhead at *thrusteen* years old" (T. 204*a*), thirteen.

THRUTTON, "Maud of *Thrutton*" (T. 220*d*), Thropton.

TICE, "availeth us not to *tice*" (E. 104*b*), entice, allure.

TIDE, "serve him truly in every *tide*" (W. 168*d*)—"if Conscience meet me in this *tide*" (W. 183*c*), time, occasion.

TINK, "I can . . . *tink* a pan" (W. 179*a*), mend a pan, tinker.

TITTIFILS, "*titifils*, triflers, turners" (T. 219*a*), a generic reproach: knave, jade. In the old moralities=the devil.

TOMORROW, "*tomorrow* is a new day" (C. 81*d*), proverbial (see *Elvira*, ii., end of act).

TONGUE-SHAKING, "put away *tongue-shaking*" (T. 224*d*), chattering, gabbling.

TOO-TOO (*passim*), though once literary, now more or less colloquial; an intensive *too*=very much, exceedingly, over and above, more than enough. "Oh, that this *too-too* solid flesh would melt!"—Shakespeare, *Hamlet* (1596), i. 2. 129.

TOTETH, "your tail *toteth* out behind" (F.E. 38*a*), peeps out.

TOUCH, (a) "if ye will *touch* a fair wench" (F.E. 40*a*)—"without *touching* man's flesh-company" (W. 190*d*)—"I fled my *touch*" (H. 134*a*), know carnally; as subs.=the act of kind. "Free from *touch* or soil with her."—Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure* (1603), v. (b) "Hast thou not a *touch*?" (W. 179*d*), contrivance, dodge, trick. "*Touche*, a crafty dede."—Palsgrave (1530).

TOYS, "toys and trifles . . . made and imprinted" (F.E. 3*d*), generic for idle fancies, matters of no importance.

TRADE, "Frenchmen and others have found the *trade*" (F.E. 27*a*), an allusion to the establishment of fishery rights by aliens in Newfoundland waters, which proved a bone of contention until within a few years past.

TROT, "thou old *trot*" (T. 212*b*), a woman: in contempt. Usually *old trot*=bawd. "I will have the young whore by the head and the *old trot* by the throat."—*Gammer Gurton's Needle* (1551), i. 1.

TROW, "this no *trow*" (C. 57*c*), not fancy but a fact.

TRULL, "a *trull* of trust" (F.E. 40*a*), harlot, wanton. "A filthy *trull* is irksome to the eye."—Turberville, *Poems* (1567) [Chalmers, II. 618].

TRULLY MULLY, "to bass and kiss my sweet *trully mully*" (H. 150*d*), an endearment: see Trull.

TRUMPERS (T. 219*a*), ? sharpers at trump (or triumph).

TWIN, "that shall then *twin*" (W. 164*b*), part, separate, disjoin. "The sothe is, the *twinning* of us twaine Wol us disease."—Chaucer, *Troilus and Cressida* (1369), iv.

UNICORN, "the *unicorn* humbleth itself to a maid" (C. 77*a*), see *Pop. Antiq. Gt. Britain*, 1870, iii. 319, 320.

UNIVERSAL, "a woman *universal*" (C. 59*d*), a woman of parts, or of the world.

UNNETH, "yet *unneth* ye shall . . . find" (F.E. 3*d*)—"ye shall *unneth* it spy" (F.E. 34*b*), scarcely, with difficulty.

UNTIL, "delivered me *until*" (W. 186*d*), unto.

UPLAND, "poor men that come from *upland*" (W. 180*c*), the country as distinguished from urban districts; the uplands.

UTTER, "stand *utter*, fellow" (W. 178*d*), outside.

VADE, "the worms soon to *vade*" (T. 218*d*), to go, to come out, be expelled.

VERAMENT, "wouldst thou have me hanged, mother, *verament!*" (T. 216*d*), truly, really: O.F. *veraiment*.

WAIT, "*wait* well that thou suffer no shame" (W. 167*d*), watch, be on guard.

WAR, "man of *war*" (H. 153*d*), constable.

WATER, "showed thy *water* to thy physician" (C. 81*c*), diagnosed by means of the urine, once thought infallible as a test of disease.

WATERING (ST. THOMAS OF WATERING), *see* St. Thomas.

WEALTH, "surety of *wealth*" (C. 68*d*), welfare.

WED, "I dare lay to *wed*" (H. 140*a*)—"a maiden so laid his life to *wed*" (H. 127*d*), pledge.

WELDE, "wisest and *welde* of wits" (W. 185*d*), wielder, ruler.

WELLS, "the five *wells* of pity" (H. 127*d*), the five wounds of Christ when crucified—two in the hands, two in the feet, and a spear-thrust in the side.

WENT, (a) "I had *went* so" (E. 106*d*), weened. (b) "I am not worthily wrapped nor *went*" (W. 164*c*), equipped.

WETE, "to *wete* what thou art" (W. 179*d*), know.

WHIRLWIND, "the devil and the *whirlwind* go with him" (H. 152*a*), this is similar to what was later known as the Sedgley curse—"May the great fiend, booted and spurred, With a sithe at his girdle, as the Scotchman says, Ride headlong down her throat."

WHITTLE, "Sheathe your *whittle*" (H. 141*b*), dagger.

WHORESON (*et passim*), "I trow the *whoreson* be asleep," a generic reproach: lit. whore's son.

WIGHT, "worthy and *wight*" (W. 171*a*), brave, active.

WILD, "it is a name that is right *wild*" (W. 164*d*), vague, loose.

WILDNESS, "In words and in *wildness* I walk alone" (H. 129*b*), wilderness.

WIND, (a) "let the wide world *wind*" (F.E. 16*a*), let

things take care of themselves: cf. "let the world slide" (*Taming of Shrew*; Chaucer; *Townley Mysteries*). (b) "thou spendest thy wind but in waste" (T. 205b), breath.

WIT, "would'st thou wit" (E. 96a), know: see Five Wits.

WITTED, "a great-witted man" (F.E. 5c), full taught, wise: see Five Wits.

WONDERSLY, "thus wondersly I work" (F.E. 8a)—"the great world divided wondersly" (F.E. 8a)—*et passim*—also WONDERS (E. 93c), wondrously, wondrous.

WOODCOCK, "as wise as a woodcock" (H. 153b), foolish, stupid: *woodcock* = simpleton.

WORCH, "we must worch" (W. 191d), work.

WORLD, "it is a world to see," &c. (F.E. 31b), proverbial: see Ingelend, *Disob. Child* (E.E.D.S., *Works*, 65b); Shakspeare, *Taming of Shrew*, ii. 1. 161. See Wind.

WORLD AND THE CHILD (THE). A play of extreme rarity, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1522, but written, it is thought, c. 1500-6. The *Text* will be found on pp. 163-192, founded on Hazlitt's version which had been collated anew with the Dublin copy, from which our facsimile title-page and printer's device have recently been photographed. Reprinted (1) for the Roxburghe Club; (2) in Hazlitt's *Dodsley's Old Plays* (1874). Besides giving us a vivid satirical picture of low life, *Mundus et Infans* "makes a twofold contribution to the technique of comedy—an iteration of crises in plot, and a sequence of changes in the character of the hero" (Gayley)—Childhood, Adolescence, Manhood, Age. *Variorum Readings*—all the world (164c), orig. has *storlde*; lightly from him (165d), misprinted *wyghtly* in orig.; of right good hue (168d), orig. reads *right of*; durst no star (169d), in orig. *do*; I have brightest ladies (170a), brightest ladees in orig.; Andalusen (170b), Ynde the loys in orig.; Christ's commandments are (170a), all in orig.; our comely creator (185c), in orig. creature; Sir, to win heaven (190a), in orig. So.

YEARTHLY, "not *yearthly* but *angelic*" (C. 50*d*)—"nor none *yearthly*" (C. 83*c*), *earthly*.

YEDE, "he . . . *yede* his way round" (H. 149*a*), went, walked.

YEOMAN, "*yeomen* of the collar" (H. 134*d*)—"yeomen of the wreath" (H. 146*a*), prisoners: spec. those destined for the noose.

Y-FOUND, "as Stephen was *y-found*" (W. 170*d*), found.

Y-GO, "it is all *y-go*" (W. 186*c*), gone.

YING, "while thou art *ying*" (W. 165*a*), young.

Y-MET, "well *y-met*" (W. 187*d*), met.

Y-FIGHT, *see* I-pight.

Y-PROVED, "perilous *y-proved*" (W. 169*c*), true.



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